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NAPLES: HER VOLCANO, HER PEOPLE, AND HER KING.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE stories which relate to earthquakes and the cognate volcanic phenomena have ever been strangely exciting to the imagination. We feel that we are brought face to face with the Inexorable; that we are dealing with potencies utterly beyond human sway. Fire, water, when either bursts its allotted bound, are indeed terrible agencies, wrecking human property, destroying human life; after a certain time, however, we can resume wonted control, again governing and repressing them. But when the earth, heaving from beneath, prostrates cities, projects mountains from the plain, or from under the sea; or again, when it swallows up entire districts, or vomits forth, from some lofty, gigantic outlet, rivers of liquid rock that hold their desolating course for miles: then, in the presence of these stupendous elements of destruction, dealing death, at times, to tens of thousands on a single spot and in a few brief minutes of time, man can but gaze and suffer and submit.

Living where Nature is comparatively quiet and inaggressive, we but dimly realize the portents and calamities that visit more perturbed regions. Perhaps we may remember that, in 1783, Hecla poured forth, from a lateral crevice, a

stream of lava which reached a distance of fifty miles in forty-two days, and which is said to have been upwards of six hundred feet deep and to have spread out, at one place, into a lake fifteen miles wide. But it has probably slipped our memory that, in 1835, the ashes from a Nicaraguan volcano, Consequina, rising but a few miles from the Pacific, swept across the Isthmus and the Caribbean Sea, and fell in the streets of Kingston, Jamaica, seven hundred miles off; while at a distance of thirty miles the fine pumice dust covered the ground to the depth of ten feet, destroying woods and dwellings, and shrouding man, beast, and bird.

Earthquakes count their victims by more than hundreds of thousands. The story of the great earthquake of Lisbon, where sixty thousand lives were lost, is comparatively familiar: but it is not so well known that in Calabria, in 1783, an earthquake destroyed nearly forty thousand persons; nor that, in 1772, great part of Papandayang, a mountain in that island of volcanoes, Java, was swallowed up, carrying with it the inhabitants on its declivities, warned too late, by terrific subterranean noises, of their danger,—the area thus sunk being fifteen miles long by six miles wide. It

is usually estimated that, throughout the ages, thirteen millions of human beings (more than the entire population of the United States fifty years ago) have perished by these earth-convulsions.

The tragic has its own attractions. When I read in a morning paper, twenty years ago, my appointment to Naples, one of my first feelings was of gladness that I was about to reside in a country where I might chance to witness some of these prodigies of nature. I called to mind, indeed, that there had been but four eruptions of Vesuvius in the present century, the last in 1850; I knew that, since the first great outbreak on record, eighteen hundred years since, — when a quiet mountain that had been covered, all but the flat summit, with flowery meadows,¹ suddenly revealed all its destructive grandeur, — the capricious volcano had sometimes slumbered, undisturbed, for centuries. Yet still I hoped that mine might be the exceptional good fortune to be present when the torpid monster should again awake to action. Nor was I to be disappointed.

I have, indeed, no incidents to tell that will match the phenomena witnessed by the Neapolitans in 1631, when rocks weighing twenty or thirty tons were flung to a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, and when the dead were counted by thousands, yet I saw what I shall recollect to my dying day.

On the first of May, 1855, I was awoken by the startling tidings, "Vesuvius in eruption!" Soon all Naples was astir. From the dense mass of cloud that veiled the cone of the mountain, occasional flames had begun to flash out. After a time a slender line of fire crept from beneath the dark covering. Toward evening, though the flames could scarcely penetrate the gloomy mass, their effect was visible in reflection from cloud to cloud, till the whole sky was ablaze with light.

Nor was it to be a mere passing exhibition, however gorgeous, of a few

hours, or a day or two. For twenty-eight successive days did the lava pour forth in a continuous stream. During twenty-eight successive nights was the country illuminated for miles around. The fire-stream came not from the summit-crater, but from several small supplemental craters — *bocchi di fuoco*, "fire-mouths," as they were called — that burst out about a third of the way up the cone.

It was a little after midnight, in fine, summer weather, that I first reached the spot, in company with several American friends. The lava had then been flowing for several days. Five craters were visible, the uppermost, however, only occasionally to be seen, when it lightened through dense clouds. We moved slowly upward as near to the largest of these as the guide deemed safe. No words can depict the strange and solemn grandeur that surrounded us. We stood amid a crowd looking like spectres in the preternatural light, and hushed out of their natural garrulousness by the solemnity of the scene. In front was a dark-gray mass of what had been liquid lava thirty-six hours before; hardened on the surface but hot still, and showing, in the fissures which seamed it, the red gleam of the yet uncooled liquid beneath. The lava-stream then flowing was just beyond it, some forty yards distant, glowing like fused metal, the warmth from it reaching us where we stood. Though it flowed down a steep descent, its current was sluggish, not exceeding, I think, two or three miles an hour. The grating sound caused by the countless thousands of tons of molten rock, as they ground their way down the rough hill-side, was peculiar; somewhat resembling the dull murmur of some mountain torrent rushing over a shingly bed. This was drowned every few minutes by a moaning noise, like distant subterranean thunder, succeeded each time by a huge tongue of flame that shot up from one or other of the craters into the air, carrying with it masses of stones and cin-

¹ Strabo, writing about the Christian era, described Vesuvius, then not known to be a volcano,

as covered with beautiful meadows, all but the summit, which was a sterile level.

ders and scoræ that were thrown up to a considerable height, and which, but for the death-like stillness of the air which suffered them to drop back perpendicularly, might have fallen so close to where we stood as to be perilous; for one "fire-mouth" was less than a hundred and fifty yards from the spot. Over all was a sulphurous canopy of heavy clouds, lurid with the reflection of the red lava-stream, and occasionally lighted up more brilliantly by the fire-gleams from the craters, rolling its heavy masses against the mountain, and shrouding in impenetrable darkness the summit of Vesuvius. Beneath, around, above, every sound and sight was weird, unearthly, portentous. I still remember that, as I looked up with a strange longing to ascend into the gloom and penetrate its mysteries, there came to me the lines in Schiller's *Diver*, with the change of a single word:—

"Da oben aber ist's fürchterlich;
Und der Mensch versuche die Götter nicht,
Und begehre nimmer und nimmer zu schauen
Was sie gnädig bedecken mit Nacht und mit Grauen."¹

I was awakened from my dream by a lady's voice, addressing me a question. Colonel Van Buren, son of our deceased President, and his wife were of our party, and it was Mrs. Van Buren who spoke:—

"Do you think there would be any danger in crossing this old lava and getting to the edge of that magnificent stream beyond it?"

I appealed to our guide, and as he replied that the lady incurred no danger if her boots were thick-soled and her dress not too long, I gave her my arm and we ventured. The heat struck even through our thick boots; and when we had proceeded half-way across, my companion stopped: "Don't you think there's some risk in going farther?"

"Let us return, then," I said.

But curiosity proved stronger than fear; the lady pressed forward till we were some ten yards only from the stream. Another pause, with the re-

mark that perhaps that *was* near enough. But Eve's daughter was not yet satisfied. I felt a forward pressure on my arm, and in a few seconds we stood within two feet of the moving lava. For a minute or more we remained speechless; then Mrs. Van Buren said, "Mr. Owen, before we go, tell me, so that we may not forget it, just what you think that resembles."

Perhaps I should never have carried away so exact an idea of the moment's impression but for this opportune question. "I could imagine," I replied, "that the interior of this vast cone was filled with melted gold to the brim, and that a portion of it had escaped from some fissure and was flowing at our feet."

"Precisely; that is my impression also. I wondered if it seemed the same to you."

In effect the stream, some forty or fifty feet wide, appeared divided, in its width, into three parts; the central belt perfectly fused, exactly resembling a moving surface of burnished gold; while on each side the shallower stream, coming into contact with the shore, was already a little cooled and ruffled, so that it seemed more like what we call *frosted* gold.

The heat from the boiling mass was intense; but, for the moment, so great was the excitement, neither my companion nor I was fully aware of it. Though we did not linger more than a minute or two on the edge of this Plutonian stream, our faces did not recover from the scorching for more than two days, the skin slightly and partially peeling off.

Following the course of the lava we found that, half a mile farther down, it had reached a perpendicular descent of some thirty or forty feet. Over this poured the cataract of fire, probably seventy or eighty feet wide, but divided near the centre by a projecting rock. By this time large blocks of lava, somewhat hardened by cooling, came float-

¹ Literally: "Up yonder it is fearful; and never more let man, tempting the gods, seek to explore what they, in mercy, have covered with night and

with horrors." The original applies to Charybdis, and begins "Da unten aber," etc.: "Down yonder," etc.

ing along like huge rocks and toppled over, not swiftly or suddenly, as heavy bodies drop over a waterfall, but quietly and lazily, in part arrested by sinking somewhat into the thick, viscous mass.

Some days afterward I visited, from the lower valley, the bed of the lava-stream in its last descent from the mountain. We had arranged to reach the spot as soon as it was quite dark. What a spectacle presented itself, far exceeding in magnificence all we had yet seen! The descent was a wide and nearly perpendicular pitch of full one thousand feet. Down this vast precipice the lava was descending in several streams, so as to illumine the whole face of the rock. Conceive one of the wildest and loftiest of Swiss waterfalls, with every accessory of mountain scenery; then imagine the ice-water from the Alps suddenly converted, by some magician's wand, into liquid gold, and you may faintly realize what here we saw.

A week or two later, the lava-stream, accumulating in the valley and spreading out, here and there, to a great width, had reached a point seven miles distant from its source, and within a third of a mile of a village on the road to Naples, named *La Cercola*, the village being only three or four miles from the city. It advanced, an inevitable Fate. Field, orchard, olive-grove disappeared beneath it, never again to be seen while the world endures. Cottages were swept away and buried. Trees were surrounded, scorched, and withered by the fiery mass—the charred tops of the largest still projecting, like masts of vessels that had gone down in a tempest.

Learning that the hamlet was threatened, and the inhabitants fleeing for their lives, I drove out to the spot, where crowds had gathered. The lava presented a nearly perpendicular front full a hundred feet wide and some fifteen feet high, cooled down to a dark gray color, and beginning to harden into rock. The vast mass, however, still moved on, inch by inch. From time to time, too, the top crust was pressed forward and toppled over, each time gaining a few feet. Human at-

tempt to arrest or divert its progress was as unavailing as would have been an effort to check a planet in its course.

I remember to have seen but two earthly phenomena that impressed me with the idea of omnipotent power. One was the central portion of the principal fall at Niagara; the other was this gigantic lava-wall moving—a doom!—toward the affrighted village.

As I gazed, my attention was attracted by a strange, distant sound, as of persons in distress. Turning, I saw a religious procession just issuing from *La Cercola*, quarter of a mile away. In front was borne, on men's shoulders, an image of the patron saint of the village, brought there as an intercessor, to arrest the advancing destruction. Next came a number of priests in their robes of ceremony, and behind, a crowd, chiefly of women. In the intervals of the prayers that the priests intoned, these women burst forth in a simultaneous wail, which, coming from hundreds of voices, produced the most lugubrious chorus it was ever my lot to hear. It gave one a vivid idea of the weeping of a multitude, and of a multitude readily stirred to frantic expressions either of joy or grief. But for the absorbed earnestness of the mourners, and the terrible reality of the approaching danger, it might have seemed grotesque. As it was, the spectacle was equally impressive and unique. The lava advanced but a rod or two farther; and the hamlet was saved.

Portici, so frequent a sufferer by former eruptions, was threatened by this, but escaped. I heard of no fatal accident. During a previous eruption (in 1850), an American gentleman lost his life. Without engaging a guide, he had ascended to the summit when Vesuvius was casting forth rocks and scoriae. Not noticing that there was a slight breeze, he passed incautiously to leeward of the crater. A fragment of rock, diverted by the wind from the perpendicular, dropped on his arm, crushing it; and before aid came, losing much blood, he sank and died.

The story came to my knowledge

through a guide, riding with me on my first journey to the mountain. Tragical though it was, I could not help smiling at the professional moral with which he closed his narration. "Ecco!" he exclaimed, turning toward me, rising in his stirrups and throwing out his right arm with a theatrical air, "behold the effects of ascending Vesuvius without a guide!"

I witnessed also, albeit at some distance from its ravages, an earthquake. It was one evening about ten o'clock, in the year 1857.

The walls of the house in which we lived, fronting on the Chiaja, were nearly seven feet thick; yet we felt the massive building shake and roll. The first shock lasted, I think, eight or ten seconds. We sprang to our feet; and after a brief interval there followed a second shock, more violent than the first, so that our footing seemed to fail beneath us. A chandelier suspended in the room swung about a foot out of the perpendicular, and continued to vibrate for several minutes. The bells in the house rang, and three or four doors opened.

We were startled, of course; but Mrs. Owen, not readily alarmed, took it quietly. I reminded her that, as throughout two or three thousand years there had been no record of any substantial building being thrown down, or any lives lost by an earthquake in the city, it was the most unlikely thing in the world that we should be the first sufferers. So she merely laid the children's clothes to be ready at a moment's warning, and we retired to rest, sleeping tranquilly till morning.

But others had less faith. The common people rushed by thousands into the street and spent the night imploring the intercession of the Holy Virgin; for Naples addresses her prayers to Mary, not to God: while hundreds of the nobility, getting into their carriages, drove for refuge to the southern side of the Chiaja, out of reach of any houses if they had fallen; and we saw a line of these equipages early next morning,

still strung along in front of our windows, just outside of the Villa Reale.

But the night, so quietly spent by us, was to be one of death or of torture to tens of thousands. The centre of this terrific earth perturbation was about ninety miles southeast of Naples, in the interior of the kingdom, nearly half-way to the Adriatic; namely, in and around Potenza, capital of the province of Basilicata, a city of sixteen thousand souls. Two thirds of the place were laid in ruins, whole rows of buildings falling flat into the streets. Thirty or forty neighboring villages met a similar, or worse fate; ten or twelve of these being utterly destroyed. The most moderate calculation put the deaths at twenty-five thousand, and ten thousand people were maimed or injured, most of them for life: all this frightful destruction occurring within a single minute of time. Several thousands remained for days under the ruins in misery which it is horrible to think of. Some died almost at the moment of release; many more came out dreadfully mutilated; there were four thousand amputations performed in Potenza alone.

I was sorely tempted to visit the terrible scenes. But professional duties prevented me. Several English and American travelers brought me heart-rending accounts of what they saw.

That Naples herself has ever escaped similar tragedies is probably due to the close vicinity of a safety-valve — in Vesuvius.

It has sometimes occurred to me that the devotional sentiment of this nation may have owed both its earnestness and its superstitious phase, in a measure, to such startling phenomena as these; phenomena that, by an excited and uncultured people, might easily be set down as acts of retribution direct from God. It is certain that, from the King to the lowest of the lazzaroni, religion among them was, as a general rule, more of an ever-present sentiment than it usually is among us.

In the autumn of 1855, being about to negotiate a treaty of amity, commerce,

and navigation with the Neapolitan Government, I had instructions from our State Department to have inserted therein, if possible, a provision permitting the erection, in Naples, of a church for Protestant worship. I replied that I should strictly obey instructions, though hopeless of success. I met the three Neapolitan plenipotentiaries, Don Luigi Carafa, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prince Cometini, an officer of the King's household, and Don Giuseppe Arpino, Advocate General, and when I brought up this proposal, they received it in complete silence. After the session closed the Minister begged me to remain a few minutes.

"Signor Ministro," he said, "I think you cannot doubt the extreme desire of his Majesty to do whatever may be agreeable to your President and to the great country you represent, so far as national honor and our sacred religion permit."

I assented.

"There is one proposition," he went on, "and I think only one, among those you are likely to propose, that we are not permitted freely to discuss with you: that which regards a Protestant church. The King prefers to lose the treaty and all its advantages rather than concede that to which his conscience, all the traditions of his government, and the rules of the Holy Catholic church are alike opposed. I am frank with you, so that your time and ours may not be lost."

I was prepared for this; for we were in the habit, in the diplomatic corps, of talking the King over very freely. So I gave up the point, and the treaty was concluded October 1, 1855.

The superstition of the people differed in phase from the bigotry of their king. I detected but little intolerance of heretics in it. It had its reverential and its grotesque side. There are niches in the front walls of many houses in the old part of Naples, with small figures of saints, or more usually of the Virgin and Child. When I hired a *carrozzella* — the cab of that city, much used there — I found the driver in the habit of

stopping his horse without apparent cause, in the street. Looking out for an explanation, I observed that, on such occasions, he took off his hat and turned toward one of these images, his lips moving silently; after a few moments he put his wiry little horse in motion again. It was image-worship, no doubt; yet I felt more disposed to respect the man for the sentiment, than to smile at the delusion.

The grotesque phase might be seen at the street corners any Saturday afternoon, while the drawing of lotteries was going on. The Neapolitans, though every one of them who can at all afford it drinks wine, are, like the Spaniards, a specially temperate people. I think that during five years I saw scarcely half a dozen of them intoxicated. Their substitute in the way of excitement is gambling; "playing in the lottery," as they call it. I think that I had not a servant in my house who failed to spend five, ten, twenty cents a week, or more, for a lottery ticket. At the close of the week, when the result was announced, crowds gathered round the lottery offices, which were almost as common in Naples as grog-shops in New York. Five numbers, drawn from the wheel, were exhibited, at considerable intervals of time, above each office door; if one of these appeared on a ticket, it gave the holder a very small prize, probably repaying him his venture; if two, a larger proportion, and so on; the ticket containing all these lucky numbers winning the capital prize.

The excitement of the crowd, as each successive number appeared, may be imagined. On such an occasion I remember singling out one of the many lazzaroni present — a stalworth, embrowned, half-clad fellow — and watching his acts and emotions. He held before his face a leaden image of his patron saint, to which, while awaiting the drawing, he addressed his entreaties, as devoutly, I dare say, as ever Louis XI. of France did, for good luck. When the exhibition of the first number caused a rustle among the anxious waiters, he looked up, and I read disappointment

on his face, but he was submissive; there were four chances yet, and he went on with his prayers. So, when the second came out. As the third was shown, I saw his weather-beaten face darken and the black eyes flash, but he resorted to his saint again. When a fourth came, evidently with the same result, he shook the image with an oath; but then, recollecting himself, he calmed down, and his half-uttered, imploring tones indicated a last, fervent intercession. Then, trembling with agitation, he waited the final chance. It came; and, with a heart-spoken "Maladetto!" he flung the image on the ground, and trampled it under foot.

During the chief festival of Naples, celebrated yearly in the vast cathedral,¹ I witnessed a still more striking example of the familiarity — unchecked, it seems, by the church — with which these people are wont to treat what they call their spiritual protectors.

San Gennaro (St. Januarius) is held to be the guardian saint of Naples. The alleged miracle by which the blood of this holy person (contained in a closed phial or glass tube) changes from a solid to a liquid state, is well known. Admitted by special favor, with five or six others, into the sanctuary of the cathedral, and seated within a few feet of the officiating priest, I had an excellent opportunity to observe the ceremony and its effect upon the assembled thousands who came to await the result.

In the front rank of the audience, some ten feet from us, were seated twenty or thirty women, some very old, the reputed descendants of the saint. At their head, and evidently chief of this favored corps, was a tall, masculine woman, of middle age, — a very Meg Merrilies in appearance, — with the flashing eye and the bold port of a popular ring-leader. Like most matrons in the rank of small but well-to-do Neapolitan shopkeepers, her fingers were covered with massive silver rings, and her

neck was adorned with a heavy chain and other ornaments of the same metal. This Amazon seemed, for the nonce, to have assumed the lead in the devotional exercises of her neighbors.

These, when the priest first held up the sacred phial with its clotted contents, were quiet and reverential; uttered in low tones, but audible where we sat, "Holy Gennaro! Save, protect us! Bless the city of Naples and keep it from plagues and earthquakes and all other ills. Do this miracle, so we may see that thy power and thy favor are still with us. Blessed San Gennaro, pray for us," and so on.

After each installment of prayer there was an interval of some ten minutes; then the supplications recommenced, patiently enough for an hour or more, during which the still refractory blood was, from time to time, displayed. Then, gradually, the tone became querulous, and supplication changed to remonstrance. "How long, O holy man of God! how long! Art thou resolved to weary out our patience? Come quickly! Hasten to show thy power!" then usually dropping back into the refrain, "Blessed San Gennaro, pray for us!"

When nearly two hours had elapsed, the patience of this Amazonian leader evidently failed. It was a sultry day toward the end of May, the crowd was densely packed, and I saw drops of perspiration standing out on her swarthy forehead.

"San Gennaro," she exclaimed, "are you going to keep us here, sweating in this accursed crowd, all day long? Who's to attend to that little shop of mine, I wonder, while I'm gone? Do you want it to be entered and robbed? You know I can't afford to be away from it all this time." Then, as if the thought crossed her that she had gone a little too far, "Blessed Saint! Holy Gennaro! Pray for us."

Half an hour more elapsed, and still, as the venerated relic was held on high before the congregation, the obdurate

a million dollars, and which is enriched with valuable paintings by Guido and other masters.

¹ Here there is a chapel dedicated to St. Januarius, which was erected, in pursuance of a vow made during the plague of 1527, at a cost of nearly

blood remained unliquefied. At the sight, our dame of the silver chain and rings, unable longer to stand such treatment from her canonized ancestor, broke forth. Pointing her long, lank finger at the silver-gilt bust of the saint (which had been brought from his chapel and set on a pedestal near us), "*Faccia gialla!*" she cried. "Yellow face! You! It's past all bearing! Have you no mercy? Hurry up! Be about it! Come, set that blood a-flowing in God's name, at once; and let us depart in peace!"

Her face all aflame and the nervous agitation of her whole person, as she rose to her feet and tossed her arms excitedly, attested the vehement reality of her emotion. Had I been inclined to laugh, which I was not, I think any such exhibition of levity might have endangered my life, at the hands of that exasperated multitude.

It was some ten minutes after this oburgation that the priest, stepping to the front, — this time with a complacent smile lighting up his face, — showed the miracle wrought, and the blood flowing freely in the tube.

Then there went up from the assembled thousands such a wild shout of exultation as one hears only in Southern climes; and there only when fear and expectation, wound up to highest pitch and endured for hours, burst forth in triumphant congratulation at last.

While all this was passing, the priest who officiated had very politely brought to us, for examination, the vessel containing the blood; affording us satisfactory evidence that it *was* at first coagulated and that it *had* liquefied at the close. It may readily be imagined that we did not moot the question with him how this result was produced.

It would be an error to suppose that the Neapolitans are a fiercely quarrelsome people; though such an impression might be made by perusing the above narrative, or by a sight of the daily scenes that occur in Santa Lucia or other crowded thoroughfares. One may witness there, at any hour of the day,

street squabbles which, to judge by the intensity of tone and gesture in the wranglers, seem likely to terminate in blows or blood. Nothing of the sort! I saw or heard no evidence of the stiletto, commonly associated with the Italian; and cases of assault and battery I found to be of rarest occurrence. The excitement of this people, real for the moment, seems to evaporate harmlessly in words and gesticulation. Among themselves, and with strangers if decently treated, they are essentially a good-natured race, with more of the genial element about them than falls to the Anglo-Saxon's share.

I had little trouble with my servants. In each household of any importance there is a *maggiordomo*, through whom one manages all the rest. Andrea was the name of mine; a staid, grave, respectful man of fifty, always neatly dressed in black with white cravat. At first he quietly took the upper hand with me. This I tolerated for a few months, lacking experience in my new position, and willing to adopt some of his ways. Finally I sent for him. "Andrea," said I, "this is a comfortable place of yours, is it not?"

"Your Excellency surely knows what an honor I esteem it to serve the American Minister."

"I think you had been out of a situation some time when I engaged you; and if you lost this place you might not be able soon to find one that suited you as well."

"Dio mio! who has been maligning me to your Excellency?"

"No one. And, in many respects, you are an excellent servant. You are always respectable-looking; you receive my guests admirably; you are attentive and obliging, and you keep good order in the house. But you have one fault which does not suit me at all."

"In the name of the Virgin, what is that, Signor?"

"You are as obstinate as the old devil himself. You insist on having your own way. I have let this pass so far. But now take your choice. Either you must do just what I bid you for the

future, or else it will be a month's wages — and dismissal."

I never had occasion, throughout the succeeding years, to say a word more on that point. Andrea did all the marketing, and he was an excellent caterer. I had been warned by an English friend, long a resident of Naples, that a major-domo expects to clear ten per cent. on his purchases; it was the custom of the place, he said, and I must not object if he kept to that. As Andrea's wages were low, I was content. But I found, by comparing prices, that he was gradually running up his percentage till it was nearly double.

"Look here," I said to him one day; "ten per cent. on the market bills for yourself I'm willing to allow; but it must n't be more."

"Oh, Signor, surely you don't think that I ever charge you one *grano* above the price I pay?"

"It's no use pretending, Andrea. I tell you I'm willing to pay ten; but remember, I won't stand fifteen or twenty."

He looked me full in the face and saw I was in earnest; then, quite unblushingly, and with a sly smile, the rogue replied, "I did n't think your Excellency was so well informed in these matters."

Andrea was wont to spend his spare wages, not exactly in "riotous living," but in giving to his friends occasional evening parties, with supper, — and wine, of course, — in a hall adjoining the servants' offices. As he always asked permission and kept his guests quiet, I assented for a time. But he had a daughter of eighteen or nineteen, a modest, nice girl; good-looking, with a neat, small figure, and the oval face, light olive complexion, and handsome black eyes and hair of her country. Adelaide was her name, contracted, however, to Delaita. She had been with us upwards of two years as chambermaid, when I heard that a handsome young fellow, a manufacturer of artificial flowers, who usually made one at her father's suppers, was likely to be a suitor for his

daughter's hand. Thereupon I sent for Andrea.

"It is not my business how you spend your money," I said to him; "but you will want to marry that pretty daughter of yours one of these days, and there will be the *dota* — you will be asked to furnish a bedroom; is it not true?"

"That is the custom, Signor; but do not fear; I shall be prepared."

A year later, however, he came to me, downhearted. "I am very unhappy," he said. "That good young fellow seeks my girl in marriage, and here I have but twenty-five ducats in the world."

"Ah! those suppers! I warned you, Andrea."

"Yes, Signor; but one must be a little hospitable; and then perhaps Tommaso" —

"Might not have taken a fancy to Delaita if they had not sat side by side now and then at supper, you think?"

"Sicuro! It is so. But if the Signor Ministro would only lend me the sum, and deduct it from my wages; three hundred ducats,¹ with what little I have, will suffice."

"Well, Delaita has been an excellent girl, diligent and faithful. She is a great favorite of Mrs. Owen's, and we always intended to give her something when she married. She shall have a hundred and fifty ducats. I'll advance the rest, and you shall repay it, ten ducats a month. You need a little lesson in economy."

"Dio glielo renda,² Eccellenza!"

The girl was married; our children, to their delight and the gratification of all concerned, being present at the wedding; she did well, and came to see us from time to time. Two days before I left Naples, there was a knock at my library door, and Delaita — her trim little figure nicely dressed, and, dropping over her head, the graceful black lace veil, which in women of her station replaces, throughout Southern Italy, the hat or bonnet — entered and walked, with a smile, and evidently

¹ About two hundred and fifty dollars.

² "God repay it to you!"

much moved, up to the desk at which I was writing.

"I could not let your Excellency go," she said, "without coming to tell you how I feel about your goodness to me. I owe to you all I have — my pleasant home and the good husband who takes care of me. There is only one thing I can do for you, but that I'll never, never neglect. When I kneel before the Blessed Virgin in church, I shall always pray that she will guide and protect you, and give you many happy days."

By this time tears had gathered in the large, dark eyes, and her voice trembled with emotion as, after a moment's hesitation, she went on: "And now there's one thing I'm so very sorry for — that — that you're not a woman, so that I might kiss you before you go."

"But as I happen unfortunately to be a man, Delaita, don't you think it might do just as well for me to kiss you?"

A bright blush for answer, and I kissed her as I would my own daughter, the tears dropping from her cheeks the while.

There are many countries where a girl might feel gratitude just as warmly as good Delaita did; but out of Italy the gratitude would scarcely assume such frank expression. And who knows but that the dear girl's prayers may, since then, have been to me, in strictest sense, far more than a return for the little service I had been able to render her?

When I was about to leave Naples there was quite a dramatic scene. The servants gathered round me, lamenting as if they were losing a life-long benefactor. Most of them in tears, they kissed my hands, called down upon my head all manner of blessings expressed in some of the various superlatives with which their language abounds; and several of them accompanied me to the steamer in which I embarked.¹

In all ranks of this people, from the

King down, I found much habitual kindness; in small things, if you will, but small things may smooth and brighten life. One marked example of courtesy in Ferdinand himself here occurs to me.

When I was first appointed to Naples, it was as *chargé d'affaires*, being accredited by our Secretary of State to the Neapolitan Minister of Foreign Affairs. Two years later the grade was raised to that of minister; and I had to deliver letters of credence from the President to the King. To a letter announcing this and asking an audience of the King, I got no reply for ten days. Then came the principal secretary of the Foreign Office, who asked me if I had not received a letter from them a week before.

"No, but I expected one. What did your letter contain?"

"An appointment by his Majesty to receive you yesterday as minister."

"And what happened?"

"He came with his chief officers, waited half an hour, and then, as you failed to appear, he dismissed them and returned to his apartments."

An awkward dilemma, it will be admitted! Under ordinary circumstances a reasonable apology suffices in case of failure to keep an appointment, but I was not at all sure how it would be received on such an occasion. There was nothing for it, however, except to send a letter to the Foreign Minister, with an explanation,² an expression of sorrow, and a request for another audience. I did not suppose this request would be refused; but I did expect a cold reception, of which I should certainly not have complained.

When I met the King, there was first, from me, the stereotyped protestation about our President's desire to maintain and strengthen amicable relations; then, from Ferdinand, the equally stereotyped response that the President could not have given more agreeable assurance of

¹ A somewhat similar scene took place when Mrs. Owen and the children, some weeks before, departed, accompanied by a lady friend, for the United States. I went to London, called thither to attend my father during the last months of his life.

² Namely, that my servant had carelessly depos-

ited the letter under a copy of the government paper (*Giornale Ufficiale della due Sicilie*), which, as it was the dullest paper I ever subscribed for (but this opinion was not included in my explanation to the minister), it chanced that I had failed to read or open.

this than by sending to Naples a gentleman so eminent, etc., etc. This over, I said that it was my duty to express to his Majesty my deep regret that, by an unfortunate accident, I had been prevented —

There he interrupted me, extending his hand and heartily shaking mine. "Mr. Owen," he said, "I beg that you will not say a word more on that subject. I am quite certain the mistake would not have happened if you could have prevented it; and the only regret I have in the matter is, that I have been deprived of the pleasure of seeing you sooner."

Handsomely said and very gracefully turned, let us admit — if it was "King Bomba" who said it.

So, on another occasion. When Mr. Buchanan became President I sent in my resignation, as is usual on a change of administration; but I was requested to remain at least another year, and agreed to do so. This fact I communicated to the King at Gaeta, whither the diplomatic corps had been summoned, to condole with him on the death of his favorite sister; a good woman, unassuming, benevolent, and greatly regretted by the poor. I had previously told the King of my resignation, and when I informed him of the change of plan, he said, "Mr. Owen, when your President requested you to prolong your stay among us, he did me a personal favor."

This was overheard and commented on by my colleagues. My own inference from it was, that, if an American minister shows but common justice in his dealings even with a despotic power, he will hardly fail to secure for himself the good-will of its government, and for his own country the friendship of that to which he is accredited. There was no reasonable demand of mine made, on behalf of American citizens, to the King of Naples or his ministers, that was not ultimately granted.

When one has been kindly treated, there is temptation to extenuate guilt,

in view of the kindness. Yet I found evidence sufficient, I think, to prove that the proverb touching his satanic majesty, and the tendency to overdarken his portrait, might apply to Ferdinand II. also. With his submissiveness to the Catholic church was combined another wide-reaching fallacy. He not only believed, as stubbornly as Henry VIII. ever did, in the right divine of a king to dispose, at his will, of his subjects, their lives, and their properties, but also in his further right, derived from God's grace, to break faith with them, if they rebelled against his legitimate sway. Violating, like Charles I., solemn pledges given to his people,¹ like Charles he was an affectionate husband and father; giving, as his enemies alleged, more time and thought to his family than to his kingdom. He was clement, too, on occasion, as I had opportunities to know. I think the worst system, sustainable only by force, which he persisted in maintaining, had more to do than innate cruelty of disposition with those heinous barbarities toward political offenders which stained the annals of his reign;² and which, as I myself witnessed, nearly cost him his life. It happened thus: —

The King was wont to review some thirty or forty thousand of his troops annually on the anniversary of that victory at Velletri, by which the reigning dynasty acquired the throne of Naples. On one of these occasions (it was in 1856) I was present with my family, and — the carriages of foreign ministers having the *entrée* to the inner circle — we were some fifty or sixty yards only from where the King and his aids sat on horseback. Suddenly a slight tumult and tussle in the royal group attracted our attention; and soon after we saw a private soldier led off by one officer, while another carried a musket with its bayonet much bent. As the King remained seated and the troops continued to file past, I did not learn the full particulars till next day, when, at a levee, within a year, he dissolved the Chambers and restored the ancient despotism.

² Exposed, perhaps exaggerated, by Gladstone, in 1857.

¹ During the political agitation of 1848, Ferdinand took a public oath to support a constitution modeled after the French Charter of 1830; yet,

I heard them from Ferdinand himself. A soldier had suddenly rushed from the ranks and struck at him with fixed bayonet; but the blow was dealt too low, and the weapon, grazing the saddle and piercing the holster with such violence as to bend the steel, glanced thence against his breast and caused, he said, but a trifling wound. One of his staff officers who was present told me afterwards, however, that when the King put his hand to the spot, the kid glove he wore came away stained with blood, but that he would not allow any attention to be paid to it, saying only, in a quiet tone, "Take him away, but don't hurt him. Let the review go on!" Such equanimity betokens a certain force of character, which Ferdinand undoubtedly possessed.

The man who committed this assault proved to be a monk from a distant province, two of whose brothers had been executed for political offenses, real or suspected. Seeking opportunity to avenge their deaths (and no doubt concealing his vocation), he had enlisted a year before as a soldier. I was not at his trial, but I heard its details from the Marchese Sant' Angelo, a young man of generous impulse, but loyal to the King.

Counsel was assigned to Milano, so the monk was called; and the defense was — indeed could only be — a plea of insanity. The prisoner maintained complete equanimity throughout the trial; and when, at its close, he was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him, he replied, —

"I desire to thank the gentleman who has defended me, for the zeal he has shown in seeking to prove that I was out of my right mind when I committed the act. I trust he will pardon me when I say that he is quite mistaken. The deed was premeditated, thought over for more than a year past, though the secret was never intrusted to any one; and at the moment I carried it out, I was as sane as any person who now hears me. According to your laws I must suffer death, and I have not

a word to say in extenuation. Nay, if I were at liberty to-morrow, I should renew the attempt, believing it to be for the interest of the country that the King" —

Here he was interrupted by the court and told that they could not listen to any remarks derogatory to his Majesty. The prisoner resumed, in the same dispassionate and respectful tone he had used throughout: —

"Then I refrain from saying anything more on that subject. But if I thought that my feeble voice could reach the King and move him to compassion, I would implore him to make the tour of the kingdom, so that he might see, with his own eyes, the condition of his miserable subjects!"

He sat down quietly amid profound silence; and the young marquis told me he thought the court itself was impressed with respect for the man. For himself, he confessed to me that, though he abhorred Milano's attempted crime, he could not help thinking that his demeanor and his defense, frank, calm, dignified, would bear comparison with some of the historical incidents we most admire, dating back to the best days of Greece or Rome.

He was hanged — some of the English and Piedmontese papers said, after being tortured; but I found, on strict search, no evidence to sustain such a report.

There is a sequel to this — fanciful, some will call it. For nine months previous to December, 1856, I had been devoting my leisure hours to the study of pneumatological phenomena; having found several "mediums" or "psychics" in the circle of our acquaintances. On the sixteenth of that month, during our hundred and thirty-fifth sitting, the (alleged) spirit of Milano announced itself, the name being spelt out. There were present, besides the medium, Mrs. Owen and the Countess d'A——, wife of one of the King's favorite general officers. Among other questions, we asked, "Do you wish to return here alive again?"

Answer (very decided). "Yes."¹

Q. "Why?"

A. "To kill Ferdinand."

Q. "Why do you wish to kill him?"

A. "Is wretch."

The Countess (speaking in French).

"I tell you, no! He is not!"

¹ The very first time in our experience that any (alleged) spirit had answered that question in the affirmative

The Table (with a bounding, emphatic motion). "Oui!" adding, after a pause, "mon idole est la Liberté."

But this leads to another subject. I propose to inform the readers of *The Atlantic* how I came to investigate such phenomena; prefacing what I have to say in that matter by a statement of my views, forty years ago, on so-called "Free Religion," and the efforts I made to propagate them.

Robert Dale Owen.

CROWNED AND DISCROWNED.

"HERE is the place," speaks a fresh, strong voice,

"Thrown open yesterday. Now, Cecile,
Come and be critical of high art;

I'd have rubbed up my Ruskin, but I feel

"The cares this change of condition brings."

The little bride's cheek has a sudden flush,
And her hand forsakes her husband's arm
Because of appearances: "Leonard, hush! —

"The door-keeper heard you." "What if he did?

I am willing. Just for the sake of art,
I take a catalogue; but, my dear,
Down in the very heart of my heart

"I feel that I care not for picture, bust,

Statue, or carving; I came away
For a week with my wife." A sweet, low laugh:
"What a pair of heathens we are to-day!

"I am tired of sight-seeing too; but still

We must do our duty." A comical groan
From the blithe young bridegroom. "Surely we might —
For the honey-moon only — let duty alone."

"No," from the sweet, firm, rose-bud mouth;

"We should be sorry." "How? where? and when?"

"When it could not be helped." "For the matter of that,
It is worse to be sorry now than then!"

They start on their pilgrimage through the rooms,

Armed with a catalogue; everywhere
Stand knots of the dilettante set

Who patronize sunsets: "Very fair!"

Seeing or not seeing, on they go
To the gallery's end, where a sudden thrill
Of tremulous silence holds the crowd,
And the chattering tongues for the nonce are still

At the beauty before them. Broad, low brows,
Dark eyes half-veiled by the lashes' fall,
Quivering nostrils, and scarlet lips,
And the kingly stature of kingly Saul

Win beholders' hearts, as of old they won
The heart of the Seer. Samuel stands,
His welcoming eyes on the noble face,
Reaching forth gracious, anointing hands

To the chosen monarch. All the tale
Is there. "On whom is the whole desire
Of Israel's house? is it not on thee?
Thou art the king that their prayers require!"

But another canvas the painter filled
Ere his pencil rested. Saul the King
Cometh to Samuel, long at rest;
His coming an evil, unholy thing.

The stately figure all prostrate lies;
The beautiful, spirited, gracious face
Is seamed with the lines that a crooked will
And a haughty temper know how to trace.

He crouches in fear at the gloomy shade
Darkling above him. Well may he,
The Seer whose word has blessed and banned,
Full sternly ask, "Wherefore call'st thou me?"

"The kingdom out of thy hand is rent,
And given to David; Jehovah's word
Thou heard'st nor heededst; to-morrow thou
And thy sons come to me: thus saith the Lord!"

The first — the beginning by God's good grace;
The second — the ending by man's wrong will:
So the painter interpreted Holy Writ;
Read he the meaning well or ill?

The blithe young couple have lingered long
Before the crowned and the discrowned Saul;
Departing they pray, "Where the Lord begins,
May he too finish, for us — for all!"

B. W.

LARCOM'S LITTLE CHAP.

THE military prison at Finchley was very much like the rest, I suppose. Larcom was one of a lot of twenty or thirty who had come in together more than a year before. He was a big, common-looking fellow, not very clever, and pretty rough. Brown was from the same neighborhood, and he and Larcom were mates all through. He was a sharp little fellow, this Brown, quick-tempered and wiry, and might have been anywhere between twenty-five and forty. He would have been free or dead long before that, but for sticking by his hulking comrade, — Larcom rather anchored him. Luce was a sergeant in the twenty-third, when taken; he had been a mere boy two years before, but he was not a boy now, and he looked as though a little more of the same sort would make him neither boy nor man.

Larcom had been married to a German woman a short time before his second enlistment, and just before their capture he had received news of the birth of a child. Everybody knew about his Katy and the boy, and by this time there was not much left of the letter that had brought the news. He liked to talk about them, and the men liked to hear him in that dismal place; laughed at him, and poked weak fun at him. He had plenty of leisure to think about his wife and child, and he thought and talked so constantly of them that he gradually built up a kind of romance about both, but principally about the child, perhaps from there being less troublesome ground-work of fact to clear away and accommodate. He knew no more about it than his audience, but he came to more than half believe in the description and history he gave of the little one he had never seen. The fellows made a standing joke of asking after the baby's health, his weight, and the number of his teeth, and absorbing interest and sympathy

were manifested in critical periods of measles and whooping-cough.

The fun was weak, no doubt, and not too fine-drawn. That was in the first months of their imprisonment. By and by they ceased to quiz Larcom, partly because he took it less and less kindly, and partly because they came to have small stomach for pleasantry themselves. There was only one thing that made the life tolerable at all, and that was the hope of escape. And they never ceased to plot and plan for that. Some got away, by dexterous and instant use of fortunate chance, by desperate defiance of risk and reason, by stratagem devised and worked out with incredible means and success. But most of the plots were discovered at Finchley, by the cunning of one of the guards. He was a low, brutal fellow, with a retreating chin and forehead, and a peculiar leer for his ordinary expression. This fellow had a habit of snapping his jaws convulsively when he laughed, and from that and his ferret keenness of scent and success in unearthing tunneling plots and the like, he had got the nickname of "Steel-trap," and was known by no other. The hatred of the prisoners for this man was simply murderous, and the best of the guards themselves despised him. His ingenuity in thwarting attempts at escape were beyond belief, and his enjoyment of success quite inhuman. During the progress of the great tunnel of July, which was dug with infinite patience and skill and with the most elaborate caution and secrecy, he was watched by a regular system of espionage, and when the men lay down on the night of the twentieth of July to wait with fear and trembling for the signal, not a man of them believed Trap had any suspicion, and twenty-one men passed through that hundred feet of burrow that night. The twenty-second was Baker, who had sworn he would never come back alive. He

thought he heard some strange noise when Whitelaw went out just ahead of him, and when he emerged and saw the hated leering face and more armed men behind, he leaped on the guard with a terrible curse, and the next minute lay dying on the grass. The rest were all taken quietly as they came out, and passed back in at the gates, with what bitterness may be imagined.

Larcom ceased altogether to talk of the child and its mother after a while, and got to be very quiet indeed, and towards the end of the year he brooded a good deal. One Thursday morning very early, those lying near him who were awake heard him swearing to himself. Then he turned over to Brown, who lay next him, and said:—

“Brown, I want to see her and the little chap.”

Then he turned away his face and lay there a long while quite still. That afternoon, as Satan would have it, Luce, Brown, and Larcom were detailed upon parole to bring water from a spring outside the walls. Wells were low from the long drought. They had a barrel upon a hand-cart, and a pail apiece, and went in and out several times. The spring was out of sight of the gates, about a quarter of a mile to the west. It ran out of a trough at the roadside in a bend of the fence and behind a clump of bushes. They were neither of them too strong, and water is not so light as some things. It was nearly sunset when they came to the spring the last time. Larcom filled his pail and then stood up and poured it out on the ground.

“Boys,” he said, “I ain’t going to carry any more. I’m going home.” The quiet words fired Brown like a match to powder. He sprang up and flung away the pail he was filling.

“Come on,” he cried fiercely, “I’m — if I’ll go back to that hell!”

Luce sat on the edge of the cart, and looked down at his toes working in and out of his shoes. Like enough he did not see either just then; talking of home made a baby of him.

“Are you coming, Luce?” Larcom

asked. And Luce looked up and answered,—

“No.”

“That’s right, Luce,” Larcom said; “I’m glad you ain’t. But I can’t stand it any longer. Tell the boys I could n’t, Luce. Take care of yourself. Good-by.”

He gave a quick, hard grip of the hand, and Luce said,—

“Good-by, boys. I hope you’ll get through.”

He turned his back and put down his head, where he heard nothing but the splash of the water in the pail. It had run three or four times full before he got up, and then there was no one in sight. He filled the barrel alone. Then he sat down and waited for some one to come. When some of the guard came running after a while and demanded where were his companions, and which way they had gone, he answered that he did n’t know.

The feeling in the prison toward the two fugitives, when it was known that they had broken parole and run, was no kind one. It was an additional straw upon backs already bowed to breaking; it put a taunt into every look and word of their hated keepers, and made more intolerable and hopeless the life of every man within the loathed walls, and removed further from each the light of the hope of escape.

A week or two after that the news was passed through the wards one afternoon that Larcom had been brought back, and was then in the hospital across the yard. A day or two later, Doctor Farmer came up into Larcom’s old ward on the third floor. Farmer was one of the prisoners; being a doctor of skill and experience, and doctors being scarce, the commander had put him in charge of the hospital in the place. He sat down and beckoned to some of the men, and they came round to hear what he had to say, but without any quickness or eagerness, and in a stolid, silent, dogged way that had become the dismal habit of the place.

“Boys,” the grave doctor began, perhaps a little graver than usual, “you

know who we've got in the hospital now?" Nobody answered, and some of them turned away and muttered.

"Look here, boys," he went on, "I'm as sick of this as you are; I want to get away as bad as any of you. Storrs and I could have had a good deal of liberty, and gone out and in about as we pleased these last six months, if we'd given our word not to run, but we would n't do it. I know how you feel about this. He'll be back with you in a few days; he's nearly starved to death and has a cut on his head. He was quite crazed when they brought him in, and maybe he was a little wrong before he went, with thinking so much about his wife and the little fellow he has never seen. You must n't be rough on him when he comes up."

Larcom came up one morning, and back to his old bunk. They meant not to be unfriendly with him, and Dexter met him and gave his hand and said,—

"Come in, old man. How d' do, Lark? We're glad you've come back."

The double meaning of the words was no less evident for being unintentional, and the welcome on the whole was not a pleasant one. They meant to make allowance for him, but they were too low. They were so close to the wall that they could not see more than their own side, and not much of that. He was ghastly to look at, his face white, fallen in, his eyes a little wild yet, his clothes hanging shapelessly over his bones, and his head bound with a cloth. He crept away to his old bunk and lay there most of the next three days. That crowded room was more terribly lonely to him than any wilderness. At the end of three days he went and begged the officers of the guard to put him in some other place, and they had mercy on him and put him below. And though it was a far worse place, and the old one was by no means pleasant, he was thankful to creep away and hide his head anywhere out of sight. He had turned his hand against every man of them, and every man's hand and heart was against him, whether they

smiled or looked black. He had thought his lot and theirs too hard to be borne before; now he envied them. The common sympathy and confidence in one another, of which he had never thought before, seemed inestimable things now, as he slunk away to his dungeon. His was a prison within a prison. He kept apart from all, was shut up within himself; in that dreadful loneliness he devoured his soul with brooding and yearnings that had no escape in spoken words. He went back to the hospital after a while and brooded there, and the doctors knew that he must soon die or go mad.

One afternoon in October, a short, thick, sturdy little German woman came to the gate of the prison, carrying a year-old child in her arms. She looked worn, and her dress was soiled and ragged, and she walked in her slow, flat, Dutch way, like one who had come a long distance. She asked in her broken English if that was Finchley military prison, and if John Larcom was there confined.

"I reckon he is," was the answer. "You've come to the right number."

And to her demand to see him, the answer was bluntly given that it was contrary to rules, and could by no means be done.

The guard was a lank, straddling fellow, and he ambled his six steps back and forth across the gate with an attempt at a soldierly carriage.

"I haf drafel nigh tousand mile," the woman said in her slow, stolid way. "I haf walk, unt mit garry mein papy, more as dree hooontret mile. He is mein mon. I must to see him."

"It ain't no use, ma'am," the guard said. "Nobody gets in or out of here. Don't say no more. Go along now, that's a good woman." And the big sentinel straddled on back and forth.

Katy looked after him a minute or two, and then sat down on a stone and waited. She did not despair; that was her journey's end; she never thought of going back. As she sat there, Trap came out. He stopped when he saw her, and quizzed the long-legged guard.

"This your youngest, Staples? Nice cub; looks like you."

There was plainly no love lost on its way from Staples to Trap; the guard scowled and turned away his head, and marched back and forth, forgetting to be awkward in the dignity of scorn. Trap turned to the woman then, and she stood up and told him the same story. Trap seemed not to notice what she said, much; he was bending forward grinning to the child, and he chuckled him under the chin, and said, —

"Chucky, chucky! Larcom's kid, hey? Bow wow, gobble, gobble!" snapping his jaws and grinding his teeth in mock fierceness. "First young son of a Yank I ever see." And he leered close to the child, and made hideous grimaces in his face. The mother clasped the child tighter, and drew back a step. But he was a bold little fellow; he scowled back, and glanced at his mother as much as to say, "Don't be afraid, and struck the grinning face with his clenched little fist, and gripped his little fingers in the man's beard.

"The little devil!" cried Trap. "Lord, ain't he spunky, though!"

Katy looked a little alarmed, and the guard stopped and put in, —

"Say, now, you Trap, let up on that now. You better mosy now; you had."

"Oh, you choke, Staples," Trap answered; and more that was not of the kind that turns away wrath, and need not be repeated here; but he moved out of reach of the long guard's bayonet.

Woman and child were dusty and hot-looking. Trap turned and asked her abruptly if she did n't want some cold water. Staples knew Trap was upon some trick with her then, and he warned her against him bluntly enough.

"If you want to drink, and wash the young one," Trap said, "I'll show you the place." He stood facing her, with his back to the guard, as he spoke, and she looked at him a minute, then turned and went with him. They turned the angle of the prison-walls, and walked along the road to the west a quarter of a mile, turned out through a fringe of

bushes that hid the road, and found a spring splashing out of a bank through a trough. He did not speak all the way. She took a tin cup from her pocket, and Trap lay down on the grass and watched her washing the child's and her own hands and face, and the little fellow drinking with his face in the cup, and his two hands gripping it hard. Trap moved round and held his head under the spout, and let the cool water dash upon his head, shaking it like a dog at first, and then lying still and grimacing out of the shower-bath at the child. Katy paid no heed, but stolidly mopped the water from the little neck and face. The baby stared fixedly at Trap a while, after the solemn manner of his kind, and then broke into one broad smile, at which the fellow grimaced and snapped his teeth more hideously than ever. Then he came out of the waterfall, and shook the water from his eyes.

"Now then," he said to Katy, "tell us all about it."

In her grave, even, stolid way, she told him her little story. Larcom had bought her a poor little shanty and a good bit of garden ground with his bounty and what he had saved, by a northern country roadside. There she had lived, and there her little boy was born. She had not wanted; she raised a good many vegetables on the bit of ground, and the towns-people did not forget the soldiers' wives. She was hoeing among her cabbages one morning, when a ragged, hungry-looking stranger came to the fence and asked if her name was Katy. He said his name was Brown, and he told her how her John had broken away, and tried to come to her.

"It was py der spring, wasser like das, he say to me, dot mein Chon say he can not longer to wait," she said, and looked up at Trap, inquiring. The child had slid down from his mother's lap and sat in the grass bolt upright, his baby eyes staring unwinkingly in Trap's face. Trap was holding down a branch of a bush over the little fellow's head, to keep off the sun, look-

ing at him and listening to the woman's quiet talk. He looked up and answered then, —

"Jes so, ma'am. This yere's the spot."

The child's staring eyes shut down after a little, and he lay over and fell fast asleep with his head on the soldier's arm. Trap curled down beside him, without moving his arm, and held the branch lower so that it hid the two faces that were so very far apart.

Katy went on with her story. Brown told her how he had escaped and her husband had been wounded, taken, and fetched back. She took Brown in when he had done and gave him some food, and ate herself, and fed the child. When Brown was rested and started out, she came out too, and locked the door. Brown asked her what she was going to do.

"I go to Chon," she answered. With her child in her arms, without money or friends, calmly and undoubtingly, this stolid, slow-witted German woman set out to go a thousand miles. He had tried to come to her and his child and could not; then they must go to him. That was all. She did not hurry or fret; if she went wrong, she turned back as calmly as she had come. She had infinite patience and endurance, unwavering purpose and the faith that removes mountains. Almost everywhere she got help for the asking. They gave her a free ride on the railroads most of the way to the scene of war. By the same untiring persistence she got herself passed beyond the lines and into the enemy's country. It made no difference to her whose ground it was; it was to be got over, that was all. She used no artifice whatever; everywhere she had the one story to tell, —

"I go to mein mon. He is in milidaire chail. He was dry to me come, he is cut on de het, he will die und not to see his papy. I must to him come."

Her simplicity was better than any art; she had nothing to hide, no part to play, no disguise to maintain. They asked her if she was this and that.

"I know not de boldick, vas es is,"

she answered. "I am not dis und someding else, I only poor Detch woman, und I go to mein mon in milidaire chail. You will not to me stop?"

No one did stop her long; almost no men and very few women gave her hard looks or words. She walked on day after day with a patience and pertinacity almost sublime. She carried nothing with her but a tin cup and maybe a cake or a slice for the child. They never lay down hungry but twice or thrice, and then they were lost in the wild country, away from any house. The two won hearts wherever they came; they were doubly armed. Men were kind to the woman; women were kind to the child.

Heat, cold, dust, rain, hunger, weariness, kindness, and cruelty; hard, bare, and desolate lodging; these were the daily incidents through which she went sturdily, stolidly trudging southward by the week together. They made little figure in her narrative to Trap, but he knew them all, nevertheless. And all the while she talked, the child lay placidly sleeping in the shadow on the grass, with his cheek on the soldier's arm. Trap let the branch swing up then, and showed himself coiled ungainly by the boy and chewing a great cud of leaves and grass.

"I had a chap like him once," he said, without any special expression in his face, and putting one finger on the child's cheek. "He's dead, and I'm glad of it. His mother would n't walk ten rods to keep me from being hung."

He got up and went away without another word. A few minutes later he came slouching in at the prison gate, leering savagely at long Staples with his tongue in the corner of his mouth, and the sentry turned away his head and would have liked to run him through with his bayonet on the spot. Trap crossed the prison yard and entered the rickety out-building which had been made the hospital. There were plenty in the place, desperate and desolate enough; but Trap saw at a glance that his usual luck was with him. There were none of the guards within. Storrs, the dis-

penser of medicines, and one or two other attendants from the prisoners, were all beside the sick. He pushed through to the far end where Larcom lay, alone in that crowded house of misery. His face was turned to the wall, and he did not look or move. Trap took him by the shoulder and shook him roughly.

"Now then, you dam Yank," he said, "do you want to see your Dutch Kate and her young one?"

The prisoner turned over with a single motion as if an electric shock had struck him.

"She's walked from home to see you. She's the biggest fool God ever made," the fellow went on. And he sneered. "If I let you out to see her, you'll come back again, won't you?"

"I will," was the low reply. "God help you, if you're hoaxing me!"

"Speak for yourself," Trap snarled. "I don't want no help." He threw off his cap and coat. "Get up and put them on," he commanded. Larcom did not stop to think whether he was able or not. He got up and put on the hat and coat. Trap fished out a pair of boots and trousers from under the rude bed, and bade him put them on. He did not care much who saw or heard him; if he had taken a prisoner's arm and walked him out of the gate in broad day, it would have been an even chance whether the guards would have stopped them or said Trap was up to some new deviltry, and the Yanks had best lie low. Now it was dusk and he knew there was no one there who would interfere. The boots had fitted Larcom once; he put his feet into what was left of them without any need of pulling.

"They're at Kirby's spring; you ought to know it," the brutal guard sneered again. "Now git!"

Larcom marched out and across the yard. Staples was still on guard at the gate. He recognized Trap's coat and cap as they came near, and turned his back. The uniforms of the guards had reached that degree of tatters and patches that they had acquired an individuality easily recognized. Larcom

walked out at the gate and round the angle of the walls, and was a free man once more. You and I must have the like experience (and I pray God that neither we nor any ever may again), before I can tell or you understand what those words mean. In five minutes more the battered fellow is where we will not follow him. But we may picture him lying among the bushes, the stolid woman whose love and faith have conquered all things for his sake mourning and rejoicing brokenly over him. And he has the little chap at last, pressed ever so close to his heart.

Night settled down upon Finchley prison one evening after its desolate fashion. Just at dusk there came walking up the stairs and into the old ward a man in the uniform of the guards. He crossed the room to Brown's and Larcom's old bunk and sat down. The places were vacant, and had been since the two men left. The prisoners drew away from the stranger, talking together sullenly and looking over their shoulders at him with no friendly faces. Then Dexter strode up to him and spoke.

"Now then, you Reb, what do you want here? Move on now, or you'll get hove out."

The stranger took off his cap and showed his face, about as ghastly and deathlike as ever walked on feet. He smiled in their angry faces, and said,—

"It's only me, it ain't no Reb. Don't you know me, Billy?"

And Dexter cried out, "By Judas, it's old Lark. How are you, Lark?" and he offered his hand.

But Larcom put it away weakly. "Thank y', Billy; not just yet. Wait till I tell y' how 't is. Come around, boys, and give me a chance; I'm about played out. Boys, I went back on to you that time, and you was pretty heavy on me, and I don't know as I can blame you. But I calculate I've made it even now. I've seen my little chap, boys; I've been out with him and his mother for more'n a week. She come all the way to see me, and lugged the

boy. It's hard to believe it, boys, but it's true, and I seen them a good ways towards home, and I bid them good-by and came back." Here he stopped a minute and made Trap's cap do service as a handkerchief, though the weather was not warm and the cap none too clean. "I thought I should never get here, boys; y' see, there 's plenty 'll lend a hand goin' away, but nobody won't help you to come back. It's been pretty hard on me, and I guess I shan't have much further to travel. But I come back, and here I am; and I guess that 's about all."

He looked round at their dusky forms and faces, sitting before them in the dark corner, and then he added, —

"And now, mates, as you and me has been sort of 'stranged, and I not saying not by rights, but yet taking it uncommon rough of you; and how that God A'mighty 's give me another try, and I come back free and un beholden and says to you such as I have; and being about played, as I was saying, and not going much further than this here bunk of me and Brownys', and wanting to come round to you all and shake hands on it; if there 's any present as would like to come up and say bygones and call it square, why, here 's what 's left o' mine, and thankful to be able." And he hung his skeleton hand over his knees like a raveled and knotted bell-rope.

"Boys," said Dexter, facing round, "if there 's any now present has anything to say agin the propersition made, he ain't no mate o' mine. How are you, Lark, old boy! Here 's both o' mine, if they 'll do you any good; only don't go to talking of pegging out. It 's agin the rules o' the camp."

One after another they followed Dexter's lead, and came and shook hands with him, and each said his rough word of greeting and reconciliation. All but one. Dan Garman lay all the while in his bunk, a dark, low, thick-set fellow, whom nobody liked, and who had been found guilty of robbing his mates and had received rough justice at their hands. Larcom missed him and Kepler,

with others; Kepler had been taken out dead the day before. Some of them tried to get Garman out, but he swore at them and said no, he'd see him in fire and brimstone first. So they bade Lark not mind him.

"I 'm glad that 's gone, boys," Lark said. "I 'm one of you now, and I thank you."

Larcom talked to Dexter apart for a minute, and then Dexter got a handful of straw and began breaking off pieces two or three inches long, and the word was passed under the breath that they were to draw lots for the soldier's cap and coat that had passed Larcom out and in again unsuspected. For one man of those sixty there was a pretty fair chance of liberty and home, and not one of them all but was profoundly moved and anxious. Not a man spoke while Dexter sat and counted and broke the straws, nor was his own hand too steady. Doubtless his thoughts were far away as he finished the number and gnawed off the last, and prayed that it might be his, making it full twice as long as the rest, so that there should be no mistake. He came then and put them into Larcom's hand.

"How many is there?" Larcom asked.

"Sixty-three, without Dan. I don't count him."

"Give me one more, Billy," Larcom said; "I don't bear no grudge."

Dexter muttered something like cursing, but he brought another straw.

"It 's your deal, Lark," he said.

"But he has n't got no right."

"Did you count me, Billy?"

"Yes, Lark; sixty-four 's all told."

"Then here 's mine," Larcom said, taking out a short straw. "Come on, now, boys."

Orderly and silently they filed round, and sixty-two nervous hands drew an unspeakably bitter pang out of Larcom's hand. Dexter was the last. Larcom looked up in his face as he reached and drew. There were only two straws, and he drew a short one. Larcom opened his hand and the long straw lay

across his bony fingers. Dexter stood and stared at his own hand and at Larcom's. It was so near, no wonder it shook him.

"I wanted you to have it, Billy," Larcom said; "I'm devilish sorry."

Dexter never answered a word, but turned straight about and went and hid himself in his dark corner. Larcom turned his eyes toward Garman's bunk; the fellow was leaning 'out of it, with eager, fox eyes staring through the dusk. Larcom reached the straw at him, and he came sliding out and took it, gathered up the cap and coat, and went back with them into his bunk without a word. Then Larcom laid himself down in the bunk as wearily as ever man went to his rest, and those who were next him thought it was true, as he said, that he would not go much further on this side the impenetrable wall.

The night was pretty sharp, and some of the well ones shivered in the dismal place; Larcom was too tired to sleep and suffered severely with cold. It seemed to him near morning, but was not yet very late, when some one came and laid a blanket over him cautiously, and was creeping away again, but stopped and crouched down close by on the floor. Larcom was going to speak, but his voice failed, through faintness and cold.

"Lark," said a low, coarse, cautious voice. He knew it was Garman's, but had never heard it quite like that. "Lark," the voice repeated, "are you cold now?"

"No, Dan, not now," Larcom answered. And a long shiver, half-sob, like a child's, ran through the words. The fellow went and brought all his outer clothing and spread it over him, and Trap's coat on top of that, and tucked them round him. Then he crouched down awhile again by the bed in the darkness.

"Lark," he said finally, in the same hoarse, low voice.

And the querulous voice answered weakly, "Well, Dan?"

"You said you did n't bear no grudge?"

"No, Dan."

Then there was silence a while, and they heard Dexter across the room talking in his sleep:—

"You might 'a' waited, Susie. You knew I'd 'a' come if I could."

Then he whimpered a little and muttered incoherently. Snoring Chauncey woke himself with a fiercer snort, turned over, and then all was still again. Garman's low voice spoke again presently, with something like awe in it now:—

"Are you goin' to croak, Lark?"

"I guess so, Dan," shivering and a little fretfully. "It's rough, Dan. Dan," after a minute, "do you know anything you could say?"

Dan knew nothing appropriate to such occasions except "When little Samuel woke, and heard his breakfast cookin'!" He asked Lark if he thought it would do any good to say that.

"No, I'm afraid not," Larcom answered. "Never mind, Dan!"

"Well, I'm sorry, Lark. I ain't no good, and I don't know nothin'. And I ain't got nobody to learn me. Lark," he added after a pause, "what I was goin' to say to you, don't you go to have your woman and her young one a-layin' on your mind. If you give me leaf and tell me where, I been blacksmithin' twenty year now, and a money-makin' business, and ain't afraid of no man, give me hammer and rasp,—and what I say to you, Lark, is I'll see to 'em, such as it is."

Larcom lifted himself on his arm and tried to look over the side into the shadowed, crouching fellow's face.

"There's matches in Trap's coat. Get them," he said.

Garman groped about the bunk and got them.

"Light it," Larcom said. "Get up."

Garman rose on his knees, scratched a match, and held up the flickering flame. By its light Larcom saw the cowering, half-naked figure of the man, and stared hard into his ugly face. Half-revealed faces rose and looked at them out of the gloom.

"Dan Garman," he said, his white lips trembling, "lookin' in a dyin'

man's face and sayin' as you have, do you mean true and on the square?"

And Garman prayed for fearful and eternal retribution on his soul if he did not.

"So help you, Dan?"

"So help me God!"

The match was out, and Larcom fell back in the bunk. "Thank y', Dan. I believe you," he said out of the black corner: "I don't mind so much now."

He told him the place where they lived. Garman felt for his hand and his fingers recoiled when they found it, it was so fleshless, clammy, and cold. He fumbled with it awkwardly a minute, and then stowed it away under the clothes.

"Don't mind me, go to bed now," Larcom said. "Good night, Dan."

"Good night, Lark. I'll be right here if you want me. I'll lay by you till mornin'."

He cuddled himself down in a ball on the floor, for cold; and after a while he forgot cold and all and lay gently snoring. When he rose in the dawn and dressed himself, stiff and sore, Larcom was fast asleep, and he did not wake him, but watched his chance, put on the enemy's coat and cap, and marched out boldly and got safely away.

It was pretty late when Dexter came over and looked into Larcom's face, turned partly away; and he said to Chauncey near by,—

"He's sleeping sweet and smiling to himself. You bet he's dreaming of the little chap."

He would not have waked him for the world, but he could not help leaning over and laying his finger on his cheek. He stood up then and turned to those near him with an altered face.

"Lark's got the start of us, boys," he said. "Lark's gone home!"

James T. McKay.

THE LONG DAYS.

Yes! they are here again, the long, long days,
After the days of winter, pinched and white:
Soon, with a thousand minstrels comes the light,
Late, the sweet robin-haunted dusk delays.

But the long days that bring us back the flowers,
The sunshine, and the quiet-dripping rain,
And all the things we knew of spring, again,
The long days bring not the long-lost long hours.

The hours that now seem to have been each one
A summer in itself, a whole life's bound,
Filled full of deathless joy—where, in his round,
Have these forever faded from the sun?

The fret, the fever, the unrest endures,
But the time flies. . . . Oh, try, my little lad,
Coming so hot and play-worn, to be glad
And patient of the long hours that are yours!

W. D. Howells

SIENA.

SIENA, October 15.

FLORENCE being oppressively hot and delivered over to the mosquitoes, the occasion seemed excellent to pay that visit to Siena which I had more than once planned and missed. I arrived late in the evening, by the light of a magnificent moon, and while a couple of benignantly mumbling old crones were making up my bed at the inn, I strolled forth in quest of a first impression. Five minutes brought me to where I might gather it unhindered, as it bloomed in the white moonshine. The great Piazza in Siena is famous, and though in this day of photographs none of the world's wonders can pretend, like Wordsworth's phantom of delight, really "to startle and waylay," yet as I suddenly stepped into this Piazza from under a dark archway, it seemed a vivid enough revelation of the picturesque. It is in the shape of a shallow horseshoe, the untraveled reader who has turned over his traveled friend's portfolio will remember; or better, of a bow, in which the high façade of the Palazzo Pubblico forms the chord and everything else the arc. It was void of any human presence which could recall me to the current year, and, the moonshine assisting, I had half an hour's fantastic vision of mediæval Italy. The Piazza being built on the side of a hill, — or rather, as I believe science affirms, in the cup of a volcanic crater, — the vast pavement converges downward in slanting radiations of stone, like the spokes of a great wheel, to a point directly in front of the Palazzo, which may figure the hub, though it is nothing more ornamental than the mouth of a drain. The Palazzo stands on the lower side and might seem, in spite of its goodly mass and its embattled cornice, to be rather defiantly out-countenanced by the huge private dwellings which occupy the opposite eminence. This *might* be — if it were not that the Palazzo asserts itself

with an architectural gesture, as one may say, of extraordinary dignity.

On the firm edge of the edifice, from bracketed base to gray-capped summit against the sky, there grows a slender tower which soars and soars till it has given notice of the city's greatness over the blue mountains which define the horizon. It rises straight and slim as a pennoned lance, planted on the steel-shod toe of a mounted knight, and retains unperturbed in the blue air, far above the changing fashions of the market-place, an indefinable expression of plain mediæval rectitude and pure chivalric honor. This beautiful tower is the finest thing in Siena, and, in its simple fashion, one of the finest in the world. As it stood silvered by the moonlight during my traveler's reverie, it seemed to say with peculiar distinctness that it survived from an order of things which the march of history had trampled out, but which had had an epoch of intense vitality. The gigantic houses inclosing the rest of the Piazza took up the tale, and seemed to murmur, "We are very old and a trifle weary, but we were built strong and piled high, and we shall last for many a year. The present is cold and heedless, but we keep ourselves in heart by brooding over our treasure of memories and traditions. We are haunted houses in every creaking timber and crumbling stone." In the moonshine, one may fancy a group of Siennese *palazzi* dropping a few dusky hints, in this manner, to a well-disposed American traveler.

Since that night I have been having a week's daylight knowledge of this ancient city, and I don't know that I can present it as anything more than a vague amplification of those fantastic principles of the various Italian towns I have seen. Siena has kept, to the eye, her historic physiognomy most unchanged. Other places, perhaps, may treat you to as drowsy a perfume of

antiquity, but few of them exhale it from so large a surface. Lying massed within her walls upon a dozen clustered hill-tops, Siena still looks like a place which once lived in a large way; and if much of her old life is extinct, her moldering ashes form a very goodly pile. This general impression of the past is the main thing that she has to offer the casual observer. The casual observer is generally not very learned nor much of an historical specialist; his impression is necessarily vague, and many of the chords of his imagination respond with a rather muffled sound. But such as it is, his impression keeps him faithful company and reminds him from time to time that even the lore of German doctors is but the shadow of satisfied curiosity. I have been living at the inn and walking about the streets; these are the simple terms of my experience. But inns and streets in Italy are the vehicles of half one's knowledge; if one has no fancy for their lessons, one may burn one's note-book. In Siena everything is Sienese. The inn has an English sign over the door—a little battered plate with a rusty representation of the lion and the unicorn; but advance hopefully into the moldy stone alley which serves as vestibule, and you will find local color enough. The landlord, I was told, had been servant in an English family, and I was curious to see how he met the frown of the casual Anglo-Saxon after the latter's first twelve hours in his establishment. As he failed to appear, I asked the waiter if he was not at home. "Oh," said the latter, "he's a *piccolo vecchiotto grasso* who does n't like to move." I'm afraid this little fat old man has simply a bad conscience. It's no small burden for one who likes the Italians—as who does n't, under this restriction?—to have this matter of the neglected, the proscribed scrubbing-brush to dispose of. What is the real philosophy of dirty habits, and are foul surfaces merely superficial? If unclean manners have in truth the moral meaning which I suspect in them, we must love Italy better than consistency. This a number

of us are prepared to do, but while we are making the sacrifice it is as well we should know it.

We may plead, moreover, for these impecunious heirs of the past, that even if it were easy to be clean in the midst of their moldering heritage, it would be difficult to appear so. At the risk of seeming a shamefully sordid Yankee, I feel tempted to say that the prime result of my contemplative strolls in the dusky alleys of Siena is an ineffable sense of *disrepair*. Everything is cracking, peeling, fading, crumbling, rotting. No young Sienese eyes rest upon anything youthful; they open into a world battered and befouled with long use. Everything has passed its meridian except the brilliant façade of the cathedral, which is being diligently retouched and restored, and a few private palaces whose broad fronts seem to have been lately furbished and polished. Siena was long ago mellowed to the pictorial tone; the operation of time, now, is to deposit shabbiness upon shabbiness. But it is for the most part a patient, sturdy, sympathetic shabbiness, which soothes rather than irritates the nerves, and has in most cases, doubtless, as long a career to run as most of our brittle New-World freshness. It projects at all events a deeper shadow into the constant twilight of the narrow streets—that vague, historic dusk, as I may call it, in which one walks and wonders. These streets are hardly more than sinuous flagged alleys, into which the huge black houses, between their almost meeting cornices, suffer a meagre light to filter down over rough-hewn stone, past windows often of graceful Gothic form, and great pendent iron rings and twisted sockets for torches. Scattered over their many-headed hill, they are often quite grotesquely steep, and so impracticable for carriages that the sound of wheels is only a trifle less anomalous than it would be in Venice. But all day long there comes up to my window an incessant shuffling of feet and clangor of voices. The weather is very warm for the season, all the world is out of doors, and the Tuscan tongue (which

in Siena is reputed to have a classic purity) is wagging in every imaginable key. It does not rest even at night, and I am often an uninvited guest at concerts and *conversazioni* at two o'clock in the morning. The concerts are sometimes charming. I not only don't curse my wakefulness, but I go to my window to listen. Three men come caroling by, trolling and quavering with voices of delightful sweetness, or a lonely troubadour in his shirt-sleeves draws such artful love-notes from his clear, fresh tenor, that I seem for the moment to be behind the scenes at the opera, watching some Rubini or Mario go "on," and waiting for the round of applause. In the intervals, a couple of friends or enemies stop—Italians always make their points in conversation by stopping, letting you walk on a few paces, to turn and find them standing with finger on nose, and engaging your interrogative eye—they pause, by a happy instinct, directly under my window, and dispute their point or tell their story or make their confidence. I can hardly tell which it is, everything has such an explosive promptness, such a redundancy of inflection and action. Whatever it is, it's a story, compared with our meagre Anglo-Saxon colloquies, or rather it's a drama, improvised, mimicked, shaped and rounded, carried bravely to its *dénouement*. The speaker seems actually to establish his stage and face his footlights, to create by a gesture a little scenic circumscription about him; he rushes to and fro and shouts and stamps and postures and ranges through every phase of his inspiration. I observed the other evening a striking instance of the spontaneity of Italian gesture, in the person of a little Siennese of I hardly know what exact age—the age of inarticulate sounds and the experimental use of a spoon. It was a Sunday evening, and this little man had accompanied his parents to the *café*. The *Caffè Greco* at Siena is a most delightful institution; you get a capital *demi-tasse* for three sous, and an excellent ice for eight, and while you consume these easy luxuries you may buy from a little hunchback the local

weekly periodical, the *Vita Nuova*, for three centimes (the two centimes left from your sou, if you are under the spell of this magical frugality, will do to give the waiter). My young friend was sitting on his father's knee, and helping himself to the half of a strawberry-ice with which his *mamma* had presented him. He had so many misadventures with his spoon that this lady at length confiscated it, there being nothing left of his ice but a little crimson liquid which he might dispose of as other little boys had done before him. But he was no friend, it appeared, to such irregular methods; he was a perfect little gentleman, and he resented the imputation of indelicacy. He protested, therefore, and it was the manner of his protest that struck me. He did not cry audibly, though he made a very wry face. It was no stupid squall, and yet he was too young to speak. It was a penetrating concord of inarticulably pleading, accusing sounds, accompanied with the most exquisitely modulated gestures. The gestures were perfectly mature; he did everything that a man of forty would have done if he had been pouring out a flood of sonorous eloquence. He shrugged his shoulders and wrinkled his eyebrows, tossed out his hands and folded his arms, obtruded his chin and bobbed about his head—and at last, I am happy to say, recovered his spoon. If I had had a solid little silver one I would have presented it to him as a testimonial to a perfect, though as yet unconscious, artist.

My artistic baby, however, has diverted me from what I had in mind,—a much weightier matter,—the great private palaces which are so powerful a feature in the physiognomy of the city. They are extraordinarily spacious and numerous, and one wonders what part they can play in the meagre economy of the Siena of to-day. The Siena of to-day is a mere shrunken semblance of the vigorous little republic which in the thirteenth century waged triumphant war with Florence, cultivated the arts with splendor, planned a cathedral (though it had ultimately to curtail

the design) of proportions almost unequaled, and contained a population of two hundred thousand souls. Many of these dusky piles still bear the names of the old mediæval magnates, whose descendants occupy them in a much more irresponsible fashion. Half a dozen of them are as high as the Strozzi and Riccardi palaces in Florence; they could n't well be higher. There is to an American something richly artificial and scenic, as it were, in the way these colossal dwellings are packed together in their steep streets, in the depths of their little inclosed, agglomerated city. When we, in our day and country, raise a structure of half the mass and stateliness, we leave a great space about it in the manner of a pause after an effective piece of talking. But when a Sienese countess, as things are here, is doing her hair near the window, she is a wonderfully near neighbor to the *cavaliere* opposite, who is being shaved by his valet. Possibly the countess does not object to a certain chosen publicity at her toilet: an Italian gentleman tells me the aristocracy are very "corrupt." Some of the palaces are shown, but only when the occupants are at home, and now they are in *villeggiatura*. Their *villeggiatura* lasts eight months of the year, the waiter at the inn informs me, and they spend little more than the carnival in the city. The gossip of an inn-waiter ought, perhaps, to be beneath the dignity of even such meagre history as this, but I confess that when I have come in from my strolls with a kind of irritated sense of the dumbness of stones and mortar, I have listened with a certain avidity, over my dinner, to the proffered confidences of the worthy man who stands by with a napkin. His talk is really very fine, and he prides himself greatly on his cultivated tone. He called my attention to it. He has very little good to say about the Sienese nobility. They are "*proprio d'origine egoista*"—whatever that may be—and there are many who can't write their names. This may be calumny; but I doubt whether the biggest coronet of them all could have spoken more deli-

cately of a lady of peculiar personal appearance, who had been dining near me. "She's too fat," I said grossly, when she had left the room. The waiter shook his head, with a little sniff: "*È troppo materiale.*" This lady and her companion were the party whom, thinking I would relish a little company (I had been dining alone for a week), he gleefully announced to me as newly-arrived Americans. They were Americans, I found, who wore black lace veils pinned on their heads, conveyed their beans to their mouths with a knife, and spoke a strange, raucous Spanish. They were from Montevideo. The genius of old Siena, however, would be certainly rather amused at the stress I lay on the distinction; for one American is about as much in order as another, as he stands before the great *loggia* of the Casino dei Nobili. The nobility, which is very numerous and very rich, is still, said the Italian gentleman whom I just now quoted, perfectly feudal. Morally, intellectually, behind the walls of its palaces, you'll find the fourteenth century. There is no *bourgeoisie* to speak of; immediately after the aristocracy come the poor people, who are very poor indeed. My friend's account of this domiciliary mediævalism made me wish more than ever, as an amateur of the picturesque, that your really appreciative tourist was not reduced to simply staring at black stones and peeping up stately staircases; but that when he has examined the façade of the palace, Murray in hand, he might march up to the great drawing-room, make his bow to the master and mistress, the old *abbé* and the young count, and invite them to favor him with a little sketch of their social philosophy, or a few first-rate family anecdotes.

The dusky labyrinth of the streets of Siena is interrupted by two great sunny spaces: the fan-shaped Piazza, of which I just now said a word, and the little square in which the cathedral erects its shining walls of marble. Of course since paying the great Piazza my compliments by moonlight, I have strolled through it often both at sunnier and shadier hours.

The market is held there, and where Italians are buying and selling you may count upon lively entertainment. It has been held there, I suppose, for the last five hundred years, and during that time the cost of eggs and earthen pots has been gradually but vigorously increasing. The buyers, nevertheless, wrestle over their purchases as lustily as if they were fourteenth century burghers suddenly waking up in horror to current prices. You have but to walk aside, however, into the Palazzo Pubblico, to feel yourself very much like a thrifty old medievalist. The state affairs of the republic were formerly transacted here, but it now gives shelter to modern law-courts and other prosy business. I was marched through a number of vaulted halls and chambers, which, in the intervals of the administrative sessions held in them, are peopled only with the presence of the great, moldering, archaic frescoes on the walls and ceilings. The chief painters of the Sienese school lent a hand in decorating them, and you may complete here the connoisseurship in which, possibly, you embarked at the Academy. I say "possibly," in order to be very judicial, for my own observation has led me no great length. I have been taking an idle satisfaction in the thought that the Sienese school has suffered my enthusiasm peacefully to slumber, and benignantly abstained from adding to my intellectual responsibilities. "A formidable rival to the Florentine," says some book — I forget what — into which I recently glanced. Not a bit of it, say I; the Florentines may rest on their laurels all along the line. The early painters of the two groups have indeed much in common; but the Florentines had the good fortune of seeing their efforts gathered up and applied by a few preëminent spirits, such as never came to the rescue of the groping Sienese. Fra Angelico and Ghirlandaio said all their feeble *confrères* dreamt of, and a great deal more beside, but the inspiration of Simone Memmi and Ambrogio Lorenzetti and Sano di Pietro has a painful air of never efflorescing into a maximum. Soddoma and Becca-

fumi are to my taste a rather abortive maximum. But one should speak of them all gently — and I do, from my soul; for their earnest labors have wrought a truly picturesque heritage of color and rich, figure-peopled shadow for the echoing chambers of their old civic fortress. The faded frescoes cover the walls like quaintly-storied tapestries; in one way or another, they please. If one owes a large debt of pleasure to painting, one gets to think of the whole history of art tenderly, on the conscious experience of a single mysterious spirit, and one shrinks from saying rude things about any particular phase of it, just as one would from touching brusquely upon an erratic episode in the life of a person one esteemed. You don't care to remind a grizzled veteran of his defeats, and why should we linger in Siena to talk about Beccafumi? I don't indeed go so far as to say, with an amateur with whom I have just been discussing the matter, that "Soddoma is a precious poor painter, and Beccafumi no painter at all;" but opportunity being limited, I am willing to let the remark about Beccafumi pass for true. With regard to Soddoma, I remember seeing four years ago in the choir of the Cathedral of Pisa a certain little dusky specimen of the painter — an Abraham and Isaac, if I'm not mistaken — which was full of a kind of gloomy grace. One rarely meets him in general collections, and I had never done so till the other day. He was not prolific, apparently; he had elegance, and his rarity is a part of it.

Here in Siena are a couple of dozen scattered frescoes, and three or four canvases; his masterpiece among others, a very impressive Descent from the Cross. I would not give a fig for the equilibrium of the figures or the ladders; but while it lasts the scene is all very solemn and graceful and sweet — too sweet for so bitter a subject. Soddoma's women are strangely sweet; a certain ingenious, fanciful trick of posturing seems to me the highest point the author touches. His frescoes have all the same vague softness, and a kind of mild mel-

anchoy, which I am inclined to think the sincerest part of them, for it strikes me as being simply the artist's depressed suspicion of his own want of force. Once he determined, however, that if he could not be strong, he would make capital of his weakness, and painted the Christ bound to the Column, of the Academy. It is resolutely pathetic, and I have no doubt the painter mixed his colors with his tears; but I cannot describe it better than by saying that it is, pictorially, the first of the modern Christs. Unfortunately, it is not the last.

The main strength of Sienese art went, possibly, into the erection of the cathedral, and yet even here the strength is not of the greatest strain. If, however, there are more interesting churches in Italy, there are few more richly and variously picturesque; the comparative meagreness of the architectural idea is overlaid by a marvelous wealth of ingenious detail. Opposite the church—with the dull old archbishop's palace on one side and a dismantled residence of the late Grand Duke of Tuscany on the other—is an ancient hospital with a big stone bench running all along its front. Here I have sat a while every morning for a week, like a philosophic convalescent, watching the florid façade of the cathedral glitter against the deep blue sky. It has been lavishly restored of late years, and the fresh white marble of the densely clustered pinnacles and statues and beasts and flowers seems to flash in the sunshine like a mosaic of jewels. There is more of this goldsmith's work in stone than I can remember or describe; it is piled up over three great doors with immense margins of exquisite decorative sculpture—still in the ancient cream-colored marble—and beneath three sharp pediments embossed with images relieved against red marble and tipped with golden mosaics. It is in the highest degree fantastic and luxuriant, and, on the whole, very lovely. As an affair of color it prepares you for

the interior, which is supremely rich in mellow tones and clustering shadows. The greater part of its surface is wrought in alternate courses of black and white marble, but as the latter has been dimmed by the centuries to a fine mild brown, the place seems all a rich harmony of grave colors. There are no pictures to speak of, but the pavement is covered with certain elaborate designs in black and white mosaic after cartoons by Beccafumi. The patient skill of these compositions makes them a really superb piece of decoration; but even here my friend whom I lately quoted refused to relish this over-ripe fruit of the Sienese school. The designs are nonsensical, he declares, and all his admiration is for the cunning artisans who have imitated the hatchings and shadings and hair-strokes of the pencil by the finest curves of inserted black stone. But the true romance of handiwork at Siena is to be seen in the superb stalls of the choir, under the colored light of the great wheel window. Wood carving is an historic specialty of the city, and the best masters of the art during the fifteenth century bestowed their skill on this exquisite enterprise. It is like the frost-work on one's window-panes interpreted in polished oak. I have rarely seen a more vivid and touching embodiment of the peculiar patience of medieval craftsmanship. Into such artistry as this the author seems to put more of his personal substance than into any other; he has not only to wrestle with his subject, but with his material. He is richly fortunate when his subject is charming—when his devices, inventions, and fantasies spring lightly to his hand; for in the material itself, when age and use have ripened and polished and darkened it to the richness of ebony and to a greater warmth, there is something surpassingly delectable and venerable. Wander behind the altar at Siena when the chanting is over and the incense has faded, and look at the stalls of the Barile.

H. James, Jr.

THE RAVENS OF ODIN.¹

TALL, serene, stood mighty Odin
On the lofty Valhal's crest,
Gazed upon the deep untrodden
In the tempest-boding west;
And the murmured prayers of mortals,
Upward borne to heaven's portals,
Wave-like beat upon his breast.

On his ample shoulder perching
Sat a raven black as night;
And its eyes were shrewd and searching:
While another, snowy white,
Screaming round his helmet fluttered;
Deep-hid oracles it uttered,
Cloudward rising in its flight.

Where the glacier peaks of Norway
O'er the sunny valleys loom,
Like huge Trolls who guard the doorway
To the silent land of doom,
Sits a blue-eyed Northland maiden,
Heavy-hearted, sorrow-laden,
Fairer far than spring-time's bloom.

Lo, he comes, the fair-haired Viking,
Whom she pledged her love and faith;
He the proud and valiant sea-king, —
Southland trembles at his wrath.
Round his banner warriors rally,
As he steers his daring galley
O'er the billow's stormy path.

Lo, he comes! What happy tremblings
Through the maiden's bosom dart!
And how sweet those coy disemblings
Of the grief that fills her heart!
For the sea hides many a danger,
Hurricane and blood-avenger;
And young love is loath to part.

In his loving arms he holds her —
All her sorrow is forgot;
To his bosom close he folds her,
Where his heart beats fast and hot:
"Stay thy tears, and hush thy yearning;

¹ The old Norse mythology often represents Odin as sitting upon the pinnacle of heaven, looking down upon the world. Two ravens, perching upon his shoulder, bring him tidings of all that takes place upon the earth.

Loving, parting, and returning
Is the Northland warrior's lot."

Like the mists that veil the brimming
Splendor of the glacier lake
Rose the tears, her bright eyes dimming,
As to him she gently spake:
"May the mighty Odin speed thee,
Balder safe to haven lead thee,
For thy loving maiden's sake."

Quoth the Viking: "Maiden fairer
Than the lily on the lea,
May the wrathful Thunder-bearer
Plunge me deep into the sea,
If to thee, my love's sweet haven" —
From the copse a coal-black raven
Rose and screamed full bodingly.

Tall, serene, stood mighty Odin
On the lofty Valhal's crest,
Gazed upon the deep untrodden
In the tempest-boding west;
Saw a gallant Northland vessel
With the fierce-voiced storm-winds wrestle,
Rudderless and sore distressed.

In the prow, with head uplifted,
Stood the chief, like wrathful Thor;
Through his locks the snow-flakes drifted,
Bleached their hue from gold to hoar.
'Mid the crash of mast and rafter
Norsemen leapt through death, with laughter,
Up to Valhal's wide-flung door.

And anon on Odin's shoulder
Perched the bird of sorrow's hue;
And the dark'ning air grew colder
All around him, as he flew.
Woe, ah woe, the pledge is broken!
Two black feathers, death's sad token,
To the wanton winds he threw.

In the silvery birch-trees' shadow
Sat the blue-eyed Northland maid,
And the breeze that skimmed the meadow
With her golden tresses played;
Sang to her its thrilling story
Of her Viking's love and glory,
As it danced along the glade.

And the maid with tender yearning
Rose and wandered down the lea,

Pulled a daisy flower, and turning,
Plucked its petals musingly;
Murmuring, as she saw them falling
On the wind and past recalling,
"Will he e'er come back to me?"

Ah, but o'er the meadow cheery
Straight a dismal silence spread,
And as answer to her query
Came a croaking, hoarse and dread.
Two black feathers slowly lighted
On her breast, and there united.
"Ah," she whispered, "he is dead!"

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

PRUDENCE PALFREY.

XVII.

HOW MR. DILLINGHAM LOOKED OUT OF A WINDOW.

It was a blustery, frosty morning; the sensitive twigs of trees snapped with the cold; the brass knockers on old-fashioned doors here and there had a sullen, vindictive look, daring you to take hold of them; the sky was slate-color. There was no snow on the ground, but the wind, sweeping up the street, now and then blew the white dust into blinding clouds, which, bursting in the air and sifting lazily downward, seemed to Mr. Dillingham, as he leaned against the casement of a window in the Old Bell Tavern, quite like falling snow.

The window at which the young minister stood was directly over the front door, and commanded a prospect of the entire length of the street that ran at right angles with the main thoroughfare and terminated at the steps of the hotel. At the other end of this street was the long bridge — hidden from time to time that morning by the swirls of dust — leading to Willowbrook.

Mr. Dillingham had his eyes fixed upon a distant object approaching from that direction. It was a mere speck when he first descried it on the bridge,

tossed and blown hither and thither by the gale; but as it struggled onward, he was not slow to detect in this atom the person of Mr. Dent's coachman, Wingate. Not an especially interesting atom, Wingate, as a general thing, to the rest of the human family; but he interested Mr. Dillingham very deeply this morning.

As the coachman drew nearer, the young minister saw that he held something white clutched in his hand, which the marauding winds, now and then swooping down on him from around the corners, attempted to wrest from his grasp. That it was a note from Miss Palfrey, that it was for him, Mr. Dillingham, and that it contained the death-warrant of his hopes, were the conclusions at which he arrived before Wingate gained the stone-crossing opposite the hotel.

As Wingate reached this point, and was backing up against the wind which just then swept furiously around the paint-shop on the corner, a hack stopped suddenly on the crossway. A man leaned from the window and called to Wingate, who stared at him stupidly for a moment, then rushed to the side of the carriage and grasped the hand of the occupant; then the two entered into an animated dialogue, if one might judge by the energetic pantomime that ensued.

Mr. Dillingham watched this encounter — evidently unexpected by both parties — with a feverish restlessness not characteristic of him. His breath came and went quickly, and his impatience seemed to take shape and become crystallized in eccentric zigzag lines on the pane of glass nearest his lips. It was rapidly growing bitter cold without, and the frost was stretching its silvery antennæ over all the windows.

Finally the carriage drove off, and Wingate, as if possessed to prolong the tantalizing suspense of the young clergyman, stood motionless on the curbstone several minutes, looking after the retreating vehicle. Then it appeared to occur to Wingate that he was freezing to death, and he crossed over briskly to the Old Bell Tavern.

Mr. Dillingham hurried into the hall and snatched the note from the benumbed fingers of the astonished coachman, who was accustomed to much suavity and frequent fifty-cent pieces from the parson.

"All right, Wingate; thank you!" and the door was closed unceremoniously upon the messenger.

Mr. Dillingham broke the seal of the envelope, and read the note at a glance, for it was very brief. Directly after reading it he tore the paper into minute fragments, which he threw into the grate. The gesture with which he accompanied the action, rather than his face, betrayed strong emotion; for his face was composed now, and something almost like a smile played about his lips.

He stood for a few seconds irresolute in the middle of the apartment; then he went into the adjoining room, his sleeping-chamber, and took down his overcoat from a shelf in the black-walnut wardrobe.

This was the morning after Prue's musical failure. She had dispatched the note to Mr. Dillingham as soon as breakfast was over, but it had been written long before. She had written it in the early gray of the morning, — sitting in a ghostly way at her desk,

wrapped in a white cashmere shawl, with her feet thrust into a pair of satin slippers of the Cinderella family, while the house slept. It was one of four letters. The first was six pages, this was sixteen lines, — a lesson for scribblers.

While Wingate was on his way to town with the missive, Prudence was in her room summoning up the resolution to tell Mr. Dent what she had done. It was not a cheerful task to contemplate, remembering how unreasonable and angry he had been when she opposed his wishes before. She had an unclouded perception of the disappointment she was going to give him this time. It was pretty clear to her that he had set his heart on the marriage.

Mr. Dent was trying to read the morning paper, when the library door opened gently; he did not look up at once, supposing it was Bodge, the house-boy, bringing in the coals, or Prudence coming to tell him what he dreaded to know positively.

When he did look up he saw John Dent standing on the threshold and smiling upon him apologetically.

"Good God, Jack! is that you?" cried Mr. Dent, letting the paper slip in a heap to his knees.

"Yes, I — I have come back."

Mr. Dent was not a superstitious person, but he felt for maybe ten seconds that that was an apparition standing over there in the doorway. And there was much in John Dent's aspect calculated to strengthen the impression.

He was worn and pale, as if he had just recovered from a long illness, or died of it; his cheeks were sunken, his eyes brilliant, and his unkempt black hair was blacker than midnight against his pallor. A shabby overcoat was thrown across one shoulder, concealing the left arm, which he carried stiffly at his side. There was a squalor and a misery about him, heightened by his smile, that would have touched the compassion of a stranger. Mr. Dent was in a depressed mood that morning, and this woeful figure of his nephew, standing there and smiling upon him like a

thing out of the church-yard, nearly brought the tears to his eyes.

"Why, Jack, boy, how ill you are!"

"I am only tired," said John Dent, dropping into a chair; "that and the slight hurt I've got."

"Yes, I heard about that."

"You heard about it?"

"To be sure I did."

"How could you have heard of it?"

"Colonel Todhunter brought the news. Gad! I've done the colonel something of an injustice."

"Colonel Todhunter?"

"I did n't believe a word he said; but then, he declared you were dead."

"Colonel Todhunter did?"

"Yes."

"I do not want to contradict Colonel Todhunter, for that would n't be polite," said John Dent, with one of his old smiles, "but I regret to state that I am not dead. Who is Colonel Todhunter, any way?"

Mr. Dent stared at him.

"What! you don't know the colonel? the colonel knows you very well. He told us all about it—the skirmish, you know, in which you were wounded and taken prisoner, and"—Here Mr. Dent paused, seeing by the vacuous expression of his nephew's face that the words were meaningless to him. "Dear me," he thought, "how very much broken up he is; his memory is wholly gone!"

"Uncle Ralph," said John Dent, "I never heard of Colonel Todhunter until this moment; I have not been in the army; I have not been in any skirmish; and I have not been taken prisoner."

This was too calm and categorical a statement not to shake Mr. Dent a little in his suspicion that the speaker was laboring under some mental derangement.

"I have been wounded, to be sure," continued John Dent. "I was shot in Western Virginia, in the woods, on my way to join the army,—shot by George Nevins," he added between his teeth. "I imagine he got tired of me at last, and concluded to kill me. He failed

this time; but he will do it, if that is his purpose."

In reading John Dent's letter to Joseph Twombly, Mr. Dent had smiled at what he considered Jack's hallucination touching the watch which he supposed Nevins was keeping over him night and day; but this attempt on Jack's life, if there had really been one, at a spot so remote from the scene of the robbery three years before, gave a hue of probability to the idea.

Mr. Dent looked out of the corner of his eye at his nephew. Perhaps Jack *was* insane. Mr. Dent's faith in the general correctness of the colonel's statements was coming back to him. Sitting with his arms hanging at his side and his head resting on his chest broodingly, Jack seemed like a person not quite right in his mind.

"Where is this Colonel Todhunter?" he exclaimed, starting to his feet.

"Good heavens! don't be so violent!"

"Where is he, I say?"

"How can I tell? The man's gone."

"How long since?"

"A fortnight ago."

"Was he here,—in this house?"

"He came here one afternoon, representing himself as your friend; he stayed in the town four or five days after that, I believe."

"It is three weeks since I was shot," said John Dent, reflecting. "Did Twombly see him?"

"I really can't say whether the deacon saw him or not."

"I don't mean the deacon; I mean Joe."

"Joseph was in Chicago; been there these six months."

"Uncle, what kind of person was this Colonel Todhunter? Describe him to me."

"He was something of a character, I should say; a cool customer; he made himself very much at home—with my sherry."

"Very gentlemanly, and rather pale?"

"Well, the sherry was pale," returned Mr. Dent, laughing, "but the

colonel was rather florid and not at all gentlemanly; that is to say, he carried it with a high hand in the town, though he behaved decently enough when he called on me."

"What was he like?"

"A tall man, taller than you, for instance; strongly built, with blue eyes and sandy beard."

"GEORGE NEVINS!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Dent.

"It was George Nevins, I tell you!"

"Pooh! you're mad. What would bring him here, of all the places in the world?"

"I don't know; there are many things I cannot fathom; but this I do know, you have stood face to face with the most daring and accomplished scoundrel that lives. There is n't his match in California or Nevada."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Dent, uneasily, with a sensation of having two or three bullet-holes in the small of his back. "You don't really believe that that man was the fellow Nevins?"

"I do, assuredly. He thought he had disposed of me, and he came here prospecting. It was like his impudence. He told you I was dead? Well, he had good reason to suppose so."

"I can't believe it. Gad, I don't believe it! If it had been he, I think I should have turned desperado instinctively, and brought him down with the old shot-gun." And Mr. Dent was making a motion to that nearly harmless weapon, which had hung for years unloaded over the library mantel-piece, when Prudence walked into the room.

"Drop Colonel Todhunter," whispered Mr. Dent hastily.

In romances and on the stage, the meeting between two people who, happily or unhappily, have been long separated, is made the occasion of much sensational business; but I have observed that people in real life, who have loved or hated each other, are not apt, when they meet after a lapse of years, either to swoon or scowl or do anything strikingly dramatic.

Prudence neither started nor fainted

when she found John Dent with her uncle; she had seen John Dent descend from the hack at the gate ten or fifteen minutes previously, — perhaps it gave her a turn at the instant, — and she had now come to welcome him home. Nothing could have been more simple or natural than the meeting between them. If Prudence's hand was a trifle cold, her hands were habitually cold; if John Dent's hand was hot, he had a gunshot-wound, and was feverish.

"I am glad to see you, Cousin John," said Prudence simply, as if she had parted with him yesterday, and had not eaten three thousand two hundred and eighty-five meals since that day when he failed to come back to dinner.

This is shockingly commonplace and realistic, I know, and will cost me a great many sentimental readers; but I must stand or fall by the facts.

Prudence was unaffectedly glad to see John Dent; and the sincere friendliness of her greeting placed him at his ease. He had much to tell of his wanderings, and much to be told of Rivermouth affairs; and very soon the conversation flowed on between these three with only the slightest under-current of constraint. Indeed, it seemed to Prudence like that first day, long ago, when John Dent came to Rivermouth and surprised her by being a frank, light-hearted young fellow, instead of the mousing Dryasdust she expected. As in that time also, he had come to remain only a brief period; there were dragons still at large and giants yet unslain. As soon as his arm was well, he would bid good-by again to Rivermouth. The gold he was going in quest of now was that small quantity of bullion which is to be found in a lieutenant's shoulder-straps.

The parallel between his two visits occurred to John Dent himself, as he sat there chatting; and so far as his impetuosity went, the parallel was too close to be agreeable. Before, he had had only a slender outfit and a few hundred dollars; and now he was the possessor of a navy revolver, and a suit of clothes which his uncle eyed thoughtfully from time to time, and resolved to have

buried in the back-garden at no remote period.

But in spite of this, a blissful serenity, born of the home-like atmosphere he was breathing, took possession of John Dent. His misfortunes were visions and chimeras; he was as a man who, awaking from a nightmare, finds himself in a comfortable warm room with the daylight pouring through the windows, and strives in vain to recollect the dream that a moment ago appalled him.

He looked so shabby, and uncared-for, and happy, that Prudence was touched. In speaking of Parson Wibird, she was obliged to exert all her self-control not to tell John Dent of the legacy. Whatever he did, he should not go away until he was informed of that. She lingered on the subject of the parson's death, and came back to it at intervals, with the hope that her guardian would be tempted to break through the now slightly binding condition of the will. But the old parson recalled to Mr. Dent's mind the new parson, and he broke out, with that fine tact which characterized him, "By the way, Jack, you must know Dillingham; he's a capital fellow."

John Dent had learned from Wingate, in their hurried conference at the street corner, that Prudence was still unmarried; and for the moment he had forgotten everything save the delicious fact that he and Prue were sitting and talking together as of old. But now his countenance fell.

"I shall be glad to know him," he contrived to say, with more or less enthusiasm.

With this, Mr. Dillingham passed out of the conversation, and did not drift into it again. No other unfortunate word or allusion ruffled the tranquillity of that morning, which made way with itself so quickly that Fanny caused a sensation when she announced dinner.

The afternoon showed a similar suicidal tendency; and shortly after tea, John Dent, who began to feel the reaction of the excitement he had undergone, went to bed in the same room where he had slept three years before.

Apparently, not a piece of the ancient mahogany furniture, which resolved itself, wherever it was practicable, into carven claws grasping tarnished gilt balls, had been moved since he was last there. It struck him, while undressing, that it would be only the proper thing for him to go around the chamber and shake hands with all the friendly, old-fashioned paws, — they stretched themselves out from tables and chairs and wardrobes with such a faithful, brute-like air of welcome.

The castellated four-post bedstead, with its snowy dimity battlements, seemed an incredible thing to John Dent as he stood and looked at it in the weird winter moonlight. It was many a month since he had lain in such a sumptuous affair.

A sensuous calm stole over his limbs when he stretched himself on the pliant springs of the mattress; then the impossible blue canaries, pecking at the green roses on the wall-paper, lulled him to sleep, and would have hopped down from the twigs and covered him with leaves, as the robins covered the babes in the wood, if he had not been amply protected by a great silk patch-quilt, deftly done into variegated squares and triangles by Prue's own fingers.

He slept the sleep of the just that night; he was a failure, but he slept the sleep of success; and his uncle, in the next room, dropped off with the soothing reflection that events had proved his wisdom in not telling Prue anything about Colonel Peyton Todhunter; but Prudence scarcely slept at all.

John Dent's wound was of the slightest, and the stiffness had nearly gone out of his shoulder when he awoke the next morning. He awoke in the same state of beatitude in which he had fallen asleep.

"I know I don't amount to much when I'm added up," he said, smiling at himself in the glass as if he enjoyed representing a very small vulgar fraction in the sum of human happiness; "but I am not going to trouble myself about it any more. I'll go down to Virginia, and come back presently with one leg

and a pension, and spend the rest of my days telling stories to Prue's little ones." And John Dent sighed cheerfully as he pictured himself a gray-haired, dilapidated captain, or maybe colonel, with two or three small Dillinghams clinging to his coat-skirts.

It was a singular coincidence that both uncle and nephew should have reached that philosophical stage when they could look calmly on the prospect of playing grandfather and godfather respectively to Prue's children.

John Dent descended, and found Prudence and his uncle in the library, making a pretty domestic picture, with the wood-fire blazing cheerily on the hearth, lighting up the red damask curtains, and the snow outside dashing itself silently in great feathery flakes against the windows. It was like an interior by Boughton, with that glimpse of bleak winter at the casements.

"Good morning," said John Dent, enveloping the pair in one voluminous smile.

"Good morning, Jack," returned Mr. Dent, and "Good morning, Cousin John," said Prudence, who hurried off to see to breakfast, for the Prodigal was to have a plate of those sublimated waffles of which only Prudence knew the secret. The art of their composition was guarded at Willowbrook as the monks in the Old-World convents guard the distillation of their famous cordials.

The young man saw that he had interrupted a conversation between his uncle and Prudence, and experienced that uncomfortable glow about the ears which comes over one when the dialogue stops instantly at one's appearance.

However, as Prudence departed to superintend the serving up of the fatted waffle, John Dent drew a chair towards the fire-place and was about to seat himself, when his eyes fell upon a small cabinet photograph which rested against a vase at one end of the mantel-piece.

The back of the chair slipped from John Dent's fingers, and he stood transfixed for a moment, looking at the picture; then he approached the mantel-

shelf and took the photograph in his hand.

"Who is this?" he asked quickly; and he pointed a quivering finger at the face.

"That? why, that's my friend Dillingham, a cap—"

"Dillingham be —!" cried John Dent. "That is George Nevins!"

Mr. Dent leaned back in his chair and suppressed himself.

"Quiet yourself," he said soothingly. "You have n't slept well, you" —

"Do you suppose I don't know that face!"

"That is just precisely what I suppose," cried Mr. Dent, giving way to his irritation, "and I could n't have expressed it better."

"Not know it! Have n't I thought of it every day for two years, fallen asleep thinking of it every night, dreamed of it a thousand times? He has cut his mustache and beard," said John Dent slowly and to himself, "and wears no collar to his coat. What — what is this doing *here*?" he cried, with sudden fury.

"Why, Jack, my boy, I tell you that that is the Rev. James Dillingham, the pastor of the Old Brick Church, Prue's friend and mine."

"You can't mean it!"

"Don't be an idiot. If you discover any resemblance to Colonel Todhunter in that picture, you've a fine eye for resemblance."

"Todhunter was not the man," cried John Dent. "*This* is the man!"

It was patent now to Mr. Dent that his nephew was a monomaniac on the subject of George Nevins. First it had been Colonel Todhunter, now it was Dillingham, and by and by it would be somebody else, Prue or himself possibly. Mr. Dent coughed, and restrained the impatient words that rose to his lips. The boy's mind was turned by his misfortunes, and yet he seemed rational enough on other topics.

"You think I am crazy?" said the young man, reading his uncle's open countenance as if it were a book. "Well, I am not. I am as sane as you

are, and as clear in the head as a bell. How long has your friend Mr. Dillingham been settled over the Brick Church?" And John Dent seated himself, crossing his legs comfortably, with the aspect of a man who is going to take things philosophically and not fret himself about trifles.

"Since last June," returned Mr. Dent, relieved to see his nephew calm again. "Dillingham came here in the latter part of May, and it is now December. Consequently he has been here a little over six months."

"While I was at Shasta," muttered the young man. "But who fired on me in Virginia, if it was n't Nevins?" Then in a negligent way to his uncle, "Where does your friend Dillingham live?"

"In Rivermouth, of course."

"Where?"

"At the Old Bell Tavern."

John Dent went out of the room like a flash.

After an instant of panic, Mr. Dent dashed after him. The hall door was locked and bolted; there was a complicated bolt with a chain, and the young man was tugging at the chain when his uncle seized him by the arm.

"What are you trying to do?"

"I must see this man Dillingham, Uncle Ralph."

"Certainly, so you shall see Dillingham. Ten to one he will ride out here before the morning is over, in spite of the storm; and then you will discover how absurd you are."

"Granting I am wrong," said John Dent as composedly as he could, "I cannot wait to have proof of it. If he is the man I think he is, he knows where I am by this time, and will not show his face here. I must go to him."

"Before breakfast?"

"This instant!"

Mr. Dent reflected that perhaps the only cure for his nephew's delusion was to bring him face to face with the young minister, whom, by the way, Mr. Dent himself was anxious to see; he was still ignorant of what had passed in the drawing-room two nights previously, for

Prudence had found no fitting moment since John Dent's arrival to inform her guardian of her decision and the letter she had written to Mr. Dillingham.

So one of the carriage horses was ordered to be harnessed to the buggy and driven around to the side door. Meanwhile John Dent paced the hall, chafing; and Prudence, with her eyebrows raised into interrogation-points, stood behind the coffee-urn in the breakfast-room, wondering what it all meant.

When the buggy was ready, Mr. Dent proposed to go to town alone and bring the young minister back with him; but John Dent would not listen to the suggestion, and the two drove off together in the storm.

The snow beat so persistently in their faces all the way, that there was no chance for conversation, if either had been disposed to talk. Mr. Dent stole a glance now and then at the young man, whose eyes glowed wickedly over a huge white mustache which he had got riding in the teeth of the wind. "I've half a mind to tip the pair of us over the next bank," muttered Mr. Dent; "he's as crazy as a loon!"

On driving up to the door of the Old Bell Tavern, Mr. Dent begged his nephew to control himself and do nothing rash. John Dent promised this, but with set teeth and in a manner not reassuring.

"You are making a dreadful mistake; and if you involve me in any absurdity I'll never forgive you. Dillingham is my friend, and one of the noblest fellows in the world. It is rather early for a call; I'll go up first, Jack."

"And I'll go with you," said John Dent with disgusting promptness.

Mr. Dillingham's suite of rooms was on the second floor, and the door of his parlor or study gave upon the main staircase. Mr. Dent, inwardly consigning his nephew to the shades below, knocked two or three times without awakening the well-known voice which always said "Come in" to his recognized knock; then he turned the handle of the door, which was not fastened.

"He's in bed at this hour, of course," he remarked. The town clock was striking eight. "We'll step into his parlor and wait for him."

The room was in the greatest disorder; the drawers of a large escritoire between the windows were standing wide open, the grate was full of dead ashes, and over the carpet everywhere were scattered half-torn letters and papers. John Dent cast one glance around the apartment, and then rushed into the small bed-chamber adjoining. The bed was unrumpled.

"Gone!" moaned John Dent, dropping into a chair.

"Gone? nonsense! Gone to breakfast," said Mr. Dent.

"It's no use," said the young man, settling himself gloomily in the chair; "he is hundreds of miles away by this time. While we were sitting in the chimney-corner over yonder, fire and steam and all infernal powers were whisking him off beyond my reach."

Mr. Dent pulled at the bell-cord as if he had suddenly had a bite, and jerked in Larkin the waiter. Where was Mr. Dillingham? Larkin did not know where Mr. Dillingham was. He would inquire at the office.

He returned shortly with the information that Mr. Dillingham had gone out quite early the day before, and had not been in since. The young minister was in the habit of absenting himself for several days together without notifying the office-clerk, who supposed in this instance, as in the others, that Mr. Dillingham was visiting his friend Mr. Dent at Willowbrook.

"That'll do, Larkin," said Mr. Dent. "Nothing particular. We'll look in again."

Exit Larkin, lined with profanity.

Mr. Dent, with a feeble smile on his lips, stood looking at his nephew.

"It is too late," said the young man, "but I would like to send a telegram to Boston and one to New York."

"To whom?"

"To the chief of police."

Mr. Dent started. "Don't you do it! I know you are wrong, though I ac-

knowledge that the thing has a strange look. You would feel rather flat if, after you had sent off a couple of libelous messages, Dillingham should turn up and explain it all in a dozen words, as I am positive he will. I could never look him in the face again."

"You won't, any way," said John Dent. "However, I don't want to use the name of Dillingham in the matter. I shall simply give a description of the person of George Nevins. That will not inconvenience any one, I'm afraid. See how he slips through my fingers! I should call the man an eel, if he was n't a devil."

Mr. Dent made no further objection; the two descended to the street and drove to the telegraph-office.

In the midst of writing a dispatch, young Dent paused and nibbled the top of the penholder. "I wonder I didn't think of that before," he said to himself; and then in a low voice to his uncle, "Ask the operator if Dillingham has sent or received anything over the wires lately."

Mr. Dillingham had sent two telegrams the day before.

"Will you allow me to look at them a moment?"

Knowing Mr. Dent to be the intimate friend of the young pastor, the clerk obligingly took the copies of the two dispatches from a clip on his desk, and handed them to the elderly gentleman.

Dropping the date, the telegrams read as follows:—

I.

To Rawlings & Son, Bankers,
Chicago, Illinois:

Place the balance due me on account, and the six U. S. bonds you hold for me, to the credit and subject to the order of Colonel Peyton Todhunter.

JAMES DILLINGHAM.

II.

To Colonel Peyton Todhunter,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

Go to Chicago instantly. Draw funds from Rawlings. Will join you at 6666. You have failed. He is here. J. D.

"Are you convinced now?" whispered John Dent, having with breathless interest read these documents over his uncle's shoulder. "It appears, though I don't understand the last telegram at all, that your friend Colonel Peyton Todhunter is the friend of your worthy friend the Rev. James Dillingham; and a precious pair they are, if I may say so without hurting your feelings. 'He is here' means me, of course; but what is meant by 'You have failed'? '6666' evidently designates some point of rendezvous."

"Jack," whispered Mr. Dent thickly, "I can't believe my eyes!"

"I would n't," said Jack. "I'd stand it out. In the mean time I will send off this description, and then we'll go back to the hotel. He decamped in haste, and may have left behind him something in the way of letters or papers that will be useful to me."

The young man seated himself at a desk, and, after a moment's reflection, wrote the following message, which he handed to his uncle:—

*Messrs. Rawlings & Son,
Chicago, Ill.:*

Has Colonel Todhunter drawn the funds described in the dispatch of yesterday? If not, stop payment until further advices. J. D.

"That's a clever idea," said Mr. Dent, awaking from the stupor that had fallen upon him. "We will have an injunction on them, if it is not too late; but, Jack, is n't it a sort of forgery to use Dillingham's name this way?"

"I have n't used his name," answered Jack, laughing; "I have put my own initials to the document, like a man. Are you working through?" he asked, turning to the clerk. "Then send this along."

He resumed his seat at the desk, and fell to work on a personal description of George Nevins. This was a task of some difficulty, requiring a conciseness and clearness of diction which cost him considerable trouble. More than half

an hour elapsed before John Dent had completed the portrait to his satisfaction. He was in the midst of his second dispatch, when the operator received from Rawlings & Son a telegram that seemed to puzzle him somewhat.

"This appears to be an answer to your dispatch, sir, but it is addressed to Mr. Dillingham."

"A mistake at the other end," said Mr. Dent, quickly.

"What do they say?" asked John Dent, reaching forward to take the long narrow strip of paper from the clerk's hand.

Colonel Todhunter had drawn out the funds in full. The Messrs. Rawlings & Son trusted there was nothing wrong in the matter; they had acted strictly according to instructions.

"Just as I expected," said Jack, tossing the paper to his uncle, "luck is dead against me." Then he went on with his writing: "Five feet eight or nine inches; blue eyes; light hair, probably cut close; no beard or mustache," etc., etc.

"This is simply horrible," murmured Mr. Dent; and as he walked nervously up and down the office, he recalled the afternoon when he introduced Dillingham to Colonel Todhunter, and how they had saluted each other as strangers, and seemed to dislike each other, being such different men; then he reflected that it was chiefly through his own means that this scandal had been brought upon Rivermouth; then he thought of Prue, and he turned cold and hot, and pale and flushed, by turns; and the rapid scratching of John Dent's pen over the paper, and the monotonous clicking of the satanic little telegraph instrument behind the wire screen drove him nearly distracted.

"And now, if you please, we will inspect the sanctum sanctorum of the late incumbent," said John Dent gayly.

It was only human that he should relish the consternation of his uncle. But as they were passing out into the street, John Dent's face underwent a change; he halted on the last of the three steps leading to the sidewalk, and, grasping

the iron railing, seemed unable to move farther.

"What is it now?" asked Mr. Dent, nervously.

"Uncle Ralph, was Prue engaged to that man?—did she love him?"

"No!" cried Mr. Dent; "I believe she hated him instinctively,—thank God!"

"Amen!" said John Dent, drawing a long breath. "He has got my money, he has blighted two years of my life, but if he has n't got at the pure gold of Prue's heart, I forgive him!"

XVIII.

A RIVERMOUTH MYSTERY.

THE two Dents returned in silence to the Old Bell Tavern, and went up directly to the deserted study.

"First of all," said John Dent, closing the door and turning the key, "I want to know how he came here, how he managed to step into Parson Hawkins's shoes, and all the details. Tell me slowly, for I feel I shall not comprehend this thing, unless it is put in the simplest way."

The story of Mr. Dent's acquaintance with Dillingham in New York, and the chain of commonplace events that had ended in his coming to Rivermouth as the pastor of the Old Brick Church, was told in a few words. It was not a strange story, taking it link by link; it was only as a whole that it appeared incredible.

"He was an artist, that man," said Mr. Dent, with an involuntary pang of admiration, as he recalled the cleverness with which Dillingham had put Joseph Twombly out of the way. He recollected now that Dillingham had withheld his consent to come to Rivermouth until the very day Twombly started for Chicago. "Ah, Jack, if good people, as a class, were one half as intelligent and energetic as rogues, what a world this would be!"

"Knowing Nevins as I do," said John Dent when his uncle had finished, "his

adroitness and cunning, I can understand what a tempting thing it was to him to play at this masquerade; but he must have had a deeper motive than a mere whim to keep him here seven months."

"He fell in love with Prue, of course," said Mr. Dent, with a twinge; "and then—I see it all, Jack! you were right. He *did* have a watch set on you; he meant to marry Prue, and keep you out of the parson's money, even if he had to kill you to do it!—it was Todhunter who made the attempt on your life when they saw you were coming East; it was Todhunter who dogged your steps all the time!"

"The parson's money?" said John Dent.

The words had escaped Mr. Dent in his excitement, as the whole of the desperate game which Dillingham had probably been playing flashed upon him. It will be remembered that on the morning when Parson Hawkins's later will was found, Mr. Dent went to Boston to meet Mr. Dillingham and conduct him to Rivermouth. Mr. Dent was full of the matter, and that night, at the Revere House, he had spoken freely to his friend of the old parson's whimsical testament. Perhaps it was in that same hour Dillingham formed the purpose to possess himself of the money,—admitting, for the moment, that Dillingham was George Nevins.

John Dent stood looking inquiringly at his uncle. It was too late to recall the words; the circumstances seemed to warrant Mr. Dent now in disregarding the restriction of the will, and he told his nephew of the legacy.

At another moment, this undreamed-of fortune would have filled John Dent's heart with both joy and sadness; but the day, scarcely begun, had been too crowded with other emotions, for him to give way to either now. He walked to the window and, rubbing a clear space on one of the panes, looked out into the snowy street for several minutes; then he turned to Mr. Dent and said quietly, "Let us look through these things."

A closer examination of the study and sleeping-room afforded indubitable evidence that the late occupant had abandoned them in desperate haste, but also that he had left behind him no letters or written memoranda giving any clue to his intended movements. A quantity of papers had been burnt in the grate; an undecipherable fragment of the note Prudence had written him lay on the hearth-rug, and near it the back of a delicate pink envelope with which no one would have thought of associating the fair Veronica, if it had not borne her pretty monogram.

Mr. Dillingham had, so to speak, spiked his guns; but a company of embroidered worsted slippers,—as gay as a company of Zouaves,—and a number of highly mounted dressing-gowns sufficient properly to officer this metaphorical detachment, fell into the hands of the enemy.

The younger man, on his side, conducted the investigation with relentless scrutiny; but Mr. Dent only cursorily, for the place in his heart which Dillingham had occupied was yet warm with the late presence.

Two discoveries were made, unimportant in themselves, but one of which interested the nephew, and the other startled the uncle, who, in the progress of the search, appeared to be receiving a series of shocks from an invisible galvanic battery.

"Here 's a photograph which was lost some time since with a certain pocket-book containing a small sum of money." And John Dent held out at arm's length a faded vignette head of Prudence, gazing at it thoughtfully. "The finder would have been liberally rewarded if I had got hold of him. Hullo! what's this? Somebody's bracelet," he added, fishing up a piece of jewelry from the depths of the traveling-trunk over which he was stooping.

"Dear, dear!" groaned Mr. Dent. It was Veronica Blydenburgh's bracelet. He knew of its loss; everybody knew of it. You could no more lose a bracelet in Rivermouth without 'verybody knowing it than you could lose your head.

This affair seemed blacker to Mr. Dent than all the rest,—blacker than the attempt on Jack's life, inasmuch as petty larceny lacks the dignity of assassination. But I fancy Mr. Dent was a trifle uncharitable here. As a reminiscence of a lovely white wrist, the trinket may have had a value to Mr. Dillingham which Mr. Dent did not suspect.

"What a finished rogue he was! It is only when a man adds hypocrisy to his rascality, that he becomes a perfect knave."

"Yes," said John Dent, "that little lamb's-skin does aggravate the offense."

Mr. Dent walked off to the other end of the room and began turning over a lot of books and pamphlets piled in one corner. "Look here, Jack!" he cried presently, "here is where he got his sermons from,—South's Sermons, Robertson's Sermons, Hooker's Sermons, Cumming's Great Tribulation, Peabody's Discourses. Gad! he mixed them up, old and young. By heaven! here's the very passage Prue thought so affecting Fast Day. See where he's changed 'London' into *Rivermouth*, and 'our Gracious Queen' into *our honored Chief Executive*. Jack," said Mr. Dent, solemnly, "let us go home!"

"Uncle Ralph, that is almost the only rational suggestion you have made to-day. I am famished."

"And I am frozen," said Mr. Dent with a shiver, picking up his overcoat. He drew on one sleeve, and paused.

"Well?" said his nephew.

"Jack, this thing must be hushed up for Prue's sake. The deacons will have to know the truth, and maybe one or two outsiders; but the towns-people must never be allowed to suspect the real character of that man. Some plausible explanation of his flight must be circulated. If he has left any bills, I shall pay them. I cannot eat a mouthful until this is settled. I must see Blydenburgh and Twombly and Wendell without wasting a moment, and I want you to come with me."

"For Prue's sake, and for your sake," said John Dent, laughing.

"Yes, for my sake, too. Don't be hard on a fallen brother. You can't afford to, Jack. If Dillingham deceived me, George Nevins was too many for you."

"That 's a fact," said John Dent.

In the course of an hour the deacons and trustees of the Old Brick Church assembled together mysteriously in Deacon Twombly's parlor,—five or six honest, elderly, bald-headed gentlemen, who now had the air of dark-browed conspirators on the eve of touching off innumerable barrels of gunpowder. Deacon Zeb Twombly might have been taken for Guy Fawkes himself.

The next day it was known that the Rev. Mr. Dillingham had quitted Rivermouth; it was understood in the parish and in the town that family matters, involving the jeopardy of large estates, had called Mr. Dillingham away so suddenly that he had had time to advise only his immediate friends of his departure. It was also understood that his return was problematical. There were dark hints and whispers and rumors and speculations, to be sure; but for once a secret was kept in Rivermouth,—though one woman knew it!

Prudence had to be told, of course, and she nearly died with desire one afternoon, six months afterwards, to tell Veronica Blydenburgh everything,—the afternoon Veronica came to her and said, "Only think, Prue! papa found my opal bracelet under the flooring of the old summer-house."

Veronica sat silent for a moment, dreamily weaving the bright coil in and out her slender fingers; then suddenly lifting her head, she cried, "Prue, will you swear never to breathe it to a living soul if I tell you something?"

"Yes," said Prudence, with a start.

"Well, then, the afternoon before he went away so strangely"—

"Who went away?"

"Mr. Dillingham."

"Oh!"

"The afternoon before he went away, he—he offered himself to me!"

"What!" cried Prudence, turning white and red. It was beginning to appear that Cupid had had two strings to his bow.

"I say," repeated Veronica, "that Mr. Dillingham offered himself to me."

"And you refused him!"

"O Prue! that 's the bitterness of it!—I accepted him!"

I have not said—though I have let John Dent say it—that the Rev. James Dillingham was George Nevins. Is it improbable? As I come to the close of my story, I have a feeling that the career of James Dillingham in Rivermouth, supposing him to be identical with George Nevins, will strike the reader as improbable, and it is improbable—as the things that happen every day. But such as it is, the chronicle ends here.

And Prudence Palfrey?

The reader shall become my collaborator at this point and finish the romance to his own liking. It is only fair for me to inform him, however, that one morning last spring as I was passing, portmanteau in hand, from the station at Rivermouth to the old gambrel-roofed house in a neighboring street where I always find welcome, I saw a little man swinging on a gate.

I had never seen this small personage before, but there was something absurdly familiar in the dark hair and alert black eyes, something absurdly familiar in the lithe, wiry figure (it was as if John Dent had been cut down from five feet eight to three feet four); and when he returned my salutation with that cavalier air which stamps your six-year-old man of the world, there was an intonation in his voice so curiously like Prue's, that I laughed all to myself!

T. B. Aldrich.

GROWTH OF THE NOVEL.

CRITICISM has not kept pace with the novel in its more recent manifestations. A remarkable indolence prevails, not only with the greater number of novel-readers, but also on the part of too many among those industrious journalists under whose inspection works of this class fall, in regard to the inquiry by what principles the variously modified forms of the novel now extant are to be judged, and relegated each to its proper place. A large proportion of the criticisms upon new novels contain only vague and fragmentary allusions to novelty of incident, verisimilitude of the picture, theories of life involved in the story, or the freshness and "piquancy" — terms which these jaded reviewers apparently hold to be synonymous — of the whole, without an attempt to draw comprehensive conclusions; in short, these criticisms present whatever issues from the chance critic's chance taste, rather than a ray thrown out from the strong, central light of systematic meditation. The impression exists, too, that anybody, without having subjected himself to artistic discipline, can write a novel. We see men turning aside from the course of regular and professed activities, to spin some slight web of fiction that shall attract a few admirers, and something of that spendthrift praise which it apparently becomes every day easier to obtain. Even the most unlikely persons are subject, at any moment, to infection with the prevalent disorder, and the facility with which mediocre and inferior work, in this branch of literature, attains to an exaggerated prominence, makes it necessary that skilled judgment should be more generally applied in such matters than at present; that a thoughtful endeavor should be made to penetrate the significance of the novel, and to determine some of the principles by which its further progress should be guided.

The exigencies of an epoch cause

poetical forms to undergo certain modifications; and by watching the influence of these exigencies, we shall discover the relative importance of particular forms at different periods, determining also the rate and direction of their progress. The novel deals perforce most prominently with the surface of life, the appearances of things; yet it has rendered no small service if it succeed in rescuing from nothingness these ephemeral appearances, the beautiful or amusing trivialities through which we daily take our way. Moreover, the great ideas and great deeds of this world come upon us unawares, whether it be to-day or to-morrow; and for their sake also the processes of each unfolding day are worth observing. But we do not commonly remember, in taking up our volumes of modern every-day romance or comedy, that the hasty stitches at the back are in reality attached to a thread leading into a very remote past, and furnishing a clew to the real, historically accretive nature of these volumes. We forget that the novel comes to us with the marks of a long and laborious culture upon it.

Perhaps the earliest remaining productions which bear any distinguishable likeness to the more complex and more highly inflected novels of our own time are the Greek romances of Heliodorus and his followers, in the opening centuries of the Christian era. The Theagenes and Chariclea may, I suppose, be regarded as the immediate progenitor of that long line of fiction which has held enduring sway over the human mind from the time of Heliodorus's writing up to the present. But this work is on a very low plane. It is utterly deficient in true dramatic method, and not so much a breathing and speaking image of life, as a tiresome piece of carpentry. For us, it is like an obsolete plaything, and furnishes hardly more delight than may be had in the taking apart of one

of those Japanese toys, made to resemble an egg, which is found to consist of a surprising number of thin wooden tissues, revealing, when stripped off, a tiny kernel at the centre. In like manner, the small seed of circumstance from which the Thessalian romancer's story springs is hidden away under numerous thin shells of implicate adventure, each very similar to all the rest; and the entertainment consists in the leisurely removal of these husks. The whole interest rests upon surprise, and surprise of the cheapest kind. "What have been your adventures?" is the first question one character puts to another, on meeting, all the way through. It is not necessary to pass in review consecutively the gradual advances made in the art of fiction, from the time of this blunt-edged beginning — if, indeed, we may assume that fiction can be traced to a beginning at all — up to that of the brilliant achievements of Fielding and Sir Walter Scott. We have only to look so far into them, as to recognize that the tendency of those advances was distinctly toward the increase of a dramatic spirit and dramatic methods in novel-writing.

The Renaissance breathed a fresh life into the dry works of the Greek romancers, and they put forth new and sprightlier shoots. Boccaccio and Bandelio engaged in the composition of short tales so new to the time that they were called simply *novels*; and these contained the germ of that intricate organism which we now recognize under the same generic name. But in the hands of Boccaccio and his school, the novel did not get beyond the first pulpy and amorphous stage of its growth. Boccaccio cared little, or not at all, for that subtle differentiation of human character which constitutes the underlying science of our modern novel-art. He was content with a witty anecdote, recounted in a polished style, within the limits of a few folds of paper. Nevertheless, his legacy was an invaluable one. The heirs of his invention laid out their riches to rare advantage. The Elizabethan dramatists caught these

stories, and expanded them to a fuller stature of imaginative existence, Shakespeare, above all, rounding the contour, and completing the figures with infinite variety of proportioned power, such as made his plays adequate to the representation of life both entire and particular. In the mean time, Rabelais and Cervantes had introduced a new element into fiction, namely, that of satire and artistically managed symbolism. Of the two, Cervantes exercised the most influence upon the subsequent development of the novel, for he understood the genuine and simple delineation of individual character. In this, though writing a century earlier than Le Sage, he far outstripped the author of *Gil Blas*. Heading the reaction against those exaggerated romances of chivalry, which had sprung from the metrical romances of the twelfth century, he made a greater advance in *Don Quixote* than he himself was aware of, perhaps. That he hardly estimated its bearing upon the subsequent history of fiction; regarded it simply as an amusing satire on the abuse of romance-reading, — a romance ridiculing romances, — we are disposed to conclude, from his composing immediately afterward a serious romance modeled on that of Heliodorus. He had previously written a pastoral romance, *Galatea*, and his *Exemplary Novels*. As yet, the term novel was restricted to short stories which might be introduced episodically in the course of a ponderous romance, like the novel of *The Curious Impertinent*, in *Don Quixote*. It was not surprising that the extent of Cervantes's advances in the direction of the modern novel should not be at once appreciated, either by his public or himself. But we may safely assign to him a considerable influence in the century which elapsed before the production of *Gil Blas*.

Wearied with preposterous fables and languid pastorals, a series of reactionary writers took the field, in the seventeenth century, and foremost among them was Le Sage, with his epic of luck and loose living, *Gil Blas*, — an attempted panorama of life, in which, however, the

persons were rather typical than individual, and again *figurative*, if one may so describe it, rather than typical. A second reaction had come, but this time there was no Cervantes to take the lead. In England, however, the use to which the masters of the Elizabethan stage had put the Italian novels of the fourteenth century, had insured that accelerated dramatic tendency of the novel which here demands our attention. In the century immediately ensuing upon that in which Shakespeare died, Fielding, more than any other before him, threw light upon the course which fiction was thereafter to pursue. Beginning, before his majority, as a writer of plays, he spent a good deal of time in getting out hasty adaptations from the French, as well as numerous comedies of his own; but though these comedies are still extant, they are hardly less entirely forgotten than the poles and canvases of the flimsy booth itself in Smithfield, wherein they first strutted before the world, in the days of Bartholomew Fair. But it is not unreasonable to suppose, that his practice in this kind of writing had its effect upon the romances which at a later period he made the basis of his only real celebrity. In the production of these he declared himself, and with some reason, to be founding "a new province of writing." For, although he in fact only filled out and enlivened a form which had been some hundreds of years constructing for him, the result was something substantially new. Richardson had begun to write novels, chiefly for the sake of his epistolary style. A story indicated in letters always contains something of dramatic management; but, if it be at all extended, it involves more of repetition and improbability. Richardson's people seem first of all to be concerned that their various troubles and experiences, with the accompanying sentiments, should be transferred in full to note-paper, so as to make up a good, readable book, afterward. And previously to Richardson's writing, the stage had usurped the attention of genius; the novels of Lodge and Greene were not progressive. But

when the theatre had lost its masters, and suffered a long decline, Fielding, as if conscious that a lively genius could appear to advantage only in some new guise, threw himself into the novel — or, as he called it, the romance — with all the fervor of his really gifted mind. The artistic impulse which sustained him, as it found expression in his last and perhaps most finished work, *Amelia*, was this: "To observe minutely the several incidents which tend to the catastrophe or completion of the whole, and the minute causes whence these incidents are produced." Here we have the root of dramatic development; and it was the application of this method that brought the novel into a familiar and affectionate relation to life, which no form of imaginative writing had up to that time enjoyed. Looking at his persons in this way, it was necessary that Fielding should pay the closest attention to their utterances and actions, from first to last, and calculate with some nicety the interaction of individuals one upon another. Conversation, instead of being thrown in here and there, as heretofore, simply to delay bringing to a close some little train of incident, or with a view to making the story real enough to be read with comfort, became in his hands a just expression of every participator in it, and a light reflected upon the speakers, as well as a subtle cause of subsequent conduct, in a manner approaching that of its operation in real life. But, although Fielding was dramatic, in so far as conversation and incident led the story on from point to point with a certain degree of system, combined with spontaneity, he did not carry the dramatic movement far enough. When all was over, his tale would remain but a rambling, aimless concatenation, terminating in nothing but an end of the adventures. His great power lay in the observation of manners and natures; but he was content to offer the results of this observation in a crude, digressive form, somewhat lacking — if it may be said — in principle. He was fond of whipping in and out among his charac-

ters, in person, and did so with a sufficiently cheery and pleasant defiance of all criticism; but the practice injured his art, nevertheless. In a word, he seems to have written as much for his own amusement as for that of his reader; and although he sedulously endeavored to identify these two interests, he did not hesitate, when he felt like discharging a little dissertation on love, or classical learning, or what not, to do this at any cost, either of artistic propriety or the reader's patience. And, worst of all, he frequently dissected his *dramatis personæ* in full view of the audience, giving an epitome of their characters off-hand, or chatting garrulously about them, when the mood took him. These shortcomings withheld from him the possibility of grouping his keen observations firmly about some centre of steady and assimilative thought. With Fielding, nothing crystallized, but all was put together in a somewhat hastily gathered bundle; and the parts have a semi-detached relation. He hardly dreamed of that suggestive and deeply significant order of novel which our own day has seen almost perfected in the hands of George Eliot. And yet, what a brilliant retinue has Fielding had! Scott, Dickens, Thackeray — George Eliot herself — and many more besides, have followed in the path which he opened. He had an alert and energetic mind, and heartily and impartially enjoyed life, wherever and whatever it might be found; and this capacity for a healthy participation in the business of the people who surround him remains now, as it then was, an indispensable qualification in the novelist. But the best allegiance to Fielding must move men to further explorations in that province which he, in his day, so despotically governed. His greatest successors in empire have done this; but in what degrees, it will be interesting to consider. If, too, we find their efforts crowned by a constant though gradual progress, we shall perhaps think the conclusion justified, that new avenues to new goals of art remain yet to be adventured on.

It was only a dozen years after Field-

ing had ceased to write, that The Vicar of Wakefield suddenly took its place among those calm perpetuities which from time to time stand forth out of the dissolving cloud of ephemeral fiction. Nothing more exquisite of its kind than this novel of Goldsmith's has ever been given to us. The objective rendering of good Doctor Primrose is perfect. Goldsmith seems here to have reached an eminence in novel-art hitherto attained by no one, and to which few have since aspired. Only Thackeray's Henry Esmond presents itself as worthy of comparison with it, and even this perhaps falls short, in point of simple humor and native sweetness. But the sober richness with which Goldsmith's chief personage is elaborated is not of the showy style calculated to make headway with the many. And it is true that the range of a novel conceived as this is must be somewhat limited; variety of characterization being not so much the aim, as a complete study and full objective presentation of the hero. Nevertheless it is certain that, in this book, Goldsmith secured some of the purest dramatic results attainable through the novel; and that it will accordingly always remain a source of the most wholesome inspiration.

It was reserved for Scott to enlarge the mechanical apparatus, and extend the sympathies of the novel, beyond all precedent. The brilliancy of his advent into the field of fiction was in great measure due to his wider appreciation of character, as compared with that of the writers who had gone before. He treated all sorts of persons with the same genuine enjoyment of personality, whatever it might be; and if his heroes were sometimes rather colorless, and his women molded too exclusively by generalized conceptions of femininity, he still succeeded in showing that human nature remains fundamentally the same, beneath all the shifting and superimposed conditions of history, and demonstrated the applicability of the novel to life in past periods. As for mechanism, he contrived many clever little devices for moving stories on to an end; he dis-

pensed with those long, introduced narratives which Heliodorus employed, and which Fielding relied upon too willingly—sometimes carrying them on from one chapter to another by means of a pumping question from the listener, not inappropriately followed by a gush of tears from the narrator. In his conversations, Scott sometimes seems, by his nice discriminations, to give the slightest shades of meaning, and the very accent of the voice; though he is as often melodramatic and unreal. But, with all his merits, and overlooking his rather musty antiquarian devotions to costume, Scott remains much too conscious, it strikes me, in his characterization. Frequently, having effected some ingenious stroke of delineation, he is so well pleased that he instantly repeats it in more diffuse terms. This at once dulls the edge of his wit, and makes us aware of an obtrusive presence among the fictitious personages. The author cannot restrain himself from jovial participation in his reader's amusement; he must ever peep out from behind the side-scenes, to exchange a sly Caledonian wink with us. To avoid this subtle error, a writer should seek always to lose *himself* more and more, in giving life to his imaginary persons. Dramatic effect of the highest and most sterling quality cannot be obtained without a resolute act of self-renunciation on the part of the author. And in proportion as the novelist intervenes, visibly, between the reader and the characters of his story, he detracts from the realness of the latter. For example, it is a prominent defect in Dickens that he is antic in the extreme. He appears to have been conscious of the necessity which existed for curbing himself, as in one of his letters he alludes to the "preposterous sense of the ridiculous" which he was obliged to contend with, in order that he should not write extravagantly.

Not less injurious, in its way, to dramatic perfection is the system of minute and deliberate analysis pursued by George Eliot. It makes us look to her books rather for instances of her re-

markable acumen, and the terse statement of her perceptions, than for a sympathetic rendition of human nature that shall charm and soothe us, at the same time that it instructs or educates. Her writing does not soothe, because she keeps so constantly before us the stern effort she is making, not to swerve from strict analysis. The authoress presides too watchfully over the progress of our acquaintance with the imaginary beings to whom she has introduced us; and we should be more at ease, if she would omit some of the more wordy of her examinations into their mental status at each new turn of the story. There are instances of fine dramatic handling in her books, from which we may cite those culminating scenes between Stephen Guest and Maggie Tulliver, in *The Mill on the Floss*. But these superior passages only throw forward upon our notice the too frequent consciousness and restraint which disturb her work. The novelist, it is true, must observe a certain economy, holding back the more telling dramatic effects for particular passages. But the difference should be in the degree, rather than in the quality, of dramatic force; a kind of difference well exemplified in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. George Eliot's open analysis, too, has a tendency to lead her insensibly into partiality, a thing which she is by this very means strenuously trying to avoid. That tendency she has almost wholly overcome in *Middlemarch*, which is distinguished for a fine impartiality. But it is in this same crowning work that we find, perhaps more strongly exemplified than in any other of her books, the final defect of her system. In a book of this kind all that can be said about the characters is said; but, after all, the result is not so good as if something had been withheld, for our imaginations to reach after. Despite the vigorous bloom, the insistent life of *Middlemarch*, do we not feel that there is an overwrought completion about it? The persons of the story are elaborated almost to exhaustion; there appears to be a lack of proportion in the prominence so fully accorded to each

individual in his or her turn, for minor characters are dwelt upon too much in detail; and there is little or no mystery of distance about any of the figures, at any time. We have struck bottom, with these people, beyond hope of recalling that thought of illimitably profound humanity which indicates the unknown quantity in character, and which gives Shakespeare's personages their lasting title to our love or consideration. The secret of dramatic effect is simply this, that in real life ultimate truth seldom finds a pure utterance. In drama, therefore, we have a situation presented as nearly as possible (subject to æsthetic laws) in the way in which it would present itself in the fact; the involved truths of the whole proceeding being illustrated by the partial expressions of each individual, on his own behalf or in estimating his fellows; so that the final, fleeting essence of the matter lies within the scope of inference only. And in proportion as dramatic skill is successful, it stimulates in us the disposition and ability to make such inference. But George Eliot would cut us off from this last spiritual, intangible result, by reducing everything to absolute statement, and endeavoring to fix the final issues in penetrating and permanent phrases. I would not underrate the magnificent obligations which George Eliot has laid upon the race; my admiration of her brave and noble genius is in no way lessened by the opinion that her method restricts the range and power of the novel unnecessarily. As an effort of clear intellectual penetration into life, we could hardly demand anything better than *Middlemarch*. But it is still too much an effort, and not enough an accomplished insight; it remains, as the author has called it, a study, rather than a finished dramatic representation.

Turning from George Eliot to Dickens again, we observe that his faults of undue personal prominence range themselves on a far lower intellectual plane. He is not troubled by analysis, because he hardly enters upon that function, even in the deliberations which have preceded his writing; if we are to judge

from the character of that writing, and from what has been made public as to his state of mind during composition, and the confidences which he imparted in the mid-fervor of creation. But, on the other hand, he is not truly dramatic. Indeed, this follows from his want of analysis. Without having analyzed, he could have nothing to unfold by the dramatic method. His imagination was strong in the grotesque, but it never seems to have taken the direction of clearly outlined truth of character. His characters may be true to nature, but for all that he does not imagine them for the sake of truth, but for the sake of their grotesque or other effect. And there is a wide difference between truth and effect. That it is effect he aims for is proved by the conclusions of his books, which are never profound or sublime, but unimportant and commonplace. His results are not results in a satisfactory sense, because they consist merely in a settlement and pensioning for life of the characters, as it were; everything is "*wound up*," but we are left at the end without any vital impulse from that winding. He does not carry our eyes above the level of a very superficial justice. Ah, it was his wit that charmed us, and not the human nature with which he dealt! This human nature was to him only a sort of indispensable stage-property; and he was the actor whom it served to set off. Dickens possessed, in addition to his nimble fancy (which was often exquisitely graceful), a surprisingly rapid and multifarious observation; but he contented himself with only a flying shot at the truth. He had a fertile genius, and perhaps he felt that he could afford to take at a discount the riches with which nature had supplied him; for the rapidity of his labors necessitated constant advances; but he lost unspeakably by this system. He was confused and carried away by the idiosyncrasies which took his fancy, and so lost sight of the true artistic aim; seldom, if ever, taking the pains to abstract himself from himself, and enter again into the life of others, so that he might faith-

fully reproduce it,—the good and the bad alike,—leaving us to draw our conclusions somewhere near the truth. In Martin Chuzzlewit, he complained that the American people would never tolerate a satirist. But the essence of good satire lies in the strictest and most sensitive adherence to truth. Irony should be so mingled with an unprejudiced veracity of representation, as to make the reader half uncertain whether that which he is reading be a mere unwitting record of laughable fact, or a piece of conscious, though guarded, ridicule. Exaggeration is by no means the chief nor the most powerful element of satire. If we ridicule a man by calling him worse than he is, we may wound and anger him, but we shall not cut so to the quick, as if we pierce with our ridicule some really vulnerable point in his constitution. But Dickens seems to have trusted wholly to first impressions and strong feelings. There is a curious, and, if true, a sad story extant, as to the unmerited injury which his Nicholas Nickleby inflicted upon an innocent Yorkshire schoolmaster. But, wholly apart from any consideration of practical injustice of this kind, is it not alarming, to say the least, that the eminent novelist should take sides, as he does, with the characters in his stories? It is pitiable to see the cases in which those creature of his imagination stand, who have had the misfortune to fall under his displeasure. He has them at his mercy, and he at once abandons them, body and soul; will not even let them be funny; and leaves them standing in the field, as Ralph Nickleby, or Jonas Chuzzlewit, or Merdle, or Chadband, or Heep, mere grinning or frowning or insanely smiling scarecrows, who are to be pelted and maligned on every convenient occasion. This kind of writing merely strengthens prejudice; and however well founded the prejudice may be which it is intended to confirm, it does not aid people in ascertaining subtle truths, or in attaining anything like serenity or justness of view. It is very different from the witty or gentle hitting off of

foibles, and the quiet, sympathetic, but inflexibly just penetration of sin and weakness, which always distinguish the genuine, nature-loving truth-seeker and teacher. Taine has rightly defined Dickens as a lyrical-minded genius. Lyrically, we describe people and things by a record of the impressions they leave upon us personally; dramatically, we endeavor to render them both as they exist to their own appreciation and that of others,—using our own impressions, of course, but trying also to imagine the impressions of other observers. Dickens, not being hampered by these endeavors, has no hesitation in labeling his characters "good" or "bad" at the outset. But he is then forced to fall back upon melodramatic incident, which gradually, as his book advances, usurps our attention,—the amusing or grotesque peculiarities of the persons soon losing their novelty,—and carries us to the close in a blinding whirl of excitement; so that we shall not dwell upon the frequently glaring crudity of the work and its deficiency in real character-study. The most bepraised feature of Dickens's genius, and that behind which its artistic short-comings are most frequently sheltered, is but a pyrotechnic sort of humanitarianism, wanting as it does the element of a painstaking and long-suffering charity. If we discuss Dickens's spirit, we must confess him to be altogether too knowing. He goes about picking up characters as curiosities; then holding them up, he makes fun of them, and expects us to laugh in company with him. This does well enough, in a burlesque like *Pickwick*; but as an abiding principle in art it is heartless, and can lead to no real elevation in either writer or reader. If the novel is to advance, we must look for something finer and more earnest than this.

Thackeray, whose books form a sort of impeccable gossip about life (except for the superfluous sneer), is far more dramatic, in the truest sense, than Dickens. He brings before us a variety of people nearly as great as that which Dickens handles, and all of them

more profoundly individual than the persons of the latter, though less strikingly marked on the surface. And his crowds of individuals illustrate and explain each other remarkably. Thackeray has been called by a recent magazine critic eminently subjective, but this dictum will mislead, if accepted without question. His personal utterances are, on the whole, much the weakest portion of his work, and they are often quite unimportant, — the result of a lax habit of garrulity. It is a mistake to suppose, because he made these utterances to satiety, that they indicate the vital and distinguishing quality of his genius. With a style so easy and refined as his, it is not surprising that he could give to his short interspersed dissertations a charm which we sometimes find it difficult to believe was not his chief attraction. And even when we are forced to see that they are often mistimed, we can bear with them, in recognizing that they furnished an escape for the tendency to personal expression, which he so rigorously repressed when his actors had come upon the stage and were fairly about their business. The custom of digression was one which he rather unwisely borrowed from Fielding; but it will not do to let his indulgence in this particular blind us to the masterly exhibitions of his skill in bringing characters before us with the least possible interference, when he chooses to do so. More than one scene might be cited, in which his personages conduct themselves through various complications aided by hardly a word of explanation from the writer to the reader, and yet with such an admirable choice of what should be told of action and gesture and expression, that it is impossible not to receive the detailed and delicate impression of their mutual countermining operations which the author intended to convey. But the most complete and convincing instance of his objective power is supplied by his History of Henry Esmond. In this book, he throws himself with entire success into the position of a man living in the reign of Queen Anne, who relates the circumstances of his personal history;

and in such a manner, that not only everything takes shape just as it presented itself to the mind of this man (aside from what we are led to see is its intrinsic character), but that the way in which he brings forward the other persons of his tale throws light upon himself, also. Here is no superfluous dissertation; but the author is at the acme of his power. The characterization is nice, completed with a bold and correct hand, masterly; the slow unfolding of their natures in Beatrix and Esmond, and Lady Castlewood and her son, as well as the episodic introduction of other persons, is dramatic in the last degree. It is true, Thackeray did not reach after all attainable sources of sensation, as Dickens did; he confesses, in the preface to *Pendennis*, that he could not successfully draw a rascal such as it had been intended to introduce into that novel. "I found that I failed," he says, "from want of experience of my subject. Never having been intimate with any convict in my life, and the manners of ruffians and jail-birds being quite unfamiliar to me . . . the idea was abandoned." But this is only saying that he was content to limit his gallery of pictures to subjects which came easily in his way, and which suited his disposition to kindly and wholesome satire. He has done enough to show that, had he chosen, he could have exercised his versatile power upon matters such as that for which he here announced his incapacity. But he preferred to carry his empire only into those regions with which experience had made him familiar. "To describe a real rascal," he continues, "you must make him so horrible that he would be too hideous to show; and unless the painter paints him fairly, I hold he has no right to show him at all." And here he was in great part right. It is a proof of the fineness of his spirit, that he shrunk from exhibitions which, like the murder of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*, cannot escape the taint of the merely horrible. Dickens had two ways of dealing with the human dregs which lie at the bottom of most of

his intoxicating draughts. One was, to make them objects of fun; and the other was, to treat them with melodramatic appliances, which, in almost every instance, betrayed him into scenes that were baldly horrible, and that sinned against the highest laws of art. In either case, the *sort* of familiarity he gave us with the lowest and most vicious of human beings was hardly beneficial. Even by the melodramatic treatment, which he no doubt designed to be beneficial, he only succeeds in exciting the reader's instinctive repugnance for uncovered vice and crime to a pitch of unhealthy and ecstatic activity; but he could never arouse in this way a deep, clear, and purifying moral perception. It is possible that Thackeray felt himself so strongly inclined to the literal and unsparing style of representation, as to make it unsafe for him to venture among murders and vagabondage with the same freedom Dickens used. But at least we may be thankful that he saw his limitations in this respect, and that he accordingly avoided falling into the errors which his more popular contemporary so rashly courted.

It will have been observed that, of the three writers just discussed, the strongest praise for dramatic qualities has been given to that one who is most distinguished among them for the personal relation which springs up between him and his readers. But we may venture to believe that if all the interspersed essays were extracted from all his books, this personal relation would remain as strong as ever. And, indeed, this is the case in Thackeray's Philip, where the rambling tendency is almost wholly checked. The sensation of personal intercourse arises simply from the unaffected method of narrating, as if all that he tells were matter of personal observation. Though honestly renouncing himself, in the *action* of his story, he survives personally, as the best novelists should and do survive, in his *style*. Nothing can be more disastrous than the indifference to style so commonly manifested in the novels of the day. It would be a mistake to suppose that the culti-

vation of impersonality by the novelist, in his interpretation of character, need in any way lead to the neglect of style. All fine art is the interpretation of nature by the individual, and must, therefore, bear some trace of individual workmanship. We may accept, theoretically, Herbert Spencer's conclusion, that "To have a specific style is to be poor in speech;" but we must observe, nevertheless, that even Shakespeare, with all the variety of utterance which he commands, retains throughout a nameless but abiding quality of style, that unites the components of this variety under the dominion of his sovereign spirit. Style, to be sure, is an outgrowth of the author's personality. But impersonality — the universality of Shakespeare — springs naturally out of personality, also, and can be derived only thence. However impersonal the creative writer may become, he may, as has been said, survive still in his style, this being something of which neither he himself nor any one else can rob him. He sacrifices his own individuality, for the time being, in the creation; but when the work is finished, it has become, through his intervention, —

"Prime nature with an added artistry."

This retiring attitude of the story-mover does not imply total invisibility, as we have just seen in the case of Thackeray, but only inofficiousness. The standpoint of entire impartiality, by taking nature out of the hands of the *man*, so to speak, and putting it under the calm, indicative finger of the *novelist*, necessitates a constantly renewed study of surrounding life, and study of the most sincere and sympathetic kind. When the leading interest lies in the unfolding of incident, or when too much of the book is made up of ruminations aloud on the motives and traits of the actors in it, it becomes dangerously easy for a writer to invent a different succession of incidents, with different scenery, and characters similar to those he had already used, or even precisely the same ones under new names, imagining all the while that he is composing a fresh work.

But if an author feels himself compelled constantly to institute the most vigorous investigations into life and character, he is apt always to find himself humbly brought back to nature; and that is the best of all attitudes in which he can find himself. It is, however, only a higher standard of popular taste and of criticism that can make him feel the constant spur to more careful study. We are not, in general, ready to take a hint from our novelist, unless we be told outright what it is intended to convey by that hint; or to enjoy a nice stroke of delineation, unless we be reminded in some way that it is a nice stroke. Let us here compare two passages, one of them taken from a popular living English novelist, the other from Ivan Turgénieff's *Smoke*. This is the first:—

"She bowed to the stranger, with studious politeness, but without uttering a word. '*I am obliged to listen to this person,*' thought the old lady; '*but I am not obliged to speak to her.*'"

Here the whole italicized statement is absolutely superfluous, and simply blunts the fine point with which the sentence preceding it, had it been allowed to stand alone, might have scored its due effect. Now take the passage from the Russian writer. Ratmirof has been questioning his wife as to her interest in Litvinof, the hero of the book. Without answering him,—

"Irene raised her hand, until the light shone full in her husband's face; then she looked him in the eyes attentively and curiously, and began to laugh aloud. 'What do you mean?' asked Ratmirof, with a frown. 'What do you mean?' he repeated, stamping his foot. He felt that he had been insulted and humiliated, but the beauty of this woman, standing before him with such an easy confidence, dazzled, while it pained him. Not one of her charms escaped his observation; even to the rosy reflection of her finger-tips in the dark bronze of the lamp which she held . . . and the insult sank deeper in his breast. Irene continued to laugh. 'What! You! You are jealous?' she

cried at last, and turning her back on her husband, she left the room. 'He is jealous!' he heard her say again, after the door had closed, with a fresh burst of mocking laughter."

Although the emotional crisis in this scene is very great, it will be observed that the writer allows himself only a single reference to Ratmirof's feeling; the effect is chiefly obtained by a studiously simple record of what the two persons said and did. A comparison of detached passages, in this way, is inadequate and unsatisfactory. But it is easy to observe what unnecessary importance the English writer has given to a point which the Russian artist would have passed without wasting a word. And if the reader should carry on comparisons of this kind for himself, he would speedily discover that the reckless expenditure of words on the part of novelists of the common stamp, and the consequent loss of time and of vigorous impressions, which falls to their audiences, is enormous.

The excess of subjectivity in the average contemporary novel is not distinctly enough recognized. But it is perhaps not more due to the character of the time than to inheritance. By a curious process of genius, Rousseau, drawing his inspiration from Richardson, transformed the type which the latter had founded, and which was to a great extent dramatic, into a vehicle of personality. In the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, he charged it with his own excess of morbid sentimentality, and in *Émile* converted it into a polemical agent for the dissemination of ideas supporting or connected with his attack upon existing civilization. And it was from Rousseau that Goethe derived his style of novel, although the Frenchman was a tyro, and the German a master. Goethe's deep critical insight enabled him to construct with great nicety, even though his objective power was somewhat coldly systematic. Nevertheless, he really followed Rousseau's lead, and was more or less influenced always by the source of this original impulse; although in the short tale entitled simply *Novelle he*

seems to have gone to the opposite extreme of depending on an almost invisible *raison d'être*. But *Werther*, published sixteen years after the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, was unmistakably an outgrowth of the latter. Afterwards, in *The Elective Affinities*, he advanced a theory in the form of an illustrative story, conducted with great skill, it must be confessed; and finally, in *Wilhelm Meister*, he embodied the results of life-long meditations, after a fashion which quite diverts the novel from its normal and predisposed direction of growth. This crowning structure he has so enriched, as to make it a treasury of inexhaustible suggestion; and yet, considered as a novel pure and simple, we cannot place the depth and variety of the author's abstract thought altogether to its credit. The peculiar efficacy of a novel, indeed, lies in its gradual, concrete, and insensible instillations of wisdom. Here and there, indeed, the author may give us a few golden grains of formulated wisdom; but in general the abstract truths which he has laboriously eliminated should pass through the substance of his book like some chemic which leaves no trace in the liquid that absorbs it, beyond an increased brilliancy and clearness. But with Goethe the mental discoveries are so wholly the subject of attention, in and for themselves, that he has no warmth of enjoyment left for the reproduction of those surface-appearances, forming a common ground on which the novel may unite readers of the most diverse tendencies and varying calibre. It is true, *Wilhelm Meister* gives evidence of much observation of these appearances, but they have really received the author's attention only as a matter of form; he does not love individualities. What do we care for Jarno, Laertes, Lothario, Mariana, Aurelia, Theresa, and Natalia? Even *Wilhelm* draws from us but a cold regard; and *Mignon* is almost the only person in the book calculated to establish anything like a relation founded upon affection, with the reader. On the whole, the figures float before us like the creatures of a phantasm, merely, —

resembling colored shapes thrown on the screen before a magic lantern; thin, diaphanous, remote from the sphere of tangible entities within which the novel, as distinguished from allegory, should remain confined. We demand, first of all, that the novelist should preserve a sturdy delight in all visible forms and transient appearances, as well for themselves as for what may underlie them. But Goethe does not take hold of these with real gusto; scenes, persons, and incidents are with him always too exclusively viewed as inferior parts of the great allegorical mosaic he is putting together. Life is here presented as seen from his serene summit of universal culture, without sufficient regard for the stand-point of the ordinary observer. The highest beauties of all poems remain veiled to all but a few, who learn how to detect their presence beneath the drapery; but in *Wilhelm Meister* the veiled beauties are all in all, and he who is slow of appreciation for them must turn from the book hungry. Its external aspect is not only dry beyond endurance to the ordinary reader, but, in addition, a little repulsive, owing to the presence of a slight, contented sensuality which may disgust some and injure others, and which will only become inoperative with the charitable and mature reader, who looks by habit for the best, in preference to the less good. Of course, Goethe addresses himself by design to a limited audience. He has altogether the air of a man discoursing at ease, after dinner; and he has accordingly invited only a chosen circle; he wishes for none but good listeners. No one can dispute the depth of perception and the invigorating wisdom in this novel; but in our present inquiry, we have chiefly to consider the book as related to the development of the novel in its character of poetic form. So considered, it seems an erratic though splendid effort; it stands aside from that line of advance upon which the novel approaches its perfection, as a thing enjoyable for its own artistic perfection and the solid results of cause and effect in real life which it presents,

not less than for its power of imparting the subtlest and most ideal thoughts. But Goethe did not appreciate the inherent dramatic and realistic tendency of the novel; he had purposes of his own to be subserved by it, and even attempted to arrest its progress and fix it where he had left it, by a careful definition of the difference between it and the drama, which he set down to the absolute predominance of subjectivity in the novel.

Traces of the artistic practice of Rousseau and Goethe are to be found in some of the works of George Sand, and certain absurdities which appear in Victor Hugo's novels may perhaps be connected with their principles. But even among writers in our own language, who cannot be so directly associated with those eminent champions of the subjective novel, there is frequently an entirely mistaken notion as to the quality and range of this form of composition, which must be partially attributed to prevailing modes of thought. The scientific motive is the dominant one; our fiction-writers become minute and sectional investigators. They are in search of specimens; and when they have found them, they are very apt to set them before us, connected by some slight story, and laugh or sneer at them a little, as if this were the extent of their obligation, both to the persons of their fiction and to the reader. We need a more reverent view of human nature, for without this nothing constructive can be done in art; nothing great or beautiful. Now and then some one appears who can strike some chord of character with precision, and with harmonious results; but for the most part we are content with cynicism or buffoonery, or melodramatic effect, or argumentative haranguing. It is time that we should draw clear distinctions, and, to begin with, recognize a broad classification of all those novels worthy to be considered at all as works of art; placing in the first division such as more or less partake of the anecdotal style, — familiar narratives, — and those which are finished studies, like

Middlemarch; while the second division should be reserved to those which achieve a consummate and ideal reproduction of characters and events — "a totality of forms, sounds, and incidents, in short elements and details, so closely united among themselves by inward dependencies, that their organization constitutes a living thing, surpassing in the imaginary world the profound harmony of the actual world."

As yet, the partial and critical, rather than the unifying and creative view, is the most popular. And this, partly owing to confused or mistaken views of the moral obligations of novel-art. Moral truth, however, is not best advanced in works of fiction by direct criticism, or by the opening of a strict debit and credit account, which shall leave the deserving and the undeserving characters at quits, before the *finis* is written; though a certain moral effect may sometimes appear by these means. Profound moral influence is wholly indirect, in art. When Richardson breaks the bones of one offender by an accidental fall, and makes another sinner swear reform out of hand, he has taught us nothing, added nothing to our wisdom or morality; because, though his intentions are excellent, the device is so clumsy and transparent as to excite our amusement. We smile at his endeavor to impose a mechanical morality upon us. The reformation of rakes in this fashion seems only a change of activity on the same plane with their previous misdeeds: it does not proceed from any deeper source. It is only through clear perceptions into the true quality of our common nature, excited by the artistically recounted history of certain beings possessed of that nature, that the *foundations* of morality are deepened and secured. When the artist succeeds in carrying us sympathetically through the history of these beings, so that we feel points of similarity between ourselves and them, and recognize how great are the possibilities of error and crime in us, as in them, he has quickened our morality by rousing a keener insight into ourselves; and, by questioning indirectly

the stability of our virtue, he summons our reserve forces to their support. But in the beginning, he must renounce the purpose of actually reforming anybody for good and all, by what he writes. It is only traits of very limited import that can be changed by this direct effort. Let him look well to his art. If he understands that, and thoroughly, conscientiously possesses himself of his theme, it will be strange indeed if his representation of life, like life itself, should not involve in every fold and turning some real moral enlightenment. Great must be the humility of the worthy novelist; and the greater the genius, often, the greater will be the humility in essential points of art, confessed to himself even though not placarded to the public. He must forget his personal likes and dislikes, in his writings, even cultivating a warm and sensitive charity. Distinctions of high life and low life, as such, should be forgotten by him; distinctions of good men and bad men cautiously used. He must regard each human being as an undetermined quantity, which it is his business to consider in all possible lights. And if he can approximate to a simple, unprejudiced presentation of his persons, he will be fortunate; without taking on himself the vast responsibility of judging them beyond possibility of reprieve. Of course, the degree in which he will exercise this impartiality will vary with varying artistic purposes. But, having imagined an ideal standard for him, we shall be better able to assign to each production its true relative position; and by studying nice distinctions, we shall do him all the more justice, in the end.

The impartiality which is here alluded to, however, must not be confounded with those weak condonations and palliations of error which find a somewhat too ready acceptance in these days. A popular novelist has recently exemplified, in a work to which he has given the forms of both novel and drama, that false and vicious charity which undiscerning readers will be apt to confound with the sincere and unvitiated impartiality of genius which is morally sound.

Such performances can only be deplored, and left to the corrective treatment of wise critics, and the gradual growth of a public taste which can be liberal, without becoming tainted by the crime it pities and forgives. Meantime, they should not be allowed to throw discredit upon the endeavors of genuine artistic openness and charity. Those phases of existence which are the less happy, and those characters which are the less eminently good, are the more susceptible of poetical enhancement. The terrors and mistakes and tragedies of life call on the artist to redress them: he alone can give to them the unity of beauty — awe-striking, pity-inspiring beauty. Where passion enters in, there a path has been opened to the poet. He has little to do with people who are perfectly comfortable, who go about their business, and to whom nothing noteworthy happens. Nor are native nobility and self-sacrifice at their purest the most suitable subjects, always; being too good for speech, and rather fit for the completer recognition of heaven than the momentary catch-breath praise of earth. At all events, he cannot rest his chief light on these. The supremest good comes to him in the slenderest rays, falling like starlight upon the tragic life of his mimic humanity. Thus dramatic art deals with the victims of passion, of circumstance, of defeated aspiration, lifting them into a pure and sweet aesthetic atmosphere. To the dramatic artist, the tempests of life seem only to be clearing the air.

Keeping in mind the steady advance of the novel, through many centuries, with its distinct dramatic tendency, and combining with this the ideal standard we are at present able to apprehend, we shall learn how to estimate with some approach to justness the new achievements of new writers. We are proud of the modern love for reading, and flatter ourselves that the average taste in art and literature is advancing. But it can never really advance, unless based on genuine perceptions. People recognize and admire a good book, and are just as ready to admire a bad one, aft-

erward, because they have appreciated only emotionally; it is necessary to have intellectual perceptions, in order to build up a serviceable observatory for the taste. At present, the world swears by Shakespeare; and reads too much trash, because its allegiance to him is mainly perfunctory. Fashions change, and we fancy we have progressed. But this is not enough.

Still, in the lapse of some hundreds of years, the average merit of fiction has been increased. As we have seen, the worst came first,—the egg-shell romances; next, the polished anecdotes of the Italians intervened, followed by all sorts of fabulous adventures, and the affectation of long, simpering pastorals, in France. Then satire came; and the drama emptied its ebbing tide into the novel-form; and now we have seen the days of Jane Austen, Walter Scott,

Thackeray, George Eliot, Balzac, and Hawthorne. For something like a century, we have been feeling earnestly after real life. The era of conscientious and artistic novel-writing has been fairly and fully inaugurated. But do not many of the highest summits of possible achievement in this region still remain unsealed? The few dry husks of knowledge here stripped off from that central life of artistic truth, which never will be shown in words, may avail to feed a public interest that is prophetic, in the interval through which we are now passing. But it remains for the masters whom the future may bring us, feeling the press of history behind them, and, within, the inextinguishable impulse to create,—it remains for these still further to expand and ennoble, in their own style, this vital and speaking form which we call the novel.

G. P. Lathrop.

MORPHINE.

I HAVE lived for ten years of my life in a dream; a waking dream. I say a dream because, although that term does not exactly describe my mental condition during the period alluded to, it still describes it with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes, and, when qualified by the adjective I have here associated with it, describes it perhaps more accurately than any other which I could employ. Yes, dear reader, I have spent ten years of my life in a dream; ten of the best years of my life, those occurring between thirty and forty years of age,—that period of a man's life when he is, or ought to be, in the prime and vigor of his manhood; when, if ever, the foundations of his fortune are laid; when, if ever, fame and distinction are acquired; when, if ever, he feels ambition stirring within him. During this most important period of my life I was living in a dream. It was a dream of

morphine, opium. But for this I might have won fortune, and perhaps fame. But it was not to be. The light of my life was obscured by the dark clouds of opium. Thus were ten of the best years of my life wasted, utterly wasted.

I made my first acquaintance with morphine through the medium of a physician's prescription. From my earliest youth I had been afflicted with neuralgia, as had been my father before me, and other members of our family as well. In fact, the disease seemed to be hereditary in our family. At first it made its appearance in the form of *tic-douloureux*, a most excruciating pain in the face and jaws. Removing at nineteen years of age to a large city, where the services of better dentists could be had than a country place affords, the extraction of all badly decayed teeth, and some attention to those that remained, removed the exciting cause of

the tic, and so I was happily rid of this disturber of my peace for a period of some years.

This immunity from suffering was not however of permanent duration. In the summer of 1857 my old enemy returned. The stomach this time was selected as the point of attack; that being, I presume, the most vulnerable point. Every evening, about dark, the enemy commenced his assault. Then it was that for the first time, by direction of my physician, I took *morphine*. A solution was made of one grain sulphate of morphia in an ounce of water, of which I was directed to take one quarter, then wait for half an hour, and if by that time relief had not been obtained, I was to repeat the dose, and so on every half-hour, until I found myself free from pain. The first dose produced no sensible mitigation of the symptoms. The second merely took the wire edge off the pain, so to speak. The third dose rendered me comparatively comfortable, but it was only after I had taken the fourth and last portion, a whole grain of morphine in all, that I experienced full and entire relief. I may be pardoned the minuteness with which I have dwelt upon the circumstances connected with my taking morphine for the first time; because it was the first link in a long chain of evils. and as such it forms an incident in my life's history indelibly stamped upon the tablet of memory, and therefore not to be slightly passed over; and because of the interest which others of my class—I mean the class of opium-eaters; and a large class it is—take in the recital of anything relating to their habit, not to speak of the interest which medical men and others have also in this subject. To say that I was now free from pain would be to describe only the negative effects of the drug I had taken. I went to bed and lay during the whole night in a most delightful reverie. Time seemed to speed onward with increased velocity. Oh how the hours flew by! It seemed to be but twenty minutes from one stroke of the clock to another. I felt a tingling sensation as or prickly

heat, all over the body. With this trifling exception, my condition physically was one of the most perfect comfort and satisfaction; and not until morning came, did I feel that sense of drowsiness and stupor resulting from the morphine as its secondary effect.

Finding, then, that a grain of morphine was just the quantity required in my case, I took that amount every day, in the evening, while the neuralgia continued, which was for three or four weeks; when the disease left me. Being now free from pain, I ceased taking morphine, as the necessity for it had ceased. This was my first experience with morphine; would to God it had been my last! And this experience was pleasant, leaving no sting behind. Is it then to be wondered at, that upon the next attack of my hereditary enemy, and in all subsequent attacks, I employed a remedy which had worked so well before, in fact the only remedy I knew of for this painful affection? Before I became acquainted with morphine as a remedy for neuralgic pain, its periodical attacks were anticipated with dread. Now I was able to look the enemy in the face with some degree of composure, not to say complacency. Its advent was viewed with horror and dismay no longer. For had I not discovered a remedy, a sovereign remedy, a remedy at once prompt, efficient, and *safe*? And not only that, but one which at the same time that it relieved my sufferings, yielded me the most exquisite delight.

But there came a time when matters took a different turn, when my relations with morphine were not of so friendly a nature, and when my reflections became of a more sombre hue.

In the autumn of 1858, in consequence of an attack of typhoid fever, which was characterized throughout its continuance by extreme pain in the head, the battle-ground was again shifted from the stomach to the head. Though the pain varied much in its character and in its immediate locality; being sometimes in the front of the head and sometimes in the back; sometimes confined to one spot, as just over the right or the

left eye, or to one or the other of the posterior inferior angles of the cranium, and sometimes diffused over the whole coronal region, rendering the scalp sore to the touch—so sore that while it continued I could wear no head-covering except a knitted woolen cap, or a hat made of the softest and lightest felt; when to cut my hair was agony, and even to comb it drew tears: however much the disease varied in its manifestations or in its special locality, the head was always, from this time forward, the *point d'appui*. Not only was the seat of the pain changed from this time, but the character of the disease upon which it depended was also changed. Whereas before, it was periodical in its manifestations, occurring once or twice a year, and lasting from one to four weeks, now it continued—with the exception of such intermissions as I shall note in the course of my narrative—all the time. In short, the malady had changed from the acute to the chronic form.

Before I had fully recovered from the effects of the fever, the neuralgia set in, in the chronic form; and I was never free from pain a single day for four months, except when under the influence of morphine. In the mean time I had become an inmate of a water-cure, but had not as yet received any benefit from the treatment. At the end of four months the neuralgia suddenly ceased, and I immediately laid aside the morphine, as I had done always before on the subsidence of the pain. Although I had been using the drug in moderation, never exceeding a grain to a grain and a half daily, yet having taken it continuously for four months, I found a difficulty in thus suddenly leaving it off which I had never experienced before. I felt as weak as a child, and as though I was falling to pieces. All the secretions of the system, which under the influence of the morphine had been locked up, were now poured forth abundantly. Perspiration was profuse. Yet it was a cold and clammy sweat, and I was compelled to go to bed and cover up with blankets in order to keep warm in the middle of a July day. I had a

gnawing sensation in my stomach which demanded for its satisfaction mustard, pepper, and other hot and stimulating condiments. And for eight days and nights I never closed an eye in sleep. But in a little over a week, the system had fully reacted, and I began to feel pretty comfortable. I had not yet become a confirmed opium-eater, but I had made a narrow escape. I had been standing on dangerous ground.

The neuralgia returned before I had been free from it a month. Being still at the water-cure, I brought to my aid all the resources of hydropathy. I tried cold baths and warm baths, and a most rigid diet, all to no purpose; and after suffering as none but a neuralgic invalid can suffer, I again resorted to the old remedy, and the only remedy for this protean malady. It may be that I resumed the use of the drug without proper reflection; but when does a man in severe and agonizing pain ever reflect? Although I suffered, suffered severely, when last I abandoned the use of the morphine, still I did not suffer as much from that cause as I was now suffering from neuralgic pain. I thought I was choosing the least of two evils.

I now struggled both against the disease and against the remedy. I tried hard not to become an opium-eater. I tried hard to sever the links of the chain rapidly forging about me, links which were becoming every day more adamantine. And at one time, and that within four months of the date of my last resumption, taking advantage of a temporary cessation of pain, I almost succeeded. Yet I did not succeed. After this period my pains increased, calling for increased doses of morphine.

I had now become a confirmed opium-eater. I had been taking morphine every day continuously for several months. My custom was to take it twice a day; the first portion immediately on rising in the morning, and the second about the middle of the afternoon; though sometimes I took it three or four times a day, if upon occasion I had more pain than common; and of course making the amount taken for that day largely in

excess of the usual daily quantum. I bought my supplies — one eighth of an ounce at a time — put up in the bottles containing that amount, which are familiar to druggists, physicians, and all others accustomed to use the article, and which I kept in the drawer of my washstand, convenient of access. Besides this I carried a little vial, — such as homeopathic physicians use to contain their pellets, — with a few grains, in my waistcoat pocket, so as to have it always at hand in case I should be away from home for a day or a part of a day.

My health was, during most of this winter (1859-60), very poor indeed. I was as thin as a shadow; did not weigh a hundred pounds. My complexion was sallow, the secretions of the body all locked up, and all the organic functions sluggishly performed. But the morphine kept me for the most part free from pain. Under its influence I slept well at night, and for a while in the beginning of the winter I spent the time, in daylight, in dozing upon the sofa. After mid-winter my health improved somewhat, I lessened the quantity of morphine I was using, and in consequence I became more wakeful, and my mind more active. I now spent my time mostly in reading and writing. I also took up the study of stenography. Although I had given up all idea of business long before, I was still unwilling that my time should be wholly lost; so I pursued this study not alone as a pastime, but with a view to its profitable employment at some future time as a means of gaining a livelihood, if I should ever be so fortunate as to recover my health sufficiently to work at it.

Towards spring I left the water-cure and went for a while to Philadelphia, and soon after to the country again, where I spent most of the two years following. I have nothing special to record as to this period of my career, until we come to the summer of 1861. It was at this time that I took the largest doses of morphine that I ever attained to, amounting to an average of ten grains daily. That was the maximum. The disease was generally worse in the

winter season, owing to confinement indoors and want of exercise, thus requiring larger doses of morphine for its relief. Under these circumstances I sometimes took six or eight grains a day; but on the advent of warm and pleasant weather, when I could be more out-doors, my health would improve, so that I was enabled to come back to the old standard of about half that amount. But now at the end of summer, with all the advantages of the season in my favor, the disease grew worse than it had ever before been. It was under these circumstances that I gradually advanced to ten grains of morphine a day. My health, as I have just stated, was miserable indeed. Though when under the influence of the morphine I suffered no actual pain, still I never felt completely well; and taking the drug in such enormous quantity as I did, I could lie down and go to sleep at any hour of the day or night. In fact, it was difficult for me at all times to keep awake. Although the stimulating effect of the large doses I was taking at this time was very great, the narcotic effect was still greater, indeed overpowering. The drug had lost its exhilarating effect on the mind, and I had become gloomy and despondent. I had almost lost hope.

But just here, when I least expected it, deliverance came. It was on the night of the last day of September. I went to bed on that evening in my usual health, no better and no worse than common. But I awoke some time in the night feeling deathly sick, and suffering severe pain in the stomach. About daylight I attempted to take my usual morning dose of morphine. I had scarcely set down the glass from which I had taken it, dissolved in a little water, according to my customary method, when I threw it — the morphine — up again. This alarmed me very much, for I thought that if I should not be able to retain the morphine on my stomach, I should die for the want of it. I had not learned then, as I have since, that morphine could be dispensed with thus suddenly, after the habit of taking it had been formed. I made another attempt

to take morphine during the day, with better success. A critical action by vomiting and diarrhoea now commenced, which seemed to tear down the system to its very foundations. Every vestige of disease was cleared out by this convulsion of nature, and at the end of a week, when the vomiting ceased, I found myself, for the first time in some years, free from neuralgic pain. The diarrhoea continued for three months afterwards.

Owing to the absence of neuralgic pain, I was now enabled to reduce at once the daily rations of morphine to about half the amount I had lately been using. From this point I made further reduction, week by week and day by day, until by the first day of January following, just three months after the commencement of my late illness, I was able to lay it aside entirely. While the morphine was in process of reduction, and for some time afterwards, by medical advice I made free use of alcoholic stimulus, in order to supply the place of the stimulus of the morphine which was being gradually withdrawn. But whether this was of any advantage or not, I am not now able to say. I did not suffer much while disusing the morphine, except from that gnawing sensation in my stomach, which I have adverted to as occurring on a former occasion, when I left off the drug suddenly. I suffered also from sleeplessness. During the period of my convalescence I went to Philadelphia, and not being able to content myself in bed when I could not sleep, I usually spent the first half of the night at the theatre, or at some concert-saloon, listening to the music and drinking whisky punch. Sleep at length came back to me, and I was now in a better condition of health than I had enjoyed for years. I had gained about thirty pounds in weight.

In the month of March, 1862, I left Philadelphia and went to reside with Dr. —, in southern New York, to enter upon the study of medicine, and at the same time to assist him in the conduct of the institution of which he was proprietor, a sort of private hospital.

In the capacity of assistant to Dr. —, I had an opportunity of witnessing the cure of several opium-eaters by his method, as a number of his patients were drawn from that class. Dr. —'s plan was to have the patient abandon the use of the drug at once, without any preliminary. This plan, though always attended with an immense amount of suffering, was generally successful, at least for the time being, though relapses sometimes occurred after the patient had left the institution.

My health had now become pretty well established. But it was for a very brief period indeed. About the beginning of July of this year, symptoms of my old malady began again to make themselves felt. I took every precaution to ward off the attack. I tried all the resources of allopathy, homeopathy, and hydropathy, together with a most rigid regimen; for above all things I did not wish again to become an opium-eater. But what was to be done? Although my condition before, when taking morphine habitually, was a truly deplorable one, still it was more tolerable than my condition was now, without it. While using it moderately I could give some attention to business; I had still some enjoyment of life, especially in intellectual pursuits, for it seemed to stimulate the intellectual faculties to increased activity. And, barring all considerations of this kind, I was free from pain while under its influence. Now I was wholly incapacitated for business of any kind, and enjoyment was out of the question. I had no pleasure in existence; life was a burden. I fought the enemy long and desperately; fought him with the energy of despair, until, overcome with suffering, I finally succumbed. Then I took morphine for a single day, making a truce with the enemy, as it were, for that short period, only to renew the battle the day following. Then on the third day I took morphine again. In this way I kept the enemy at bay for several weeks, making it a rule never to take morphine two days in succession, thus giving the system time fully to recover from the effects of one dose before tak-

ing another. I thought that in this way I incurred less danger of falling back again into my old habits. But the time came when this rule could no longer be observed, and I took morphine every day; but once a day for a while, and, by the time winter had set in, twice a day, or oftener, as required. Thus, in about a year from the time I had gone through the tremendous crisis described a little further back, I was again in the gall of bitterness. Indeed, I had come to that condition in which I cared but little whether I lived or died. I had become, in short, perfectly reckless of consequences.

Under the influence of the morphine I was comparatively comfortable; and being at this season of the year—winter—in a measure released from duty in Dr. —'s institution, I had increased opportunity to pursue my medical studies. I studied diligently this winter, and made good progress. In the spring, I left Dr. —'s and went to Brooklyn to reside with another physician, in much the same capacity as that in which I had lived with Dr. —. I still continued to pursue my medical studies, assisting my present preceptor as I had done my former one. In the autumn of 1863 I left Brooklyn and went again to the country. I was now entirely out of business.

It is needless here to recapitulate the numerous frantic attempts I made to break my fetters since my last resumption of morphine; how I tried to substitute chloroform in its stead, and sometimes liquor. All of which attempts failed, as I predict all such attempts must fail. Nor need I tell how, while yet I was in Brooklyn, I went resolutely to bed for a whole month and tried to starve out the neuralgia, taking no nourishment during that time except a plate of soup every day at dinner time. I had also a cup of cocoa for my breakfast, and a cup of tea for supper. There was no nourishment in these last, of course, except what was due to the milk and sugar which they contained. This experiment also was a failure. After this I gave over all such experi-

ments, satisfied that they could never succeed.

My health was at this time variable, sometimes better and sometimes worse, and the amount of morphine used varied as did my health. Still I was not at this period of my career using it in inordinate quantities. The average, one month with another, was not more than three or four grains a day. Sometimes for months together it was even less than this. I now read a good deal, as formerly, especially on medical subjects; for having entered upon the study of medicine, I was determined to go through with it, my condition at this time being not so bad but that I could make good progress. I also kept up my practice at short-hand, and in time managed to acquire such a degree of expertness in the stenographic art, as to warrant me in offering my services as a professional reporter. I had now been out of employment for a long time, and began to feel the necessity of exerting myself to gain a livelihood. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1864 I went to New York and engaged as reporter at Fowler and Wells's, phrenologists, to report phrenological examinations. Soon after going to New York, I made trial of electricity for my neuralgia, but without experiencing any benefit.

Under the close confinement incident to a sedentary occupation, my health now still further declined, until at length I again got up to my old maximum of ten grains of morphine a day. Using a large amount of morphine as I did at this time, a time when the drug was at its highest price, and eating but little, my weekly bills therefor were sometimes in excess of the amount I paid at a restaurant of the middle class for food. Morphine was to me, at this period, board and lodging, fuel and washing, combined. It destroyed any natural appetite for food I might otherwise have had, and therefore but little food was required. And under the narcotic effect of such large doses, I could sit down and fall asleep anywhere, and at any time, night or day. As under like circumstances before, I could scarcely

keep sufficiently awake to attend to business. Stimulating as it was, it kept me always warm; and checking as it did the excretion from the skin, I could wear a shirt a week without soiling.

While in New York this winter I saw many openings for business in the line of the profession which I had adopted, which were suited to my capacities and tastes; opportunities to engage in enterprises affording scope to such talents as I possessed, but all of which I was compelled to forego in consequence of the state of my health. I was bound hand and foot. These considerations, at times, almost maddened me. I finally grew so restless under this condition of affairs that I determined to achieve my freedom at all hazards. My friend and former preceptor, Dr. —, urged me to come to him, enter his institution as a patient, and give up the morphine at once and forever. It was one of Dr. —'s favorite theories that any one in my circumstances, taking morphine for neuralgic pain, would have pain as long as he continued to take morphine. That is, that though he took morphine in consequence of pain, yet after a time the pain would persist in consequence of the daily doses of morphine—just as old coffee-drinkers sometimes have a headache which coffee alone will relieve, but which will return next day in consequence of the coffee drunk the day before to cure it. He thought that if I could but give up the morphine, I would in a week's time thereafter find myself free from pain.

Accordingly, in the beginning of March of the year we have now arrived at, that is, the year 1865, I left New York and went to Dr. —'s. I arrived at my destination the same day I left the city. This was Saturday. In the morning, before going aboard the cars, I took five grains of morphine, and I had five grains yet remaining, which I had intended for my afternoon dose, thinking it would be the last I would take. But reflecting that the sooner the struggle commenced, the sooner it would be over, as I was not suffering much pain, I decided not to take it, for I

would thereby gain a few hours' time. I had the five grains of morphine still in the little vial which I carried in my waistcoat pocket, when Dr. — came to visit me in my room the next morning, and I gave it to him then and there, well knowing that the time would soon come when I would not be able to resist the temptation to make use of it if left anywhere within my reach. Two days afterwards I would have given five dollars for those five grains of morphine. Yes, I would have given all I was worth for even one grain.

I slept pretty well the first night, notwithstanding the want of my usual afternoon dose. This was, I suppose, partly owing to the fatigue of my journey. The next day I kept my bed, as I was suffering considerably from pain in the head; but I had not yet come out from under the influence of the morphine. I had my breakfast in bed; ate some dinner, too; but before tea-time I had got beyond the point where food could be tolerated. The second night I did not rest so well. But it was not until the morning of Monday, forty-eight hours after I had taken the last morphine, that the struggle may be said to have fairly commenced. I can take enough of morphine in one day to have its effects last for two days afterwards. During the forenoon of this day I rolled and tossed and threshed about in my bed, in a perfect agony of nervousness and distress. A freezing perspiration broke out over the whole body, alternated with flushes of heat. At one moment I felt as if buried deep in Arctic snows; the next as though I lay on a lake of burning lava. Then came violent and protracted stertoration. I sneezed like one taking a severe cold; sneezed as though I should dislocate some of the cervical vertebrae. At length a bilious diarrhoea set in, accompanied with vomiting of a dark, bilious matter. All the secretions of the body, long suppressed by the morphine, were now poured forth with unexampled profuseness. Nature, long cheated of her rights, was now making reprisals. The liver, especially, was now exacting cent

per cent. for long years of abuse. That terrible gnawing in my stomach, which I have alluded to before as occurring in like circumstances, was again felt. The vomiting gave relief to this for a few minutes afterwards. Sometimes, too, after vomiting I could lie back in bed and doze for perhaps five minutes. This was the only sleep I had, and the only cessation of my sufferings, night or day, for a week.

After this had gone on for three or four days, I begged the doctor to give me morphine — but a single grain — in order that I might have a short respite from my sufferings, promising that when the effect of that had passed off, I should want no more, but would allow things to take their course. But he was inexorable. I then wanted liquor of some kind. That too was refused. He said, however, he would give me some bromide of potash, which would make me sleep. Of this I took double, triple, quadruple doses, but all without the least effect. One night as I lay on my bed, suffering more than tongue can tell, I bethought me of a vial containing about two fluid-drachms of extra strong laudanum, which I had in a medical case in my trunk. Quick as lightning I bounded out of bed, got it out of my trunk, and before the attendant could prevent me, took out the cork and swallowed the whole. I had not time to return the vial to its case before I threw the laudanum up again. My stomach had by this time become too irritable to retain it. Thus nature was left to fight out the battle alone and unaided, and that was perhaps the best way, since the experiment had proceeded so far. Matters continued in pretty much the same state until the end of the week. On Saturday the violence of the reaction began to subside. At noon of that day I felt as though I could eat something, and accordingly I made a light dinner. This was the first food I had taken since noon of the Sunday previous, just six days. I was pretty comfortable during the afternoon.

I now felt that the long struggle was over. And more than all, I was now

free from neuralgic pain. Dr. — said that here was proof of the truth of his theory. I did not so regard it. I thought that my freedom from pain was alone due to the tremendous crisis I had just passed through, a crisis which few diseases could withstand. I was now a truly happy and thankful man. The next day — Sunday — I still kept my bed, happy in contrasting my situation now with what it had been but a week before. On Monday I was able to get out to the bath-room and take a bath, after which I went into the parlor and lay on the sofa for the rest of the day, only too glad to escape from confinement within the four walls of my chamber, the silent witnesses of my sufferings, and mingle once more with congenial society. I was extremely weak, as I might be supposed to be, after a week's battling with the enemy, and fasting the while. But my appetite was now keen, and my digestion rapid, and I bade fair to make up very soon for my previous fasting. I could hardly wait from one meal to the next.

Although the worst of my sufferings were now over, I was still far from being comfortable. That freezing perspiration was always present, especially down the spine, and I was exceedingly nervous and irritable and impatient, ready to fly into a passion upon the slightest occasion, or without occasion. And worse than all, I could not sleep. With the exception that immediately after a meal I could lie down on the sofa and doze for five or ten minutes, I got but an hour or two of sleep at night for a month afterwards. I kept a lamp burning on my table all night, while I lay in bed and read De Quincey. After an absence of four weeks I returned to New York and to business. I was not yet fit for business, being so nervous that I could scarcely write. I therefore remained in New York but a fortnight after my return, when I resigned my situation at Fowler and Wells's and went into the western part of the State, to recruit for awhile and then enter upon a professional engagement with another party.

It was now about six weeks since I had taken the last morphine. My health in the mean time had not improved to that degree which I thought I had a right to expect. I was free from neuralgic pain, it is true, but I was still nervous and irritable, and exceedingly uncomfortable every way. That cold and clammy perspiration still continued. It seemed indeed to be more profuse than it had been three weeks before. Other symptoms there were too, which, along with this, indicated a state of great relaxation of the general system. I saw that tonic remedies were called for, and I took quinine, but without any effect whatever. Mine is one of those constitutions upon which quinine never seems to have any effect. At length the time came when I must go to work, though in no fit condition for it. Short-hand reporting is a pursuit requiring in those who would practice it the best condition of mental and physical capacity. The mental faculties which it calls into action are put to the utmost stretch, and the physical health must be such as to give them adequate support. However, the attempt must be made, and I made it. I very soon found that without assistance from some quarter I could not succeed. What was to be done now? I ventured to take a grain of morphine. The effect was marvelous! I could report now, verbatim, never losing a word. And I could do any amount of labor at transcribing, the drudgery of the stenographer. I now liked to work, the harder and the more of it the better. The morphine had such a bracing and tonic effect! I felt when I walked as though I had a man on each side of me, supporting me. It brought such a feeling of physical and mental vigor, such a feeling of *wellness*,—to coin a word,—as I had never experienced before. The next day I felt not quite so vigorous, but still I was by no means so weak and languid as I had been two days before. It was not until the third day that I lapsed fully into my former condition. I then repeated the dose. Two days subsequently I took morphine again. I found myself necessitated to

take it every second day in order to be able to work, and I was determined not to take it oftener, for I knew that in this way alone could I preserve my freedom. I thought that in the mean while, perhaps in two or three weeks, my system might rally, and so become able to work itself out of its relaxed condition, when the morphine could be dispensed with.

Here, and here only, do I acknowledge guilt in my dealings with morphine: that is, in taking it merely to remove languor of the system, and brace it up sufficiently to enable me to attend to business, at a time when I was not suffering actual pain. Had I had my time fully at my own command I would doubtless have acted differently. But I was the victim of circumstances. Work I must, and in my then condition I could not work. Say, ye cavaliers, what in like circumstances would you have done? It seemed too as though I had now lost that wholesome fear of morphine which I had once entertained. I had once understood that the opium-habit was one from which, when once formed, there was no escape except by death; that to continue it was death, and to stop it was equally fatal. My recent experience had taught me differently. I had now learned that the habit could be broken off instantly with safety, if the unfortunate victim could but muster up the requisite degree of pluck to enable him without flinching to undergo the punishment that must of necessity ensue. I knew that if I should unluckily fall back into my old habits, I could get out of them again by the same course which I had taken so recently. So I played with morphine as a child plays with fire.

Instead of any improvement taking place in my physical condition, such as I had hoped for, matters only grew worse; and to add to my other difficulties, neuralgic troubles began again to make their appearance about this time. It was not long, under this new condition of affairs, before I found myself compelled to take morphine every day, then twice a day, and also to in-

crease the dose. Thus gradually and imperceptibly, almost before I knew whither I was drifting, I slipped back again into the gulf from which I had been so lately rescued. In a few months after this I got up to my old average of ten grains a day.

I continued to work at my profession all this summer, but I was determined as soon as circumstances would permit, that is, as soon as I should get a sufficient sum of money by me, to take a furlough, and turn my attention to the recovery of my health. Accordingly, in the autumn of this year I resigned my situation with this view, and went under medical treatment. I wished again to make the experiment which I had made six months before, that is, of giving up the morphine at once. My medical adviser this time, however, was a physician who was opposed to any such violent measures. His plan was to reduce the quantity of morphine used, day by day, and thus bring the patient down gradually, and almost insensibly, to nothing at all. I set out now, fully intending to pursue the course I had taken before; but after I had been for two days without morphine, I was induced by the doctor—and that without much persuasion on his part, you may be sure—to change my tactics, and consent to follow his plan instead of my own. By so doing, I succeeded in about a week in bringing down the daily quantum from ten grains to one, and that without much suffering except from a severe pain in the head, which, however, gradually declined, until at the end of the week it left me entirely.

Here now was pretty good proof of the correctness of Dr. —'s theory before alluded to, namely, that the pain I suffered was in a great measure caused by the morphine I was constantly using. I was unwilling to believe this when I left off the morphine abruptly before, and found myself free from pain soon after; because, as I have already stated, I attributed my release from pain on that occasion to the violent revulsion which had resulted from its sudden abandonment. But in reducing

the quantity consumed gradually, as I had now done, no such revulsion occurred. And although I was not yet entirely free from the morphine, still I was not taking it in an amount sufficient to interfere materially with the organic functions. I had arrived at that happy mean where the amount taken was just sufficient to answer the demands of an organism long accustomed to a powerful stimulus, yet not enough to oppress; and the system was working better under the influence of this small quantity than it was possible for it to do had the drug been wholly and at once withdrawn, which would only have created disturbance.

I wish just here to say a word to neuralgic sufferers in regard to this pain in the head which is caused by taking morphine or other preparations of opium. It is not true neuralgia. Persons who habitually use stimulants or narcotics of any kind are very apt to have headache when the effect of the dose begins to pass off, demanding a renewal of the dose for its relief, and thus a continued use of the agent they are accustomed to employ, whatever that may be. This headache is almost always worse in the morning, after having slept under the influence of the potion taken the evening before. One is most likely to awake out of a hypnotic sleep with a headache. To obtain permanent relief, then, from a headache caused thus indirectly by a stimulant or narcotic of whatever kind, the entire abandonment of such stimulant or narcotic is indicated. Although the affection under consideration might be termed a nervous headache, it is not neuralgia. I could always distinguish between it and neuralgia. Whereas the former is a dull pain diffused over the frontal region, the latter is a sharp, lancinating pain, mostly confined to one spot. Any one who has ever suffered from neuralgia never fails afterwards to distinguish it from every other kind of pain. In my own case, the affection in question usually followed an attack of neuralgia, in consequence of the morphine I had used to relieve it.

But to return to my story; I continued to take one grain of morphine daily during the second week, and after that I gradually reduced the amount from week to week, hoping in this way finally to abandon it altogether; but before I got quite to the end, I began to be again troubled with neuralgia, and so had to make a retrograde movement. I suppose I had not been sufficiently careful in my diet; for my stomach was yet weak, and under the lessened doses of morphine, and the full play of all the excretory functions incident thereto, my appetite became so keen that I could with difficulty control it. I believe this is the experience of all opium-eaters retiring—as De Quincey would say—or lately retired from business. Here then I again met with a defeat to all my recently cherished hopes, as I had often done before, and from the same cause.

Before six months had gone round, I once more arrived at my old maximum of ten grains of morphine a day. I kept up to the maximum but for a very short time now, however, and I may here state that this was the last time—namely, June, 1866—that I ever attained to this large quantity. In all my subsequent experience, I never, under the most unfavorable circumstances, got much beyond half that amount as a daily ration. Herein is shown the falsity of the opinion very generally entertained, that the longer a man uses opium, the greater will his daily doses of it become. The same doctrine is held by most people in regard to other stimulants and narcotics, and I believe it to be equally fallacious as respects them.

Reflecting upon the many failures I had made to disuse the morphine, when I was almost at the point of success, I resolved that the next time I should succeed in bringing down the daily quantum to one grain, I would then, and at that point, stop entirely, without waiting for a further reduction, and running the risk while doing so of having something interfere to cause a retrograde movement, and a loss of all that had been already gained, as had always occurred before. I thought that if I

could go from ten grains of morphine a day to none at all, at one step, as I had once done, and yet live, I could surely step down from one grain to nothing without much inconvenience. The time came at length when I was afforded an opportunity of carrying my newly formed resolution into effect. I made the trial. I passed successfully through all the stages of nervousness and uneasiness, immediately following the abandonment of the morphine, and though my condition after that was one of unmitigated misery, still my sufferings were not greater than I was able to bear. But after the lapse of two days, that gnawing sensation in the stomach, before adverted to, again set in. It was worse now than it had ever been before under similar circumstances. It seemed to be even more severe now, when breaking off from a ration of one grain of morphine a day, than it had been when breaking off from ten grains a day. On the latter occasion, the revulsion that resulted was so great that the gastric disturbance was in some degree masked by the violence of the other symptoms. And moreover, the emesis that then occurred gave me some relief, as has been already stated. The change in coming down from one grain of morphine to nothing was not so great as to produce any such violent reaction as I had before experienced; and there was now no emesis. I bore my sufferings as well as I could till the end of the fourth day, and then I had to yield. A few weeks afterwards I made another trial with the same result. And in all subsequent trials that I made, I could never hold out against these gastric symptoms beyond the fourth day.

I had now been idle for a year and a half, and the time had come round again when, sick or well, I must work. I accordingly made an engagement as private secretary and amanuensis to a professional man living in western New York, who had a large correspondence, and who was also engaged in authorship. Though the salary was not large, the work to be done did not require my whole time. It was stipulated that

I should board in the family of my employer, who was a health reformer of the hygienic school. I had been compelled to use the graham bread ever since my use of morphine commenced. I was not always able to obtain as good a quality of the article as I wished, but here I got the staff of life made to perfection, together with an abundance of good fruit. The diet was plain and simple throughout, and I derived immense benefit from it. To this cause more than to any other, do I attribute the measure of comfort, not to say health, which I enjoyed while I remained in this situation. My daily consumption of morphine at this period was from two to three grains. It rarely, if ever, exceeded four grains. For weeks together I got along very well on two grains a day; one of the ordinary drachm bottles sometimes lasting a month.

When my time here expired by limitation, I refused to renew the engagement. I had now a little money ahead, and I determined to turn my attention for a while to the recovery of my health, and solely to that. Soon after this time I met with a gentleman, an old friend of mine, who had rather an exaggerated opinion of my capacities, and who in consequence offered to employ me at a much greater salary than I had yet received, if I would only quit taking morphine: this was a condition precedent to his employing me; and also that I took no morphine as long as I remained with him. He wished me to put myself under the care of a certain physician whom he named, and who he thought could cure me. This was an opening, to one in my circumstances, too good to be lost; and I thought it worth while to make some effort in order to take advantage of it. Accordingly I consented to the terms proposed, and in a few days afterwards commenced treatment in accordance with my friend's desires. I was deprived of all morphine at once, and put under surveillance, not being allowed to leave my room for any purpose whatever. I went through the usual course of suffering incident to the

sudden abandonment of the morphine, until I arrived at the point where the gastric disturbance begins. I have spoken of this as a gnawing sensation in the stomach, which seemed to increase in severity at each subsequent attempt I had made to quit the morphine. But nothing that I have said of these gastric symptoms heretofore will serve adequately to describe what I suffered now. I felt as if the mucous membrane of the stomach was being torn with pincers. I endured it with as much fortitude as I could bring to bear on the case, until the end of the third day, when I saw that to endure it longer and at the same time retain my sanity was out of the question. I begged for morphine, but the doctor was inexorable, and the attendants were watchful that I should not get out of the house to go for it myself. I managed, however, to elude their vigilance by getting up one night at midnight and going with tottering steps to a drug store a mile distant. I took one grain at once before leaving the druggist's. I could scarcely wait until he weighed it out for me. I started for home as soon as I had taken it. Before I got half-way home I felt better. That is, my nervous system was composed, and I felt sufficiently stimulated by the morphine I had taken to walk along quite briskly. But that awful pinching, tearing sensation in my stomach was not yet entirely removed. It required an additional grain of morphine to give me complete relief from that. I have always found in the attempts I have made to quit the morphine abruptly, that if I allowed matters to progress until the stage of gastric irritation is reached, it took a triple or quadruple dose to bring me back to a condition of comfort. For instance: if I have been taking one grain of morphine daily for a week, and leave it off entirely, certain feelings of uneasiness and discomfort are felt for the first two or three days; then these may subside in some measure, and the gnawing sensation commences. If any time previous to the commencement of the latter, I take half to three quarters of a grain of

morphine, I am at once restored to comfort of body and serenity of mind. If, however, I wait until the gastric disturbance begins, a few hours later, nothing less than one and a half to two grains will then suffice to restore me to my former condition.

Thus I again failed to achieve my freedom; ingloriously failed, and that at a time when I had a powerful motive to succeed. I had now tried every plan I could think of, by which to escape from bondage, and they had all equally failed. The gradual plan of breaking off from my habit had failed a number of times. The abrupt plan had also failed. Although I did succeed at one time in quitting the morphine for a while, by the latter plan, still I had had no permanent success, having been driven to resume it again within two months. And my recent experience had demonstrated that, however successful that plan might have been at an earlier period of my career, it was now no longer feasible. I had no further plan to propose to myself, and I saw that if I got out of my difficulties at all, it must be in virtue of assistance derived from some source foreign to myself.

In the beginning of the next year — 1869 — I heard that opium-eaters were sometimes received at the New York State Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, and that Dr. Day, the superintendent of that institution, had by his method of treatment succeeded in curing some desperate cases. I therefore wrote to Dr. Day, giving him a history of my case, and making inquiries. Dr. Day thought I might be cured, as he considered my case by no means a bad one. Accordingly, in the month of June, I went to Binghamton and became an inmate of the Inebriate Asylum. I had been more than usually unwell this spring, and for some time previous to this, I had been taking four grains of morphine a day. Upon entering the asylum I was wholly deprived of morphine, and given instead a substitute, which seemed fully to supply its place. At least, while using the substitute, I suffered no inconvenience from the want

of the morphine. Here was a desideratum found at length, and I was highly elated with the prospect. What this substitute was composed of I know not. I once asked Dr. Day if it contained opium. He said it did not. He did not, however, say that it contained no morphine. His reply to my inquiry may, therefore, have been strictly correct; for although opium is morphine, and more, yet, strictly speaking, morphine is not opium. The greater always embraces the less. I thought it did contain morphine, or at least some preparation or some principle of opium, for it had all the effects of that upon the system. Whatever this substitute may have been, I took it in daily diminishing doses; and when, at the end of three weeks, — for causes, the explanation of which I need not enter upon here, — I left the asylum, I found myself still necessitated to use morphine, though in greatly lessened doses. The only result of my stay there was to reduce the daily consumption of morphine from four grains to one. I believe that had circumstances been such that I could have remained longer, I might have got entirely out of the difficulty, but the time was not sufficient to perfect the cure.

The question now arose, What is next to be done? In order to solve this problem satisfactorily, it became necessary to take a review of the situation. I knew that the amount of morphine I had been using of late years was considerably less than it had been formerly, and that this amount had been progressively decreasing from year to year. I knew that whereas for the first five years of my career as an opium-eater, the average daily consumption had been six grains, and the maximum ten grains; for the next three years the average had been about three and a half grains a day, and the maximum five; and for the last year the average had been only two and a half grains, with a maximum never exceeding four grains. Here was evidence that the habit, *as a habit*, had not grown upon me. I was not taking morphine for the sake of the morphine, but for relief from agonizing pain, and

as that was less severe than formerly, it required less morphine for its relief. I found some crumbs of comfort in these two associated facts. I had also learned in the course of my medical reading that the malady from which I suffered was in many cases limited to subjects under forty years of age, and that neuralgic sufferers often found relief from their ailments when they arrived at that period of life. Here was further ground for hope. As I was fast approaching that age beyond which I would most likely have no further trouble from neuralgia, and as I knew that the violence of the disease had already somewhat abated within the last few years, I cherished the hope that I might, at a time now not far distant, outgrow it entirely. And, if happily I should do so, I thought that I could in that case abandon the use of the morphine gradually and without suffering. I had never yet experienced much difficulty, indeed any difficulty, in reducing from day to day the quantity of morphine I was using, when *free from pain*. The only difficulty hitherto had been, that before sufficient time had elapsed to get quite to the bottom of the long descending scale, the neuralgia would return, preventing, for the time being, not only any further descent, but necessitating an upward movement. That I could disuse the morphine by degrees, and without suffering, if I could but procure exemption from pain for a sufficient length of time, I knew from the fact that I had once done so; namely, in 1861, after the occurrence of that violent illness already referred to. In consequence of that illness, and the critical action which then took place, the neuralgia was, for the time, so thoroughly cleared out of the system, that it did not return for a long time afterwards; so that I had upon this occasion sufficient time to bring the experiment to a successful issue, without the interference of any untoward occurrence to interrupt my progress. But such an opportunity as this had never since occurred.

Thus, upon a review of my entire career as an opium-eater, things did

not, after all, look so desperate. All I had to do, I thought, was merely to have patience and wait. It was only a question of time. And however long that time might be, relief must come finally. I endeavored to console myself as well as I could with this reflection, but every now and then the thought would arise in my mind that I might have to wait too long; might have to wait, in fine, until the strength and vigor of manhood were past, beyond recall, and every opportunity for fulfilling life's mission forever gone.

I spent the summer and autumn of this year with my old friend and former preceptor, Dr. —, giving him in exchange for my board and lodging such assistance in the oversight of his patients and the general conduct of his institution, as I was able in my then state of health to render. Although I was now sometimes free from neuralgic pain, sometimes I suffered severely. The favorite locality of the pain this season seemed to be in the left posterior inferior angle of the cranium. When situated here it seemed to be more severe than when felt anywhere else, requiring a larger amount of morphine to overcome it. I could hardly ever get relief with less than two or three grains. I began to be troubled also this summer with gastric irritation, in a way that I had never been troubled before. This, too, seemed to require large doses of morphine for its relief. So for a great part of the time, when I had not neuralgia I had gastric irritation, and when I had not gastric irritation I had neuralgia, and sometimes I had both together. I was thus placed between two fires, one or the other of which was always burning, and sometimes both together. Owing to this unlucky combination of circumstances, I was compelled to use the morphine to a greater extent than I had done the previous year; and it now began to tell with disastrous effect upon the general economy.

I had determined in the spring of this year that I would get out of my difficulties, if possible, before another winter should set in, as, owing to the chilliness

and the freezing sensation immediately succeeding the abandonment of the morphine, the summer is a rather more favorable time for laying it aside. But spring had run into summer, summer into autumn, and now winter was approaching, and I was still in the slough of despond. What could I do? All my previous attempts to free myself from this incubus had failed. I had never yet been able to endure that terrible gnawing sensation in my stomach beyond the fourth day. At length it occurred to me to try the following plan: to go without morphine for two or three days, then take a single moderate dose; then go without again for two or three days, and again take a moderate portion; and so on, perhaps increasing the length of the intervals of abstinence as I progressed, but never pushing the matter so far at any one time as to arrive at the stage where the gastric disturbance begins; for when I did this, it always took, as I have previously remarked, a much larger quantity of morphine to restore me to my pre-abstinent condition than it did when I stopped short of this stage. As I had always derived signal advantage from an abstinence from the morphine, if but for a few days, my general health being invariably improved thereby, which improvement sometimes continued for months afterwards, I thought the experiment which I now proposed to try, whether it succeeded fully or not, could not fail to be of some benefit to me. It might start some of the organic functions into activity, which seemed to have almost ceased; it might bring me, physically, up to the plane I had occupied six months before.

Accordingly, I laid the morphine aside for the space of two days and a half to begin with; then I took a single dose. Then I quit again for three days and a half; then took morphine again. I now thought that at the next trial I could abstain for a week; and if for a week, that I could do without it entirely, — for all time. I got along very well for three or four days. To my surprise, none of the untoward symptoms which usually

succeed the sudden abandonment of the drug had as yet occurred. Although I felt exceedingly uncomfortable, there was no violent reaction. I did not refuse my food; had missed my meals scarcely for a single day. Were the powers of nature so far gone that there was not vigor of constitution left sufficient to get up a reaction? Matters went on in this way, without much variation, until about the end of the fourth day, when in the evening, after I had gone to bed, my old acquaintance, that terrible sensation in the stomach, again put in an appearance. I have before described this symptom as progressively increasing in severity at each subsequent trial I had made to abandon the use of the morphine, until at the last trial it seemed as though the mucous membrane of the stomach was being torn with pincers. It was now something exceeding even that in severity; something, indeed, far beyond all that I had ever before experienced. My stomach seemed to burn. *I seemed to be on fire of hell.* I now had evidence, very palpable evidence, that the powers of nature, though far spent, were not completely exhausted; that the nerves of sensation at least, though paralyzed, were not yet dead. I did not call for morphine, as it might be supposed that under such circumstances I would. No; I did not want that, for I knew that I had got beyond the point where a moderate quantity of morphine would bring relief. I wanted a diffusible stimulant; liquor of some kind. I knew that my suffering was caused by the want of stimulation, and an alcoholic stimulus would, I thought, best answer this indication. Accordingly, they brought me a glass of old bourbon, which I lost no time in drinking. The effect was truly magical! That glass of whisky, as soon as it touched the mucous membrane of my stomach, seemed to put out the fire that was raging there as quickly as you could extinguish the live coals in a brazier by pouring on them a dipperful of water. Two hours later the burning returned, when the same remedy was applied with the same happy effect.

I had now taken, within two hours, a quantity of liquor which, taken overnight by almost any man unaccustomed to it as I was, would be sufficient to produce a splitting headache next morning; but to my surprise, no such event occurred. On the contrary, I found that the severe pain in the head from which I had been suffering for two days previously had now altogether left me, and I now felt better every way than I had hitherto done. This was additional evidence that the whisky was, under the circumstances, an eminently proper remedy. I had no further trouble that night; but on the following night the burning in my stomach again returned, though it was less severe. It continued to return at intervals for a week afterwards, but with steadily decreasing severity. It always yielded promptly to the alcoholic stimulus.

I had now discovered a method by which the gastric disturbance, the only bar to my success heretofore in leaving off the morphine, could be controlled. But I was in other respects very uncomfortable. I had hoped that in about a week these other unpleasant feelings would subside, as they had done before when I abandoned the morphine abrupt-

ly, though I was taking ten grains a day. But now I seemed to be in this respect very little better at the end of a week than at the beginning. Then I suffered intensely for a week, when my sufferings suddenly ceased. By the persistent use of mercurials, I succeeded at length in getting the liver aroused to action, and the only difficulty that now remained was want of sleep. But after long and weary waiting, sleep did come to my eyes, and slumber to my eyelids at last.

I have now done with morphine, I hope, forever. And although my condition is one of comparative comfort, I am not yet restored to perfect health. That must be the work of time, if, indeed, it be ever accomplished. Had I known in the beginning all that I know now, I might have achieved my freedom much sooner; yes, years before. I think I could point out where my mistakes occurred, so that others of my class, in attempting to do what I have done, might avoid them. I believe that all opium-eaters, at least all who have not yet suffered some organic lesion, may be saved. And believing that my experience with morphine may be useful to others, it is now given to the public.

James Coulter Layard.

MORGAN STANWOOD.

CAPE ANN, 1775.

MORGAN STANWOOD, patriot!

Little more is known;
Nothing of his home is left
But the door-step stone.

Morgan, Stanwood, to our thought

You return once more;
Once again the meadows lift
Daisies to your door.

Once again the morn is sweet,
Half the hay is down, —
Hark! what means that sudden clang
From the distant town?

Larum bell and rolling drum
Answer sea-borne guns;
Larum bell and rolling drum
Summon Freedom's sons!

And the mower thinks to him
Cry both bell and drum,
"Morgan Stanwood, where art thou?
Here th' invaders come!"

"Morgan Stanwood" need no more
Bell and drum-beat call;
He is one who, hearing once,
Answers once for all.

Ne'er the mower murmured then,
"Half my grass is mown,
Homespun is n't soldier-wear,
Each may save his own."

Fallen scythe and aftermath
Lie forgotten now;
Winter need may come and find
But a barren mow.

Down the musket comes. "Good wife, —
Wife, a quicker flint!"
And the face that questions face
Hath no color in 't.

"Wife, if I am late to-night,
Milk the heifer first; —
Ruth, if I'm not home at all, —
Worse has come to worst."

Morgan Stanwood sped along,
Not the common road;
Over wall and hill-top straight,
Straight to death, he strode;

Leaving her to hear at night
Tread of burdened men,
By the gate and through the gate,
At the door, and then —

Ever after that to hear,
When the grass is sweet,
Through the gate and through the night,
Slowly coming feet.

Morgan Stanwood's roof is gone;
Here the door-step lies;
One may stand thereon and think, —
For the thought will rise, —

Were we where the meadow was,
Mowing grass alone,
Would we go the way he went,
From this very stone?

Were we on the door-step here,
Parting for a day,
Would we utter words as though
Parting were for aye?

Would we? Heart, the hearth is dear,
Meadow-math is sweet;
Parting be as parting may,
After all, we meet.

Hiram Rich.

MOSE EVANS.

PART III.

IV.

SEVERAL weeks, I do not know how many, had passed away since my friend, — I confess I hesitated to speak of him since our meeting and parting in New York, even to my wife, as Mose Evans, — had gone West. No letter had arrived for her from Agnes Throop. You who are reading these lines may feel very certain as to the result, but Helen and myself, knowing the parties so much better than yourself, were not certain by any means; far from it! And if you, respected reader, find yourself wholly mistaken in the result in question, I think you will gracefully acknowledge it is not for the first time.

I remained silent, waiting anxiously the solving of this, as we always are of some one of the unceasing succession of conundrums coming up before and pressing upon us for solution, our life through. We were too deeply anxious to say much to each other upon the subject, Helen keeping up, whenever the matter was alluded to, something of her disdainful attitude. We all know that

a woman holds to an opinion with a hundred times the grip of a man, unless where her heart is concerned, in which case she is far more eager to give up than she was, in the first place, to grasp; glad that she has something to give up. Well I knew, from her silence all along, still more from her dissent and criticism after I had told her of my meeting with Evans in New York, that she believed in that gentleman with all her soul, was eager as a child for his success. She had asked me with much unconcern for the one message I had from our friend after his arrival at Brownstown, — "My dear friend," it ran, "I have arrived safely. I have seen her. I will write," — with the hope of squeezing, so to speak, more meaning out of the message as by very pressure. I suppose, of repeated perusal.

Our suspense was not, however, to last without end. I was in our office in Charleston one afternoon, when who should enter, with his usual eager step, but the Rev. Mr. Parkinson.

"I am East to solicit help toward building our new church," he said im-

mediately after asking as to the health of my family. "You may hate to hear it as heartily as I do to mention it. But I am compelled to get aid, and I speak of it at once, so as to have an unpleasant subject stated and done with!"

"I do not see why I should hate it," I said. "But, never mind about that. How is General Throop?"

"Had you not heard? He is dead! He died very suddenly," my friend replied. I was shocked, for death is something wholly unnatural to us, at last. We had every reason to expect it in this case, yet it is always a surprise. In the eager questioning and reply which followed, I learned that General Throop had fallen, struck by death, one afternoon. There was something rumored about an altercation on the part of the General with Dr. Alexis Jones, who had mismanaged the case of a sick negro on the place, as bringing about his death. "The family were very reserved upon the subject," Mr. Parkinson said.

"The family? What family is there, beyond Miss Throop?" I began.

"Considering the circumstances, she is in excellent health. Do you know," he said with some abruptness, "that I am married? that I have my bride with me?" and he turned some shades paler as he said it, for excitement assumes that livid in the case of persons of his temperament.

"Bride!" I am certain I put too much astonishment in the exclamation, for my friend grew paler still. "Can it be possible?"—and I had the sense to stop. My visitor understood me none the less. "It is not Miss Throop," he said. "I esteem and admire Miss Agnes Throop very greatly, but," and he added it with a degree of self-respect which wonderfully became him, "I have done far better, for myself I mean,—yes, and for her,—than that. Surely you know who it is? Come, guess!" with eager eyes. I knew politeness demanded I should say, and on the spot, "Oh, Miss Smith, of course, and a charming lady she is; let me congratulate you!" but, as I journeyed on the instant over the length and breadth

of Brown County, in swift and eager search, I could not imagine anybody.

"Is it possible you do not remember Mary Robinson? they called her Molly!" he said.

"Why, my dear sir," I exclaimed, "you cannot mean little Molly Robinson, that rosy-checked dumpling!"—

"The very same," he said with satisfaction.

"Indeed! I used to kiss her when I stayed with her father—Judge, General, I mean Squire Robinson. I beg your pardon, she was merely a child!" I exclaimed.

"Not sixteen when we were married, and she is a child, a mere child still, the merest child in the world!" and it was extraordinary, the glee with which the young husband said it, rubbing his hands.

"Yes," he said, as we hurried to the hotel. "We had just risen from dinner when I left her. She never was away from home in her life before. I would not be surprised if she has had a good cry since I left; she is the merest child, you know! I bought and left with her all the picture papers I could lay hands on before starting."

My friend would not allow me to wait in the parlor, but hurried me up with him to their room upon the highest floor, for hotel clerks can tell their grade of guest, city or rural, on sight; and we burst in upon the bride, to find her in a situation vastly more in keeping than if expecting us in parlor and in state. The little room was in utter confusion; clothing, picture papers, plates of fruit, a great paper of candy, too, I remember, strewed about on table, chair, and floor. Perched upon their great traveling trunk stood Mrs. Parkinson, hugging a cat to her bosom from the assaults of a poodle barking furiously below. "She would have that dog, I got it for her as we came along," my companion had explained the barking as we opened the door. "My dear, this is your old friend, Mr. Anderson," he said, and she stooped down to be kissed as of yore when I approached. For she was nothing but a child, plump, her honest,

somewhat freckled face round and full as a May moon, an abundance of brown hair down her back in the confusion of the moment, small and merry eyes; beautiful teeth, her dress a little short for a married woman, but that may have been owing to her pedestal—you can see scores of just such girls at Sunday-schools in country neighborhoods, without exaggeration, several millions of them, in fact, plentiful as daisies and buttercups! But I was far more interested in her husband's beautiful illusion in reference to her than in herself; you can witness the same—I did not say delusion—in the case of many a pale, bookish man. But I am bound to say that Mr. Parkinson was vastly improved since that day I first saw him when shaving by the roadside. He was in stouter health, sturdier, manlier in every sense.

I did not enjoy our merry greeting and after conversation as much as I otherwise would, on account of conjecturing how Helen would like the matter.

My wife, I knew, understood how to manage matters far better than myself. Besides, they would have to get ready to go to my house. Bidding them goodbye, in twenty minutes I was at my office and had sent our messenger boy home with this note: "Dear Helen. Mr. Parkinson and *bride* are at our old hotel! Have them to tea." I sat in my office-chair imagining my wife's bewilderment, the meeting and all, laughing as I had not laughed for months.

Somehow, exert myself as I will, Helen always gets the better of me,—always! When I entered our sitting-room I found the newly married pair, apart from a little shyness in their strange surroundings, peacefully at home with Helen. Largely on account of my wife being in such excellent spirits, evidently relieved in mind. A moment's reflection explained why, and I wondered I had not thought of it before. As I entered, Mr. Parkinson said, "I was just telling Mrs. Anderson about General Throop's funeral! I was speaking about the grief of the negroes. He had never owned those Brown County people, you know, yet they felt he was

their natural master; on both sides they had been used all their life to the relation of slave and master as to nature itself. No monarch more feared and respected than that stately old gentleman by the entire county; it was the largest funeral ever known."

"Mr. Parkinson tells me Agnes bore it better than he could have hoped," Helen began.

"Much better!" our guest said, paling a little I imagined, and hastening to say, "I did not like to marry so soon after the funeral. I suppose I am somewhat impulsive, but we had made all our arrangements to be married, and I was anxious to be abroad in search of funds for our new church. And Molly, here, had never been out of the county. I was eager to show her the world. Harry Peters was greatly missed at the wedding, for he would not come, sending his wife instead. They ought to build the church themselves, I know, but I shrank from pressing it, as, I dare say, I should. I do not mean to urge the matter upon any one. To tell the truth, I hate to beg; I am the poorest person, for such business, living!"

They were our guests for some weeks, the bride remaining with us while Mr. Parkinson journeyed around upon his mission in other places. But Helen gave up, as well as myself, obtaining any final information in reference to Agnes Throop, to whom my wife had, of course, written in condolence immediately, urging her to make our house her home. "As to Mr. Parkinson's wife," Helen said to me the moment we were alone together, "she is a good, simple country girl. You need not have looked at me on Sunday when I spoke of my headache. I could not have accompanied her to church in that fearful white hat! How perfectly Mr. Parkinson has succeeded in deluding himself!" For the young husband had theorized his heart into entire sincerity in the matter!

"Nothing more natural than that," Helen explained to me. "He is a person of highly imaginative temperament, as you know. His failure in reference

to Agnes, his daily association with Miss Molly as her father's guest, too — nothing more natural, foolish as it seems!"

"She is so young, so uninformed in regard to everything!" he said to Helen and myself one confidential evening when his wife was out of the room. "She is like the whitest and softest of wax in my hands. If it is a glorious thing to be an artist and to carve an ideal nymph, or queen of wisdom or power or love, how much nobler to mold a living soul, to form and inspire an immortal for eternity! It came to me, — I boarded at her father's you know, — as a mere fancy. I was sitting on their front porch one afternoon when she came in from school, — her hat in one hand, her books in the other, her hair down upon her shoulders, — all glowing from her walk. I never was so lonely in my life, so desponding, I fear. As she came in, the idea flashed upon me, merely as a beautiful fancy at first, you observe. It slowly grew to be a glorious reality before I knew it! I do believe if you were to ask Molly the distance, say, to the moon, she would reply, I have n't the least idea! I intend to teach her Latin myself; I have bought the books already. I am advertising for a music teacher, some lady to play upon our melodeon at church, to return with us!"

"You have talked with her about it?" asked my wife without a smile, and with a measure of sympathy of manner for which I kissed her afterward.

"Of course! We talked of nothing else before we were married. Of nothing else, I assure you," Mr. Parkinson said eagerly. "Very often since! She is perfectly willing! The best-natured little darling you ever saw! I love her with all my heart, for what I am to make her. And she loves me far more than brides generally do, having some idea, at least, of all I will be to her!"

We sincerely liked Mr. Parkinson, but I fear we encouraged him to open his whole heart in reference to Mrs. Molly, in order to learn the sooner what he knew in regard to Agnes Throop and Mose Evans.

"I know none of the circumstances of Mr. Evans' first visit to General Throop's after his arrival," Mr. Parkinson said at last one evening. "There was much confusion; all my conversation with Miss Throop was, of course, in regard to her sudden and terrible loss. I know you have been anxious to have me say more about her and Mr. Evans, but we have talked since I came so much in regard to my plans for the church, and specially about Molly. Besides, to tell the truth, I was so taken up then, as I have said, with our getting married" —

"You have seen Evans?" I asked.

"Oh, certainly. He and Harry Peters had charge of the funeral, we were all so very busy. He seemed to me to be much improved."

I think our guest was somewhat ashamed of saying so little on that occasion, for it must have been the next evening at tea, he gave us an account of his first meeting with Evans.

"It was at their place, a day or two after the General's death," he said.

"Miss Agnes was in her own room. I was seated beside the body, which had been prepared for burial. I was looking at the face of the dead, and thinking. Did you ever notice the aspect, Mrs. Anderson, of *dignity* in the countenance of the dead? I was never so struck with it as in the instance of General Throop. There was the grave, set, imperial something in the countenance of the grand old man, as of a monarch. It was Mr. Evans remarked all this to me as he seated himself by my side that day. I recall his remarks now, but I must say my attention was diverted at the moment entirely from the dead to Mr. Evans himself. I confess I was greatly struck by the transformation. Knowing, as I did through our old post-master, that he had long been a hard student, I expected great change in him, of course. He had been abroad, too. You cannot tell how I look forward to that some day with Molly! I know," he added, with changing color, "that you are laughing at me, with all your kindness. But just wait and see!"

"We men, Mr. Anderson," he added,

"of slight build, cannot help envying stronger men. At least, a person of somewhat feeble physique from under-exercise and over-study, like myself, cannot but admire any person of Mr. Evans' health and vigor. He came into the room that day where I sat beside the dead, in such a glow, I had almost said glory, of full life and energy! not at all boisterous, saying little, very quiet — there is such evidence of reserve of power and happiness! I wish I had such stamina, constitution; heartily wish it, I confess."

"Do you know, Mr. Parkinson," my wife asked, "if they are to be married, Miss Throop and Mr. Evans?" We had to find out some time.

Our friend dropped his eyes to his plate as we sat after our tea, then raised them to my wife's face and gravely made answer. "No, madam, I do not. Owing in part to the hurry of funeral and wedding and — other matters. I esteem and honor Miss Throop," he continued, after some silence, "as we all cannot help doing. Her peculiar trials also have been such. She is so singularly alone in the world, too. I have spoken of Mr. Evans coming suddenly upon me. It was the strong contrast in him, that hour, of vigorous life side by side with the aged and the dead! The whole place, with its loss and sorrow and seclusion, even before death arrived, was like a sepulchre. Miss Throop, I say it sincerely, was like the angel at the sepulchre, full of life herself, but her work there ended with the death of her parents. All the circumstances help Mr. Evans, — are as shadow and background to him, so to speak."

"And you think Mr. Evans — one cannot well call him Mose Evans now — improved?" my wife asked, as she drew Molly to a seat beside her upon the sofa; "you know I have not seen him since we parted at that roadside hotel after his sickness."

"I knew him well before he went," our guest answered, "and I could not have imagined it even of him! He is as modest, I may say as simple, in his

mode of thought and feeling, as ever. He had little to say except in reply to questions, but I was impressed with the force because of the freshness of what he said. I had asked him in one of our few interviews, I remember, as to the leading preachers in the East and in Europe. 'It seems absurd for a person like myself,' he remarked, 'to say such a thing, but it is a fact, and you cannot imagine how it has comforted and assured me, being what I am. What I mean is this. I attended service in a different place every Sabbath I could, in America and Europe, and I found that the praise, for instance, in the most successful churches of whatever sect, was as that of children together, simple and heartfelt. Exactly the same with the preachers who sway and impel the masses; in every case it was as a strong child, if I may so speak, talking in simplest words to the understanding and heart of children! I felt,' he added, 'that it was not such a hopeless thing with a man like myself, at last. I found that plain, childlike common-sense held the money of the world, and is rapidly coming to hold and wield all political power. Look at a picture or statue,' he added; 'listen to a leading scientist; it is the same!'"

"Ah, Mr. Parkinson," my wife said, drawing Mrs. Parkinson nearer to her as they sat on the sofa, "that was merely an effort of Mr. Evans to make the world into his own image. You are, like my husband here, perfectly infatuated about your Mr. Evans, with his external improvement, and that lying largely in his better clothing; abundant jewelry, too, I have not the least doubt. It is not so with us women; we have intuition, insight. That is my comfort in regard to Agnes Throop; she is too much like her mother to be deceived by externals, I am sure" —

Mr. Parkinson was regarding Helen as she spoke with eagerness so peculiar that I thought it well to say, "I do not think it respectful in you to your sex, Helen, to speak of — was it not? — their instinct!"

"Insight, Mrs. Anderson said," our

friend corrected me, "but it is instinct with Mose Evans. It would be more respectful to him to speak of a planet as true to its sun, in referring to his connection with Miss Agnes. It is nearer the truth to say his devotion to her is as that of a noble animal to its owner; the idea, even, of any other woman has never entered his mind!" There was so much in the tones with which Mr. Parkinson said it! "I do not know how Miss Throop will like one thing," he added, after a little. "Our friend does not bemoan the Confederacy, although he abhors the injustice, in many respects, of the North; and suffers with the South in its defeat. All this wretched devastation of greed and ignorance, North and South, he told some of us one day at the post-office, is but a transition period to such a oneness of prosperity and nobler freedom and civilization as none of us can yet understand. He is a child, too, in his perfect faith in our future."

"Just like your Molly," my wife said, "for I am tired of Mr. Evans. I am so glad you brought her with you, Mr. Parkinson. She has been everywhere over Charleston with me, and I have given her ever so much matronly advice. I think you and she have done wisely," my wife added, with a degree of conviction at which I winced a little. "I am sure she will make you," Helen added with singular warmth, "a wife true and good."

"I see that she is asleep," Mr. Parkinson said, looking lovingly upon his bride. With her head resting upon my wife's shoulder, the poor little girl was sound asleep, sure enough. It may have been the alterations made by my wife in the arrangement of the child's hair, the style and color of her dress, possibly the exchange of her set of jewelry for a much more costly but modest set, — Helen retaining the bride's as a keepsake in exchange, she said, — but she was improved, no denying that. Her perfect childishness, too, as to being married so soon and to such a man: one could not but take an interest in this brace of babes in the wood. She would

outgrow her form of childhood; her husband would never get beyond his! As you would have acknowledged had you heard him then and there! He hoped to make a sort of evangelical Paris of Brownstown, whose lady of leading culture and Christian influence was to be the round and wholly unconscious Molly sleeping so sweetly, her careless head upon Helen's shoulder.

I ventured to ask him in regard to Odd Archer. Sure enough, as New Hampshire had informed Mr. Evans in his letter, the lawyer seemed, at least, to have reformed. "He has made some of the most eloquent temperance addresses ever heard," Mr. Parkinson told us. "After some hesitation, we have even called upon him to lead in our prayer-meetings. Impossible for a man to speak more earnestly and effectively! He has given me new ideas as to the best way of preaching, altogether, I assure you! But" —

"Yes, but," I echoed — "but!" And Helen, too, shook her head in concert with us.

"He is studying for the ministry at Columbia," Mr. Parkinson added. "So far he has stood firm. I have a good deal of hope, but, I am ashamed to say, very little faith. 'I would a little rather he was safely dead,' Harry Peters said."

However, up to the date of this writing, so far as I know, Mr. Archer stands like rock, and we can at least leave him in the existing halo of hope. But from the bottom of my heart I, for one, do wish we had a more honest faith in Him whose life and death and life again in this world it is to save; a loyal and entire faith that he can and does save any and every man who puts himself in his hands, body and soul, for time and eternity, from everything and thoroughly! Possibly if we immaculate people had such belief in him for the desperately hopeless cases, such sinners might have the same, as being the current religion, for themselves!

This is all incidental. It made but an eddy in our talk, which lasted till very late that evening. We dropped the lawyer out of our conversation, but

not more utterly than Mr. Parkinson did Miss Throop. She evidently was, like Madame Roland, the beautiful heroine of an extinct era!—so far, at least, as he was concerned.

And so our guests came and departed. It is an easy matter to imagine our deep anxiety in reference thereafter to our friends West; so anxious were we, in fact, that we ceased almost altogether from conversation, Helen and myself, upon the subject. She relieved her mind by writing every day or two to Agnes—like her sex. I presume I was true, likewise, to mine, in leaving Evans to write or not exactly as he saw fit; and in plunging myself all the deeper into my own matters, especially as real estate was beginning to look up again.

V.

I have run many risks in my diversified life. Sometimes it was on water. At times it was, and in more senses than one, by reason of the peculiarity of my business, and very literally, on land; to say nothing of peril to life itself during my toils, compulsory, in the service of the late lamented Confederacy. But I do say that I never undertook adventure quite so hazardous as I now do, in my mode of closing this narrative. The truth is, I should not have undertaken it, not having, to say the least, the necessary time from other and pressing and very different engagements. I had even contemplated abandoning the task altogether; possibly would have done so, although at this eleventh hour, for the present, at least, had not the recent letters to my wife from General Throop's daughter occurred to me. From sheer habit, which I have taught Helen as to documents, these letters have been carefully filed away, and they lie before me now, beautifully written, but crossed and recrossed as is the habit of the sex. They can but slay me—I refer to Helen, who is on a brief visit to her relatives to exhibit our latest baby, and Agnes—when they find it out; but, I have read it somewhere, and say it

here to soften their coming wrath, Happy even death inflicted by hands so fair! Moreover I will carefully omit, from the copying of the letters, all I can of the correspondence, for my sake as well as theirs!

I should explain that matters may appear a little confused at the outset of what is here copied. It is always confusion where the heart precedes the intellect, which is why woman is so much better adapted to heaven and to home than to anything else.

"I am, this most beautiful morning, Helen dear, the happiest woman living," this first letter runs. "I am to-day as radiant as an angel in heaven, so far as happiness goes. I say this to explain why I write so freely, and we who have known each other all our lives, have sympathized in our terrible sorrows, certainly can feel with each other in our joys! Who would have supposed the languid brunette you are, Helen, would have made so spirited a woman? It was your marrying a New Englander. What noble children yours are! They are already urging him to run for Congress, and when he is elected I will get him to have a law passed that all marriages shall be illegal except between Northerners and Southerners; will speak to him about it this very afternoon as we ride to the post-office! I cannot help it! It is change of climate, I suppose, change only less than from earth to heaven in every respect. The day, too, is so brilliant, the very birds twitter and wheel about in the cloudless light as if they were beside themselves; I must write, too, as I please! And before I forget it, do invite Mr. Archer to visit you in Charleston. In his worst days he was always of good blood; he will make one of our most eloquent divines! I do believe it was because our dear, disagreeable old postmaster felt assured of this, at last, that he consented to die in his attack of pneumonia. What a grim, yet sincere Christian he was! I wonder if he allows himself to show any outer interest in what he sees and hears there! In heaven, I mean. But he must, I know, for we will all be

transparent to each other there, translucent to the light which falls upon us from God; just as I am this radiant day! You know he left enough to the church to build a handsome edifice and parsonage. There are some things I could tell you, Helen, about that excellent Mr. Parkinson! I am so glad he has found such a nice little wife, and that he has settled comfortably down; he has certainly done a world of good there. Was it not strange, the legacy of the dear old New Hampshire to me, when he hardly seemed to know of my existence! Yet we did endure actual poverty, Helen, and for years. One can neither eat nor wear land, you know. That was merely a portion, the smallest fraction of the long, long, long suffering, even from the beginning of the war. I suppose my gladness is reaction after so much, so very much pain, Helen. I do not want to tire you, but let me write, please, if it is only to calm myself. I can write from this distance, although I know I could not talk with you, were we together, with the same freedom.

"It was terrible as death, our loss of Theodore, then our breaking up from Charleston and moving West; the ending of the world to us! Death itself closes all, and this was the having to live on for years, alive yet in the utter wreck and dust of the grave! First, there was that gloomy old home of ours below Brownstown, old, at least, in the bearded and decaying live-oaks and the loneliness! The muddy river, the cypress swamp behind us, the dense forest, the very magnolias with their oppressive perfume, the heavy fog covering the world almost every morning like a shroud! We lived in miasma, in contrast with which this pure mountain air is like that of Paradise. Then we had so much trouble with the freedmen, at least until he took charge. Except when Mr. Anderson and yourself visited us, there was not a soul with whom we could associate, Mr. Parkinson excepted,—I mean with sympathy and pleasure,—and day after day for so very long. Next, and all the time, there

VOL. XXXIII. — NO. 200.

46

was—you knew of it, Helen—my great trouble! I was so young and ignorant when it began! If I had a story to tell your little Henry, dear, I would take him on my lap and do it in this way: Once on a time there was a certain young woman,—not a man as the books have it,—who carved out of pure, cold, beautiful white marble the statue of a god. Her name was Pygmalion, not Pygmalion at all. She was very young and very foolish, and very skillful with her chisel, because she wanted a god to worship, and worked with all her ardent heart. It was a shame, but her statue seemed so beautiful that she loved it as if it was a living god. She found out afterward that the great God himself can and does make, and alone makes in his own time and way, the only objects that are really worthy of our love. But that was afterward, I say. I will add nothing about the incense, the tears and prayers, nor of what sort was the sacrifice she consumed before it. But, in this case, the statue never came to life, is merely marble still and forever. That is all! It was not the fault of the statue!

"And I will tell you here, Helen, a thing you never knew before. It happened when *he* and I were East—we were so sorry we could not run down to see you, dear, that trip! We were staying at a hotel in New York; we were in the parlor, just going out. Suddenly *they* came into the room, Mr. Clammeigh and his wife. Some power, with far-reaching hands, brought us all together in that way! The two men stood for the moment side by side, by His placing! It is not what I thought of the unspeakable contrast. It was not what she, poor thing, thought of it, for she is also a woman, and they did not even pretend to marry from love. I would have cheerfully taken what the little bell-boy, handing them the key of their room at the moment, thought of the two men in contrast! Ague in comparison with health; yes, ague, pallid, feeble, shrinking, beside noblest manhood in supreme vigor of body and soul! He could no more help himself, Helen,

than the coal on your hearth can keep from growing ashen when the strong sun shines full upon it! And I could not but be aware, too, of my husband's eyes, on her, on me!

"As it is only for your reading, Helen, I might tell you how people looked at us in the cars, in hotel parlors and dining-rooms! It was at him, Helen, my man of men! Who could believe that even the Creator could work, at least in this world, such change in a human being, and that person remain the same! And change, through awful suffering, in me, Helen. My only beauty, the overflowing of my great gladness: if there was but more of my father in me to weigh down the mother I inherit!

"My mother! That was the next in our terrible changes. Before we left Charleston she had abandoned almost everything to me, but she was never out of her mind, dear, if you ever feared so. It was years of intense, unintermitting affliction wearing upon a nature too sensitive at the beginning. You know the sainted dead are utterly withdrawn from earth, and us, although they love us still. Really, my mother died with Theodore! They neither read the Scriptures nor pray in heaven; she had heaven, if I may speak about such a matter, so steadily before her that she imagined herself done with all the means of approach thereto. Her death was a shock, and yet nothing could have seemed more natural, even beautiful, when we found her that morning not awakened out of her sleep, nor to awaken until another voice than ours shall break her slumber. I cannot speak of what followed upon that!

"Our home seemed afterward, as you may suppose, yet more like a cemetery, the great oaks closing nearer in upon us still with their drooping boughs and long gray moss. Oh, the sense of separation; the loneliness; the slow-footed hours; the sleepless nights; the winds sighing among the trees, — often the weeping clouds; the round of weary household affairs, day after day, and for what? I look back with amazement that I could have endured it all and

live. Yet I did endure it. Along with unspeakable despair there was unceasing hope, actual gladness. When I had time I sang at my instrument, sang, sang! I was in such continual practice that I was not conscious half the time of the keys as I sang, especially with earliest waking, and every evening before the lamps were lit; and very often they were not lit except for prayers and to go to bed. There was I, far from all the world, no one left me but Aunty Washington, our one slave, — surely Heaven allowed her to fall into that delusion in kindness to us, — and my father! I cannot write any more to-day.

"I ceased writing yesterday, Helen, and for more reasons than because the weary days in my 'moated grange' had come back to my mind so vividly! To-day I have sat for hours by my open desk at the window, trying to think when it all began; I mean about him! I have often tried, but I cannot remember. I recall, of course, a day at the old church, the first day I was there, when I saw him as I did the rest, merely a good-looking country youth. When they told me, laughingly, the effect I had on him, it amused rather than pleased me. Afterward the mention of the matter wearied me, I was tired of the nonsense! Then, when you, Helen, and your husband spoke of it, I was deeply offended; you regarded me, I thought, as fallen indeed from former days!

"After that, without his seeking, he was much upon the place; came, in fact, and by a process as certain as summer, to have sole charge of our plantation, my father had become so feeble. Neither my mother nor my father ever dreamed, as you may well imagine, of such a thing; they fully believed — but I cannot speak of that! Should anything happen to them they relied entirely on that! I knew the deep and silent affection, devotion, rather, of the man, but not in any way from him. Had he said anything, done anything, I would have ended the matter instantly. I wonder if he knew it, or was it, as it was, the

instinctive nobleness of his nature! If he had been a coward as well as a country youth, had been sentimental, maudlin, pining, I would have laughed at and despised him; but with all his simple manhood he was, Helen, so calm, so strong, had mastery of himself as well as our freed-people, so quiet yet complete! When it was urged upon him by my father, he took charge of the place only after my father had made him full and distinct promise that the plantation should be absolutely under his control. He held and managed it with a hand so gentle and yet so strong, that no one ever thought even of making a suggestion. I knew that he loved me with all his soul, yet I knew he would not allow even me to interfere. I grew to respect him, Helen, as one does nature, so serene yet sovereign! And I had despised him because he was inferior — God help me! — to my marble god, marble so symmetrical, polished, beautiful!

"I had a last letter from him one day, Helen, and it happened it was this other that brought it from the office and handed it to me. I was at the front gate waiting, and with certainty, for a letter from Mr. Clammeigh, when he arrived with it from town. Part of the marble of the writer was that he had never prepared me for what was to come, or in the blind excess of my devotion I did not see it. The letter struck me like a dagger. I never yielded before, nor after; but it was following upon so long a strain, I was so entirely alone in the world, it was so sudden! I believe I fell. I was told he took me in his arms like a babe, his beard over my breast as he bore me into the house. Not the 'great house;' he had the singular thoughtfulness for my poor father to carry me around it and into Aunt Washington's cabin. Beside her and himself no soul has known of that until now; I could not tell even you, Helen, when you were with us.

"It chanced that the crop was all in. That very day he arranged with my father, as you know, that Harry Peters, our next neighbor, should manage our plantation, as well as his own, which he

had leased to him. It was the afternoon of the day following. I would not have spoken to my mother, had she been alive. I had gone to my piano, partly from force of habit, largely in very desperation. It was all over in an instant. He merely stood beside me and said, 'Miss Agnes! I have come to bid you good-by.'

"I did not cease playing, but looked up. He stood there with the innocent and steady eyes of a child in mine.

"'I am learning, you know,' he said quietly. 'I wanted to say that I know what I am as well as you. I want to say this, too: I love you, — I must love you forever, even if I am only what I am.'

"That was all. I did not cease playing for a moment; it must have been the last sounds he heard as he rode away. I was too stunned, then, to be capable of feeling; stunned by other things; and I want to say this, and just here: I know nothing more of it all, Helen, than I do how the little seed begins to grow deep down in the earth. It was there long before I knew it, had life and growth and color before I was conscious it existed! I had your letters. I had his absence! I love, Helen dear, for the first time in my life! Before, it was half uneasy apprehension; now, I give my whole heart with certainty of my perfect safety in loving, I 'rest in my love,' in the delicious words of old. But I hear the sound of hoofs, on the gallop, Helen! He is coming, and I prefer him to you, dear, a million times over! Good-by!"

So much for these two letters!

VI.

"It seemed to me, after Mr. Anderson and yourself had left us," this next letter runs, "as if not so much weary weeks, months, years, but centuries rather, were rolling over my head. Our solemn home was like a great clock whose pendulum had ceased to swing. Time itself had stopped! The last relative left on earth to occupy my heart

or my hand was my father. My great regret was that he left me so little to do for him. My mother's death had whitened him, so to speak, as with a sudden winter. Although more excitable, he grew more still and silent as he became more feeble. I will always have the sincerest regard for our overseer, Mr. Harry Peters, and his excellent little wife; they had given up their own home near by to live with us these days, and Mr. Peters overflowed as steadily as a mountain spring with his humor. It was only at times he could interest my father, at my request, in the affairs of our plantation; for my father had long since turned over the freedmen to themselves and to Mr. Peters in disgust. For months before his death I never knew him to open a paper. Ever since I can remember he had read the *Charleston Mercury*, and the extinction of that journal was to him the going out of the last orb of light in a sky of otherwise utter darkness! I so dreaded the stagnation of mind into which he might fall that I got Mr. Peters to tell him, of evenings, as we sat together upon our front porch, the last items of political news. My dear father would sit and smoke, his beard grown so long and white, as Mr. Peters read, wholly unmoved and uninterested as to events in the Northern States, at Washington even. The Federal government and people were more foreign to him than China or Beloochistan. It was only when Mr. Peters recounted some fresh injustice of the North, and its consummation at the South, that he would express, as of old, his deep indignation, Mr. Peters most heartily concurring with him; for my dear father was held, you know, Helen, in profound reverence and veneration by the entire county; they wanted to send him, at one election, to the Legislature, and thought that much the more of him for the loathing and contempt with which, under existing circumstances, he rejected the suggestion. And so he slept and waked, ate and conversed, confining himself gradually to the place, and at last to the house, so utterly alien to the

present, so wholly wrapped up, almost even from me, in the past!

"I occupied myself as fully as possible in housekeeping, poor old Aunt Washington at my side all day, and I had no trouble with the freed women, — it all lies so much in putting yourself in their place, being patient and kind as if they were still your slaves. Then I would throw myself, as I have said, into music as if I was in training to be a prima donna; and I really have perfected myself, Helen, to a degree which has made our home out here the happier for it, if anything could make it happier. All at once I took to reading aloud to my father of mornings. Not fiction or poetry. My own experiences made these seem pale and poor in comparison. I wanted to get into another world, as it were, so I read history. I happened upon the years of strife between Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, I being a third and vastly wiser queen, forever coming between the other two to set them right. I do think it consoled my father a little as to the Federal government when I told him that, as the history showed, the race and the reformation seemed given over then of Heaven, and wholly, into the hands, as if it was a bonnet or a ball-dress, of two such squabbling milliners. The reading helped us both, helped my dear father in regard to the past, helped me in reference to the future. Besides, I would not tell you, but I will write it, — and for your eyes, not your husband's, — I constructed, all along as I read, a king for myself out of such material as the men of those days afforded, the courtiers and polished gentlemen of the time supplying me extremely little of it, I assure you. In fact, all my world had crumbled into chaos and was very slowly changing and reforming, as if during centuries on centuries, just then. God has finished it for me, at last, dear, and I know he pronounces it very good, for oh, Helen, Helen, it is beyond my poor pen to say how much, how very much my new world is better than my old!

"I was occupied, too, with keeping

in excellent health, for my father's sake and for the sake of my — future! Whenever I could I walked and walked. Several times during the week I would have Aunty Washington drive me to the post-office for your dear letters. As if I did not fully know that he knew every line he wrote so politely to you was intended for me, and, really, for me alone, Helen! And I slowly began to answer them, every one. Not that I ever actually wrote a syllable, as you and he well know; but, beginning with a cold line or two, I wrote at last sheets on sheets of replies, as I walked and rode and sat at my piano! It is the greatest pity they are not in real writing; I would love dearly to read them over to him now; would like so much to see how matters in regard to him began and grew and took the hues of life; for I do solemnly assure you, Helen, I have no more idea when it was nor how it was, than has either he or yourself!

"Every Sunday, through the rain even, I rode to church to hear Mr. Parkinson. Because I knew he would miss me so, but more especially to let him see that it could never be! I was so sorry for him then. But, dear, how could I love him? He was part of the poetry and fiction from which I shrank. I was so weary of it all, if it were only that we had just come out of the terrible epic of the war and the siege of Charleston. What I thirsted for was, not wine, but simple water from the rock; I wanted to get down out of the air upon the earth again. What I craved was nature, reality, fact. I am so glad he has married that good little Molly Robinson. She is as like to a thousand other country girls as one blackberry is to all the rest, but she will be the very wife, true and strong and sensible, that he needs. And I am so glad that, instead of molding her as he imagines he will into his ideal, she will steadily and very sweetly make him forget that such an ideal ever had place in his imagination. How wonderfully wisely, dear, Heaven orders all such things; and not in the least as we arrange, because so

much better! Speaking of Molly reminds me of Mr. Peters's odd little children. When Mr. Peters began to live with us I took such a fancy to them. They had been lost once in the 'bottom' for days, and I think their experience has changed them for life; they were so quiet, with such wondering and sorrowful eyes, the mice hardly more stealthy and mute. I was glad of it on account of my father.

"I can almost hear you say, 'You provoking thing, why do you not go on to tell about Mr. Evans?' Did you ever hear, Helen, about people who never opened a letter from their dearest friend for days on days, reserving it, tantalizing themselves with the future enjoyment of it? Be patient, dear; I want to tell you about Mr. Harry Peters. You know all the negroes ceased to laugh and sing over their work, and when cooking and eating together almost all night in their cabins, as they used to do before freedom brought all the care and weight of themselves upon them. After Mr. Peters came he got them to laughing and singing again almost as much as before — he was so full of his fun, and his dear little wife of her responsive laughter, as much of an accomplishment in her as music, and far sweeter and more natural. He always had some funny kindness to show me. One day he brought me a tin bucket of — tadpoles! 'I wanted you to watch their legs come,' he explained. So I poured them into an old fruit-dish of glass, one of the few relics left by the cannon and shells of the siege.

"'Not a single sign of any legs as yet,' he said, 'only head and tail. Yet you wait, Miss Agnes, and as sure as you live the legs do come! Things don't stay as they now are forever. Changes do happen! Without the seeking of those tadpoles God gives them what they need. If we could only float about and wait as they do!' There was more in the merry eyes and manner of the man than in his words! I thought of my own helplessness, it flashed upon me about *him*. By *him* I don't mean Mr. Peters. I laughed and laughed until

Mrs. Peters and I cried for company. Now, worms browsing upon green leaves while their wings were forming within, to break forth some fine day into radiant butterflies, would have been more poetical. But one is so very familiar with that; the ugly tadpoles were more in keeping with my matters. I laughed every day as I leaned over them, swimming around and around in their world of water in the bowl on one end of my piano, as the people in the other world lean over and look and, possibly, laugh at us. I even told my father about it, and he used to smoke his cigar and watch them himself in his silent way. It did us good, and their legs *did* come; I saw the whole transition! A ludicrous medicine, but it did us good!

"So did Aunt Washington. You know the freeing of the slaves was merely the success of irreligion to her, the overturning of the Bible. It was like Philip of Spain, in my history, and the insurgent reformation. Aunt Washington would have had her race back into their normal and Heaven-ordained slavery if she could, was as bigoted as an inquisitor in her views of religion and heresy, her horror being at the 'fool talk' of the negro men, her double horror at the infatuation of the freed women. It was all I could do to keep anything like peace upon the plantation; she took an aversion to Mr. Parkinson, even, because he neglected in his preaching so fundamental a doctrine as that of slavery. Dr. Alexis Jones, the foppish young doctor, you remember, Helen, was liked by her because they agreed in the matter. It is hardly worth writing, but he argued from the researches of some Philadelphia Dr. Brown, I believe, that the blacks were not human; the hair being oval like that of animals, under the microscope, — 'trichometer,' he called it, — not round like that of the whites; but I would not mention this if it were not what followed from it, for she only knew he was pro-slavery and *would* have him as her physician! I had no idea of writing so much; it is the climate, the weather, my husband! And I have been

much more eager to speak of him all this time than you can possibly have been to hear.

"How slowly my thoughts turned to him during all those long, long ages of time, as it seemed! He was away at college, in Europe, learning so much and so rapidly; and I was in *my* school, too, learning and unlearning even more. But, oh, the suffering, Helen! Mamma had said to me, 'I used to think, Agnes, that even the infinite God would grow tired with inflicting so much pain upon his creatures during so many ages! But we will soon know the meaning, love!' Her ideas, however, were more general, Helen, than mine. I have to centre my heart upon some one person, and it helped me to submit, knowing the Father that held the rod. But when I came to know the Son that stooped by our side, and for our sake, to the same terrible blows, I could endure it better! Some awful necessity of pain when even the eternal God stoops to suffer it, for us and with us! We will soon understand, it is eternity without pain, Helen, dear! Sometimes I would say, O man born of Mary, why not some little touch of womanly tenderness to me alone in the world! But, as I asked, it was like a mother's palm upon my head, Helen, the actual pressure of his peace! He was with me! I trembled sometimes in the hush and throbbing sense of his actual presence! No fanaticism, dear, for I would bathe my face afterward and go out and feed the chickens, visit the cabins, do household things, with a positive happiness which could not have sprung merely from within me, no material there for it at all!

"You see how I shrink from telling about the end! I cannot speak of my growing affection; it is a mystery sacred even to myself! Now and then a half-word from the old postmaster about him. Plenty of letters concerning him from yourself — I say nothing of the letters of his you forwarded; I will love you, darling, as long as I live! — and Mr. Harry Peters was, in his way, the ally of the absent. I stood by him, I remember, one day, where the hands were

digging yams; for I stayed in the house as little as possible, was over the whole plantation and in all weather, and took my father, if I could, with me; though time stood still, I must be in motion, or die! 'See this yam, Miss Agnes,' he said, holding up a potato which was half mud. 'Too muddy to touch. Now, see!' and he washed it in the bucket of water standing by, with its gourd, for the hands, and then held it up perfectly clean, as beautiful in its way as an orange. 'A man may be born,' Mr. Peters went on to say, 'may live all his life in a cypress swamp, and be clean from the mud *himself* all the time. Father Hailstorm said last Sunday, we will be dug out of the dust one day clean as you please; on the last day, I mean!' For matters changed after we came, Helen, and Harry is a 'shouting disciple' now; full and purified opportunity he has, these days, for his singular humor! And, by the bye, in the absence East of good Mr. Parkinson with his bride, it was Father Hailstorm who married us: only Harry Peters and his wife being present, for, with one soul beside, all Brown County must have been invited or mortally insulted at not being 'norated' to be present!

"I cannot hasten as I would; my mind came so slowly, in fact, to centre upon him; it *was* centuries, Helen! But it came, that day, that terrible yet happy day, at last! Aunt Washington's latest folly, poor soul, was her faith in Dr. Jones. We feared he was experimenting with her as he would have done with a dog. It was on his last visit to her cabin he persisted, I remember, — please have patience with me, Helen, — in telling me how his Dr. Brown of Philadelphia had written to him for specimens of the hair of all the Indians possible, to be put up in quills duly labeled, and he laughed about entering into competition with Indians, themselves too actively engaged already in a collection of human hair! Nonsense, but it all comes back so vividly I must write it to have it out of the way. The negro, he urged, was but a species of beaver; he had the folly to tell me that Aunt

Washington need not concern herself about her soul; 'Has none,' he said, 'any more,' he added as he rode off, 'than any of the rest of us!' Pardon my recording such folly.

"She died before he was out of sight; died, Helen, as true to us and to her old-fashioned religion as any martyr of us all. I was worn out the next day, for she could not endure one of the 'colored ladies,' as she called them, near her when she could help it. I had been beside the dead all night. It was the gloomiest of days. It seemed as if the live-oaks had come yet closer about the house, to droop their mournful moss like crape over the dead. The air itself had halted, as it were. The river ran sullenly through the heavy silence. Except one or two very old negroes tending young turkeys in the yard, all the people were in the field, for Mrs. Peters had gone to her own house with her children for a few hours, after helping me with the dead. It was the deliberate doing of God, the arrival of such an hour, Helen! I had reached, at that moment, the deepest point of descent into the dark valley. My soul, partly in consequence of my reading about Queen Elizabeth, — the history did me that good, — had reached its strongest strength as by pressure of supreme strain. But the body was failing! It seemed to me I could not bear a straw's weight more and live.

"It is as if it took place yesterday. About four o'clock that dreadful afternoon I heard a noise! When I heard the front gate open and fall to in the dead silence, I knew it was not, my father, for he had ridden to town, for the first time in months, in vague idea of seeing Dr. Jones, though what for he could have told no more than myself! And Dr. Jones need not have fled the county as he afterward did! Every one knew how very heavy, tremulous, feeble my father had grown! God forbid I should ever see that silly young physician again, but I do not think my father could have lasted, if he had not met him, much longer.

"I was sewing at a white band for

poor Aunt Washington, not weeping, too exhausted for that, not thinking, or feeling even; in the condition, I suppose, of the dying during the one moment before entering upon eternal life. The front gate fell to upon its latch, and all my soul returned again as from its lowest ebb! I knew who it was! I was calm, far more so than I am while I write, Helen. In one moment! And during that moment the centuries had rolled away! Were gone forever and ever! I rose and went out upon the porch. I knew him and did not know him as he stood there. On the instant of seeing him it was with me as when you look at an object in a stereoscope, first a blurring as by the slow blending of the two objects which are the same into one. One! It was but a moment, Helen, and the rude countryman of the centuries ago is blended into and forever lost in the noble Christian gentleman of to-day! But an instant, and we were to each other, and forever, as if we had known and loved each other all our lives. Natural! It was so perfectly natural! As it will be at death to us and our friends in heaven forever, after the first moment or two. Yes, natural as trees and sky and every other daily matter; not rapture, nor astonishment, — simple, sweet nature, and matter of course!

"I acknowledge I do not know how or when we would have first met had it not been as it was. He stood there, his hat in his hand, calm, strong, confident, like some royal duke; don't smile, Helen! In that one first glance I saw all he had gained during absence; observed, even, the slight band of red upon his brow from the pressure there of his hat.

" 'Please do not be alarmed,' he said, 'but your father needs your care;' his manner expressed all the rest. You have heard it over and over again, Helen. My father had met Dr. Alexis Jones on the road coming to our house. I do not know that he said a syllable to exasperate my father when they met. I do not know what my father may have said to him, for he was greatly angered at his treatment of our poor servant;

and then he was so shaken and feeble! He had fallen from his horse. Dr. Jones was off his horse too, trying with terrified face, his lancet in his hand, to lift the poor body from the mire, when he rode up from his long absence! It was near the door of Harry Peters' house, and now, there at our gate, was Mr. Peters' ambulance, and laid along in it and covered with a blanket, was my last relative on earth — and dead!

"It relieves me to write it, Helen! I was glad when Mr. Peters had gone home to bring his wife back, and he and I were left alone upon one side and the other of the lounge on which they had laid my father. I was not afraid, with him there, to uncover after a while the face of my, and his, dead. You know, Helen, the noble bearing of my father, and now his whole aspect was nobler than ever; the set face of a king throned forever far above the wreck of South, or North, or the world, or — of himself! You know, dear, I never *spea*k upon such matters to any one, but I can write it; could it have been ordered better? The terrible preparation in both of us, my husband and myself, going before; the pain, in my case who needed it most, continued to the last degree I could endure and exist, and then? That when, in my father, my last hope was gone, with my dead father he should come! That, of all the world, he only should be there to aid me with my poor father as with the hands of a son! In the same act, Helen, he had brought me the last of all I had loved most dearly, and the first of all I now love, love, oh how much more! I suppose it will be that way at death; when I let go hereafter my husband's hand in dying, it will be to clasp, as I do so, the hands again of father, mother, Theodore, in heaven! Is it morbid, my talking so much of death and the other life? You know we *do* die as well as live, and that there is another world as well as this! and I dare say I will soon grow out of this period of my life, and become worldly enough.

"I spoke of heaven! I tremble at my happiness, Helen. He has come as I write, to the gate, riding his horse, lead-

ing mine saddled for our afternoon ride to the post-office, over the prairie. I will seal this without reading it and take it with me, for we gallop together every afternoon we can through the pure, bracing wind, to the next town for our mail, the very brooks we leap our horses over sparkling with secrets of the silver and gold below the soil. How my blood bounds, and, he says so, my cheeks glow and my eyes brighten! It is not fever but pure health, even if I laugh so much, have so much of nothing to say! Oh, beautiful world! Oh, beautiful God! My eyes dim with happy tears. God has been, in and by all my pain, too, so very, very good! I have called to him to wait only a moment while I beg of you, Helen, to look through my glad eyes at the glorious landscape in this our new home. Brown plain, glittering river, snow-capped mountains in the distance, atmosphere pure and brilliant and laughing with life. The people, too, are free and strong and impulsive as I am. But what do I care for anything else? There he sits upon his horse at the gate, Helen, in the glory of his pure and magnificent manhood, modest as a woman, wise and good and true! He is going into hard work. It may be at railroads, or mines, or schools, or politics if necessary, — pure and strong enough even for that! — whatever is best. For it is Eden, a new world; for a new man and a new woman! We are very happy! I know that it is as natural to our veins, after our long winter, as is its exuberant life, when spring comes to oak and to rose-bush, even if other winters are sure to come hereafter! Strange as it seems to say, part of the solid ground of my happiness is in knowing so well how he will endure calamity when it comes, as in some form it must come to us, too, in the future as in the past; endure it as the cliff of rock endures the sea! No, rather as a child, grown strong enough in virtue of all that has gone before, endures the dealing of one whom he has thoroughly found out to be his personal friend. And next to that other, Helen,

I love this man! Love him, Helen, love him, *love him*! If I could only tell you, not merely write you, *how* I love him! I love, Helen darling, as I will love my Saviour and him in heaven eternally! Because by these two I have been made all I am. And he believes the same of me, as if my poor hands had ever lifted him from such a cypress swamp as his hands have lifted me! I respect and esteem your admirable husband, my dear; but mine is a grand duke, an emperor" —

And here I do sincerely think it is time to stop copying her letters! My nerve fails, and I will hasten, too, to mail all this, before reading it over, to the editor of this magazine, lest Helen should suddenly return and I should never do it at all. It is very hazardous! Besides, the entire venture is out of my line of business altogether. I am not as concerned about the opinions of the reader as I am in reference to what these two ladies will think of my mode of closing this simple narrative. Opinion of the reader? I make no pretense as to my way of relating matters, and what to anybody is the opinion people have of facts? You might as well speak of their opinions about iron or coal or land. Which reminds me to state that I intend to make it convenient to be at our company's office on Wall Street about the time the final chapters of this narrative are due in Charleston! I am safe, for the present, from the friends in California; unless, indeed, as is sure to be the case sooner or later, I fear, we have him in Congress; in which case there will be one man, at least, staunch as oak in Washington even!

Few readers of this magazine, to close with due solemnity, but must have heard something of the circumstances of this narrative, which got into certain papers both South and North. If we will wait awhile, unless I greatly mistake, we will all of us hear plenty more about him. About him, I mean, and I inscribe it here in no sense as an epitaph, whom I designate in these pages as — MOSE EVANS.

William M. Baker.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

I.

THE MUSTERING.

THAT was an admirable idea of De Quincey's, formally to postulate any startling theory upon which he desired to build an argument or a story, and to insist that his readers should regard the postulate as proved, on pain of losing altogether what he had to say. The plan is a very convenient one, saving a deal of argument, and establishing in the outset a very desirable relation of mastery and subordination between writer and reader. Indeed, but for some such device I should never be able to get on at all with these sketches, fully to understand which, the reader must make of himself, for the time at least, a Confederate. He must put himself in the place of the Southerners and look at some things through their eyes, if he would understand those things and their results at all; and as it is no part of my purpose to write a defense of the Southern view of any question, it will save a good deal of explanation on my part, and weariness on the part of the reader, if I follow De Quincey's example and do a little postulating to begin with. I shall make no attempt whatever to prove my postulates, but any one interested in these pages will find it to his advantage to accept them, one and all, as proved, pending the reading of what is to follow. After that he may relapse as speedily as he pleases into his own opinions. Here are the postulates:—

1. The Southerners honestly believed in the right of secession, not merely as a revolutionary, but as a constitutional right. They not only held that whenever any people finds the government under which it is living oppressive and subversive of the ends for which it was instituted, it is both the right and the duty of that people to throw off the government and establish a new one in

its stead; but they believed also that every State in the Union held the reserved right, under the constitution, to withdraw peaceably from the Union at pleasure.

2. They believed that every man's allegiance was due to his State only, and that it was only by virtue of the State's continuance in the Union that any allegiance was due to the general government at all; wherefore the withdrawal of a State from the Union would of itself absolve all the citizens of that State from whatever obligations they were under to maintain and respect the Federal constitution. In other words, patriotism, as the South understood it, meant devotion to one's State, and only a secondary and consequential devotion to the Union, existing as a result of the State's action in making itself a part of the Union, and terminable at any time by the State's withdrawal.

3. They were as truly and purely patriotic in their secession and in the fighting which followed, as were the people of the North in their adherence to the Union itself. The difference was one of opinion as to what the duties of a patriot were, and not at all a difference in the degree of patriotism existing in the two sections.

4. You, reader, who shouldered your musket and fought like the hero you are, for the Union and the old flag, if you had been bred at the South, and had understood your duty as the Southerners did theirs, would have fought quite as bravely for secession as you did against it; and you would have been quite as truly a hero in the one case as in the other, because in either you would have risked your life for the sake of that which you held to be the right. If the reader will bear all this in mind we shall get on much better than we otherwise could, in our effort to catch a glimpse of the war from a Southern point of view.

With all its horrors and in spite of

the wretchedness it has wrought, this war of ours, in some of its aspects at least, begins to look like a very ridiculous affair, now that we are getting too far away from it to hear the rattle of the musketry; and I have a mind, in this paper, to review one of its most ridiculous phases, to wit, its beginning. We all remember Mr. Webster's pithy putting of the case with regard to our forefathers of a hundred years ago: "They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest in opposition to an assertion." Now it seems to me that something very much like this might be said of the Southerners, and particularly of the Virginians, without whose pluck and pith there could have been no war at all worth writing or talking about. They made war upon a catch-word, and fought until they were hopelessly ruined for the sake of an abstraction. And certainly history will not find it to the discredit of those people that they freely offered themselves upon the altar of an abstract principle of right, in a war which they knew must work hopeless ruin to themselves, whatever its other results might be. Virginia did not want to secede, and her decision to this effect was given in the election of a convention composed for the most part of men strongly opposed to secession. The Virginians believed they had both a moral and a constitutional right to withdraw voluntarily from a Union into which they had voluntarily gone, but the majority of them preferred to remain as they were. They did not feel themselves particularly aggrieved or threatened by the election of Mr. Lincoln, and so, while they never doubted that they had an unquestionable right to secede at will, they decided by their votes not to do anything of the kind. This decision was given in the most unmistakable way, by heavy majorities, in an election which involved no other issue whatever. But without Virginia the States which had already passed ordinances of secession would have been wholly unable to sustain them-

selves. Virginia's strength in men, material, and geographical position was very necessary, for one thing, and her moral influence on North Carolina, Arkansas, and other hesitating States, was even more essential to the success of the movement. Accordingly every possible effort was made to "fire the heart" of the conservative old commonwealth. Delegations, with ponderous stump speeches in their mouths and parchment appeals in their hands, were sent from the seceding States to Richmond, while every Virginian who actively favored secession was constituted a committee of one to cultivate a public sentiment in favor of the movement.

Then came such a deluge of stump speeches as would have been impossible in any other state or country in the civilized world, for there never yet was a Virginian who could not, on occasion, acquit himself very well on the hustings. The process of getting up the requisite amount of enthusiasm, in the country districts especially, was in many cases a very laughable one. In one county, I remember, the principal speakers were three lawyers of no very great weight except in a time of excitement. One of them was colonel of the county militia, another lieutenant-colonel, and the third captain of a troop of volunteer cavalry, a fine body of men, who spent three or four days of each month partly in practicing a system of drill which, I am persuaded, is as yet wholly undreamed of by any of the writers upon tactics, and partly in cultivating the social virtues over that peculiar species of feast known as a barbecue. When it became evident that the people of Virginia were not duly impressed with the wrong done them in the election of Mr. Lincoln, these were unquestionably the right men in the right places. They were especially fond of fervid speech-making, and not one of them had ever been known to neglect an opportunity to practice it; each could make a speech on any subject at a moment's warning. They spoke quite as well on a poor theme as on a good one, and it was even claimed for one of them that his

eloquence waxed hottest when he had no subject at all to talk about. Here, then, was their opportunity. The ever-full vials of their eloquence waited only for the uncorking. It was the rule of their lives to make a speech wherever and whenever they could get an audience, and under the militia law they could, at will, compel the attendance of a body of listeners consisting of pretty nearly all the voters of the county, plus the small boys. When they were big with speech they had only to order a drill. If a new gush of words or a felicitous illustration occurred to them overnight, they called a general muster for the next day. Two of them were candidates, against a quiet and sensible planter, for the one seat allowed the county in the convention, and the only difference of opinion there was between them was involved in the question whether the ordinance of secession should be adopted *before or after* breakfast on the morning of the first day of the convention's existence. One wanted coffee first and the other did not. On the day of election, a drunken fellow, without a thought of saying a good thing, apologized to one of them for not having voted for him, saying, "I promised you, Sam,—but I could n't do it. You're a good fellow, Sam, and smart at a speech, but you see, Sam, you *have n't the weight o' head.*" The people, as the result of the election showed, entertained a like view of the matter, and the lawyers were both beaten by the old planter.

It was not until after the convention assembled, however, that the eloquence of the triad came into full play. They then labored unceasingly to find words with which to express their humiliation in view of the degeneracy and cowardice of the ancient commonwealth.

They rejoiced in the thought that sooner or later the People—which they always pronounced with an uncommonly big P—would "hurl those degenerate sons of illustrious sires," meaning thereby the gentlemen who had been elected to the convention, "from the seats which they were now

polluting," and a good deal more of a similar sort, the point of which was that these orators longed for war of the bloodiest kind, and were happy in the belief that it would come, in spite of the fact that the convention was overwhelmingly against secession.

Now, in view of the subsequent history of these belligerent orators, it would be a very interesting thing to know just what they thought a war between the sections promised. One of them, as I have said, was colonel of the two or three hundred militia men mustered in the county. Another was lieutenant-colonel, and the third was captain of a volunteer troop, organized under the militia law, for purposes of amusement, chiefly. This last one could, of course, retain his rank, should his company be mustered into service, and the other two firmly believed that they would be called into camp as full-fledged field-officers. In view of this, the colonel, in one of his speeches, urged upon his men the necessity of a rigid self-examination, touching the matter of personal courage, before going, in his regiment, to the battle-field; "For," said he "where G. leads, brave men must follow," a bit of rhetoric which brought down the house as a matter of course. The others were equally valiant in anticipation of war and equally eager for its coming; and yet when the war did come, so sorely taxing the resources of the South as to make a levy *en masse* necessary, not one of the three ever managed to hear the whistle of a bullet. The colonel did indeed go as far as Richmond, during the spring of 1861, but discovering there that he was physically unfit for service, went no farther. The lieutenant-colonel ran away from the field while the battle was yet afar off, and the captain, suffering from "nervous prostration," sent in his resignation, which was unanimously accepted by his men, on the field during the first battle of Bull Run.

I sketch these three men and their military careers not without a purpose. They serve to correct an error. They were types of a class which brought

upon the South a deal of odium. Noisy speech-makers, they were too often believed by strangers to be, as they pretended, representative men, and their bragging, their intolerance, their contempt for the North, their arrogance, — all these were commonly laid to the charge of the Southern people as a whole. As a matter of fact, these were not representative men at all. They assumed the rôle of leadership on the court-house greens, but were repudiated by the people at the polls first, and afterwards when the volunteers were choosing officers to command them in actual warfare. These men were clamorous demagogues and nothing else. They had no influence whatever upon the real people. Their vaporings were applauded and laughed at. The applause was ridicule, and the laughter was closely akin to jeering.

Meantime a terrible dread was brooding over the minds of the Virginian people. They were brave men and patriots, who would maintain their honor at any cost. They were ready to sacrifice their lives and their treasures in a hopeless struggle about an abstraction, should the time come when their sense of right and honor required the sacrifice at their hands. There was no cowardice, and no hesitation to be expected of them when the call should come. But they dreaded war, and most of them prayed that it might never be. They saw only desolation in its face. They knew it would lay waste their fields and bring want upon their families, however it might result in regard to the great political questions involved in it. And so they refused to go headlong into a war which meant for them destruction. Some of them, believing that there was no possibility of avoiding the struggle, thought it the part of wisdom to accept the inevitable and begin hostilities at once, while the North was still but poorly prepared for aggressive measures. But the majority of the Virginians were disposed to wait and to avoid war altogether, if that should prove possible. These said, "We should remain quiet until some overt act of hostility shall

make resistance necessary." And these were called cowards and fogies by the brave men of the hustings already alluded to.

There was still another class of men who were opposed to secession in any case. Of these, William C. Wickham, of Hanover, and Jubal Early will serve as examples. They thought secession unnecessary and imprudent in any conceivable event. They believed that it offered no remedy for existing or possible ills, and that it could result only in the prostration of the South. They opposed it, therefore, with all their might; not only as not yet called for, but as suicidal in any event, and not to be thought of at all. And yet these men, when the war came, believed it to be their duty to side with their State, and fought so manfully in behalf of the South as to make themselves famous military leaders.

Why, then, the reader doubtless asks, if this was the temper of the Virginians, did Virginia secede after all? I answer, because circumstances ultimately so placed the Virginians that they could not, without cowardice and dishonor, do otherwise; and the Virginians are brave men and honorable ones. They believed, as I have said, in the abstract right of any State to secede at will. Indeed, this right was to them as wholly unquestioned and unquestionable as is the right of the States to establish free schools, or to do any other thing pertaining to local self-government. The question of the correctness or incorrectness of the doctrine is not now to the purpose. The Virginians, almost without an exception, believed and had always believed it absolutely, and believing it, they held of necessity that the general government had no right, legal or moral, to coerce a seceding State; and so, when the President called upon Virginia for her quota of troops with which to compel the return of the seceding States, she could not possibly obey without doing that which her people believed to be an outrage upon the rights of sister commonwealths, for which, as they held, there was no warrant in law or equity.

She heartily condemned the secession of South Carolina and the rest as unnecessary, ill-advised, and dangerous; but their secession did not concern her except as a looker-on, and she had not only refused to be a partaker in it, but had also felt a good deal of indignation against the men who were thus endangering the peace of the land. When she was called upon to assist in reducing these States to submission, however, she could no longer remain a spectator. She must furnish the troops, and so assist in doing that which she believed to be utterly wrong, or she must herself withdraw from the Union. The question was thus narrowed down to this: Should Virginia seek safety in dishonor, or should she meet destruction in doing that which she believed to be right? Such a question was not long to be debated. Two days after the proclamation was published Virginia seceded, not because she wanted to secede, — not because she believed it wise, — but because, as she understood the matter, the only other course open to her would have been cowardly and dishonorable.

Now, unless I am sadly mistaken, the Virginians understood what secession implied much more perfectly than did the rest of the Southern people. They anticipated no child's play, and having cast in their lot with the South, they began at once to get ready for war. From one end of the State to the other, every county seat became a drill field. The courts suspended their sessions, on the ground that it was not a proper time for the enforced collection of debts. Volunteer companies soon drained the militia organization of its men. Public opinion said that every man who did not embrace the very surest and earliest opportunity of getting himself mustered into actual service was a coward; and so, to withdraw from the militia and join a volunteer company, and make a formal tender of services to the State, became absolutely essential to the maintenance of one's reputation as a gentleman.

The drilling, of which there was literally no end, was simply funny. Maneuvers of the most utterly impossible

sort were carefully taught to the men. Every amateur officer had his own pet system of tactics, and the effect of the incongruous teachings, when brought out in battalion drill, closely resembled that of the music at Mr. Bob Sawyer's party, where each guest sang the chorus to the tune he knew best.

The militia colonels, having assumed a sort of general authority over the volunteer companies which had been formed out of the old militia material, were not satisfied with daily musterings of the men under their captains, — musterings which left the field-officers nothing to do, — and so in a good many of the counties they ordered all the men into camp at the county seat, and drew upon the people for provisions with which to feed them. The camps were irregular, disorderly affairs, over which no rod of discipline could very well be held, as the men were not legally soldiers, and the only punishment possible for disobedience or neglect of duty was a small fine, which the willful men, with true Virginian contempt for money in small sums, paid cheerfully as a tax upon jollity.

The camping, however, was enjoyable in itself, and as most of the men had nothing else to do, the attendance upon roll-call was a pretty full one. Every man brought a servant or two with him, of course. How else were his boots and his accouterments to be kept clean, his horse to be groomed and his meals cooked? Most of the ladies came too, in their carriages every morning, returning to their homes only as night came on; and so the camps were very picturesque and very delightful places to be in. All the men wore epaulets of a gorgeousness rarely equaled except in portraits of field-m Marshals, and every man was a hero in immediate prospect.

One day an alarming report came, to the effect that a little transport steamer, well known in James River, was on her way up to Richmond with ten thousand troops on board, and instantly the camps at the court-houses along the railroads were astir. It entered into nobody's head to inquire

where so many troops could have come from at a time when the entire active force of the United States army from Maine to Oregon was hardly greater than that; nor did anybody seem surprised that the whole ten thousand had managed to bestow themselves on board a steamer the carrying capacity of which had thitherto been about four or five hundred men. The report was accepted as true, and everybody believed that the ten thousand men would be poured into Richmond's defenseless streets within an hour or two. In the particular county to which I have alluded in the beginning of this article, the cavalry captain sent for half a dozen grindstones, and set his men to grinding their sabres, — a process which utterly ruined the blades, of course. The militia colonel telegraphed a stump speech or two to Richmond, which did no particular harm, as the old station agent who officiated as operator could not for his life send a message of more than three words so that it could be read at the other end of the line. A little telegraphic swearing came back over the wires, but beyond that the colonel's glowing messages resulted in nothing. Turning his attention to matters more immediately within his control, therefore, he ordered the drums to beat, and assembling the men he marched them boldly down to the railroad station, where mounting a goods box he told them that the time for speech-making was now past; that the enemy (I am not sure that he did not say "vandal," and make some parenthetical remarks about "Attila flags" and things of that sort which were favorites with him) was now at our very thresholds; that he (the colonel) had marched his command to the depot in answer to the call of his country; that they would proceed thence by rail to Richmond and at once encounter the enemy, etc., etc., etc. He had already telegraphed, he said, to General Lee and to Governor Letcher, requesting them to dispatch a train (the colonel would have scorned to say "send cars" even in a telegram), and the iron horse was doubtless already on its way.

No train came, however, and after nightfall the men were marched back to their quarters in the court-house.

A few days later some genuine orders came from Richmond, accepting the proffered services of all the companies organized in the county, and ordering all, except the one cavalry troop, into camp at Richmond. These orders, by some strange oversight, the colonel explained, were addressed, not to him as colonel, but to the several captains individually. He was not disposed to stand on ceremony, however, he said; and so, without waiting for the clerical error to be rectified, he would comply with the spirit of the order, and take the troops to Richmond as soon as the necessary transportation should arrive. Transportation was a good, mouth-filling word, which suited the colonel exactly. In order that there should be no delay or miscarriage, he marched the men a hundred yards down the hill to the station, ten hours in advance of the time at which the cars were to be there; and as there was nothing else to do, he and his lieutenant thought the occasion a good one for the making of a speech apiece. The colonel expressed his hearty sympathy with the woes of the cavalry, who were to be left at home, while the infantry was winning renown. And yet, he said, he had expected this from the first. The time had been, he explained, when the cavalry was the quick-moving arm of the service, but now that the iron horse — The reader must imagine the rest of that grandiloquent sentence. I value my reputation for veracity too much to risk it by following the colonel in this, his supreme burst of impassioned oratory. He was sorry for the cavalry, but they should console themselves with the thought that, as preservers of order in the community and protectors of their homes, they would not be wholly useless in their own humble way; and should any of them visit the army, they would always meet a hearty welcome in his camp. For the present his head-quarters would be in the Spottswood Hotel, and he would be glad, whenever military duty did not

too greatly absorb his attention, to grasp the hand of any member of the troop who, wishing to catch a glimpse of real warfare, should seek him there.

The train came, after a while, and the unappreciative railroad men obstinately insisted that the State paid for the passage of certain designated companies only, and that these distinguished field-officers, if they traveled by that train at all, must pay their way at regular passenger rates. The colonel and his lieutenant pocketed the insult, and paid their fare; but when, upon the arrival of the troops at Richmond, nobody seemed to know anything about these field-officers, and the companies were sent, without them, into camps of instruction, the gallant leaders returned by passenger train to their homes. The colonel came back, he said in a speech at the station, still further to stir the patriotism of the people. He had been in consultation with the authorities in Richmond; and while it would not be proper for him to reveal even to them, his patriotic countrymen, the full plan of campaign confided to him as a field-

officer, he might at least say to them that the government, within ten days, would have fifteen thousand men in line on the Potomac, and then, with perchance a bloody but very brief struggle, this overwhelming force would dictate terms to the tyrants at Washington.

This time the colonel got himself unmistakably laughed at, and, so far as I have heard, he made no more speeches.

Meantime it had become evident to everybody that a very real and a very terrible war was in prospect, and there was no longer any disposition to tolerate nonsense of the sort I have been describing. As fast as arrangements could be made for their accommodation, the volunteers from every part of the State were ordered into camps of instruction at Richmond and Ashland. As soon as any company was deemed fit for service, it was sent to the front and assigned to a regiment. Troops from other States were constantly pouring into Richmond, and marching thence to the armies which were forming in the field. The speech-making was over forever, and the work of the war had begun.

George Cary Eggleston.

YOUNG AND OLD.

WHEN young, I slighted art, yet sighed for fame;
Dashed into careless rhyme, and toyed with thought.
When art and thoughts with age and wisdom came,
I laid aside the verse that youth had wrought.
These fruits, I said, were green, that from my bough,
When windy fancies swept, so lightly fell.
A mellow autumn sun is shining now,
That shames the cruder crop youth loved so well.
Yet when it chanced some tender hearts had found
A sweeter flavor in the juiceless things
That lay in heaps neglected on the ground,
Than in the fruits the ripening season brings,
I thought, Must then the freed bird seek its cage,
And youth sing songs for youth, and age for age?

C. P. Cranch.

MODERN CATS.

LET us examine the interior of the cat, and take an inventory of his moral and intellectual furniture.

Webster, in an early edition of his dictionary, goes out of his way to abuse the creature, and even makes himself little less than slanderous. "The domestic cat," he says, "is a deceitful animal, and when enraged extremely spiteful. It is kept in houses, chiefly for the purpose of catching rats and mice."

Would a dog have done worse? In all the sixty thousand words of the English language, which of course the great lexicographer knew by heart, could he not find a couple of dozen that would have been more applicable, or at least more charitable? If he had been born as weak as pussy, and had found it as hard to escape kicks and pick up a living, might he not have grown up a bit of a diplomatist? I should like to know, also, whether he was not himself subject to be "extremely spiteful when enraged."

Then, too, "kept in houses chiefly for the purpose of catching rats and mice!" No account taken of the game-some ways of kittens; of the pleasure derivable from the grateful purr, the gracious movements, the furry caresses; of the affection which man, woman, and child have lavished upon the most pettable of all pets. It is enough to make one reject Webster's derivations and throw overboard his new orthographies.

As a member of the living household which man has pleased himself in collecting, the cat is useful but not slavish. The bargain which he struck with us was not submission, as was the case with the dog, but alliance. "House me," he said, "smooth my back, give me a bed for my morning naps, and I'll kill your rats and purr to you." What right have we to demand slavishness? We are too ready to suppose that everything was made for man. Perhaps the feline intellect and sense of justice have

reached the conclusion that cats were made for themselves. Have they not a right to be as egotistic as we?

According to a late census there are three hundred and fifty thousand cats in England. Counting their board and stealing, here seems a waste; but counting the vermin they destroy, what a prodigious saving! A venerable and trustworthy grimalkin (attached to the editorial staff of the *London Standard*) assures me that he estimates one mouse and five rats to every acre in England, making a total of ninety-one million one hundred and sixteen thousand of these animals, which annually consume grain enough to feed nearly three million human beings. He adds that, if it were not for the incessant exertions of his kind, these rodents might root out the present population of the island, as the Saxons rooted out the Celtic Britons.

Add to this salvation the innocent and home-like pleasure furnished; the amusing pranks of say one hundred thousand kittens; the multitudinous purrings and rubbings and grave trickeries and expositions of instinct; the old ladies and invalids and lonesome ones whose lives are cheered; the children who are provided with a living doll. True, some birds suffer; but may there not be birds enough for all? On the whole, there must be a large balance due the cats.

In spite of slanders to the contrary, the animal is capable of affection for persons. I had one that used to walk up and down the room with me; another that ran about after me all over the house. A third, after a separation of five months, greeted me with extravagant demonstrations of joy, leaping into my lap, down again, up again, rolling over, tremulous from head to foot, and all the while purring to split his throat. A cat belonging to a lady who died some years since was one of the most pathetic of mourners, insisting with affectionate

persistence upon sitting by the body, wailing as if his heart would break, and remaining for a long time inconsolable. Instances of this sort are by no means uncommon.

It is true that in general the cat is fonder of places than of people. He likes the old home because he knows it thoroughly; because he has investigated its every mouse-hole and studied the advantages of its every retreat from dogs and other enemies; because he, a weak animal, feels sure that he can there feed and protect himself. Moreover, his bump of locality is prodigious, as is shown by the ease with which he finds his way back to the familiar spot, though carried blindfold a long distance from it. A friend of mine transported a cat several times five miles from home, and dismissed it into the wide liberty of earth, only to find it at his house when he returned, or very shortly afterward. A Flemish peasant, says Champfleury, offered to bet that his cat would get home from a distance of eight leagues sooner than twelve pigeons which should be let loose with him. The wager was accepted, and the animal won it. Another story of Champfleury's concerns the favorite grimalkin of a village curate, who was made rector in a little city five leagues from his former parish. Besides the cat, the priest's family consisted of an old servant and a crow. Tommy was something of a thief; the crow had a passion for pecking at his quadruped companion; the granny scolded them both, and the rector interested himself in these small quarrels. The day after the removal, to the great grief of priest, granny, and crow, the cat disappeared. A few days later he was found caterwauling around the old parsonage, was seized and carried back to the rectory. A second flight; the successor of the curate was kept awake by the nightly lamentations of the animal; another forcible restitution, pussy being now in a frightful state of leanness. The old housekeeper tried to win him by kindness, fed him luxuriously, and left the pantry open so that he could indulge his propensity for small steal-

ings. All useless; once more the ancient parish resounded with his caterwaulings; there was danger that wrathful peasants might blow him out of the world with sacrilegious fowling-pieces. But the affection of the housekeeper followed him, and she persuaded a masculine friend to undertake his reformation. The cat was caught once more, popped into a sack, and dipped in a puddle, after which he was carried to the rectory dripping wet and in a state of indignation which can be imagined. The remedy was effectual, and here ended his escapades.

Cats are made uneasy by changes in their domicile. When I lately had a door opened between two rooms in my house, my two pussies surveyed the operations of the carpenters with evident anxiety and distrust, frequently coming up to me with a look which seemed to say, Do you know what these men are about? The door finished, they examined it from one side; walked around the chimney and examined it from the other side; peered through, drew back, looked aloft, smelled, investigated in every fashion; all this before venturing to make use of the new passage. If there is a packing of trunks, a preparation for removal or for a journey, these animals are equally disturbed. In short, they are silver gray conservatives.

There is a prejudice against cats because dogs hate them. We defer overmuch to the opinion of the dog because he is "faithful," or in other words, because he is our humble boot-licker and toady. One of the greatest satisfactions of my boyhood consisted in watching the warfare which was carried on against the canine race by a little and lissome black tabby who abode in the principal "store" of the village. She seemed to be crazy to avenge the wrongs of her kind: she went at every dog-skin on four legs the moment she saw it; disparity of size or numbers was a matter of no consideration. On one occasion a cur rolled howling out of the store in agony; two other canines, who had heard the noise of the conflict, arrived

simultaneously; whereupon the black paws struck out right, left, and forward, one, two, three, with the quickness of rapiers; the result being a victorious cat in the middle and three yelping fugitives taking three different roads for safety. The miller's black and tan terrier, having been once pitched bleeding down a staircase, conceived such a terror of this fierce avenger of centuries of wrong, that, when his master came to the store for groceries, he could not be wheedled nearer than the blacksmith's shop, an eighth of a mile away, but remained there barking anxiously until the imprudent human should return. As for the postmaster's dog, a long, lean, and frouzy spaniel, much given to pointing and setting at stray bones and swill-pails, scarcely a week passed that he was not caught in the storekeeper's garden and soundly scratched for his poachings. Hurry scurry through the squash vines and green corn; dog "a leetle ahead," but pussy close on his bushy tail; now the fugitive reaches the board fence and squats for a leap; in that moment a streak of furry lightning mounts his back and draws a yelp; away now to another hopeful corner, and another and another; a lucky bound at last and then a straight race for life; of course the longest legs win it. This feline fencer was tremendous on eyes; she lunged right at them and held on like a tiger. I have seen a short-legged, stout-bodied, obstinate cur whirl her three times around his head, with her claws fastened in the skin of his stolid physiognomy. She was pitched a couple of yards at last, and with great violence; but the moment she struck earth she was up like Antæus, and at him again. Of all the dogs in the neighboring country, only big Pomp Wheeler was ever known to make Pussy Lewis turn her tail. Both these heroic combatants are now with Hector and Julius Cesar. Peace to their *manes*, such as they had!

Have cats intellect? A living Frenchman, resurrecting and amplifying some nonsense of Descartes, has undertaken to prove that the spiritual action of the lower animals is not intelligent but au-

tomatic. Cats dream; sometimes they dream terrible things, as you can see by their twitchings and cryings; sometimes what is agreeable, as is obvious by their awakening with a look and gesture of pleasure. Now, can any one tell me positively whether dreaming is a result of mental power, or whether it demands something as high as automatic ability? My own heresy is that a dreaming animal must be a thinking animal, and that a thinking animal must possess intellect. As to the question, "What is intellect?" I decline to try to answer it, foreseeing that I shall not have time enough in this life. All that I venture to urge is that the brain action of the cat probably differs from our brain action in degree rather than in nature.

Observe the patient intelligence with which he performs his special duty of watching for prey. He loves ease and warmth; but he will sit for hours in the cold beside a mouse-hole; and before he commenced his siege he had examined the whole room to see if there was any other exit for the vermin; he had effected a reconnoissance which would have done credit to a Mohawk scalp-hunter, or an experienced general. During the last summer my two youthful cats accomplished such a slaughter of birds as made my heart ache, bringing in one or two nearly every day. Now it must require no little reflection, caution, and adroitness, to enable an animal who has merely legs to catch one who has both legs and wings. If the reader doubts, let him try it, and though he take a bag of salt with him, I wager that he does not bring home a robin. It was amusing to observe the plaintive mew of annoyance with which my hunters watched a bird who was obviously beyond their reach.

Champfleury tells us of a cat who used to divide her game between her master and her kittens, only she always brought her rats to the former and her mice to the latter, judging that the larger creature needed and could manage the bigger mouthfuls. My Maltese opens a door which is ajar most judi-

ciously; he does not put nose or foot into the opening, knowing that the former might get banged and the latter pinched; he places one paw against the obstacle, braces himself sidewise on the other three legs, and so pushes; the operation is admirable for caution and for calculation of the needed power. In Greenville, South Carolina, I had the honor of knowing a magnificent tom, weighing eight pounds, who opened doors by leaping up, seizing the knob forcibly between his fore-paws, and turning it, his only defect in the matter being that he could not close the door after him. Some years ago a family residing in New Haven, Connecticut, was alarmed by what the servants supposed to be a ghost, and the lady of the house, a thief. An outside door was repeatedly opened, no one entering but the cat. In spite of watching, nobody was discovered, and the mystery grew to be frightful. At last the ghost was caught, and it proved to be pussy. She had observed, she had reflected, she had drawn an inference; in other words, she had performed three distinct intellectual operations. The result was that she knew how to open doors by leaping up to the latch and pressing her paw on the thumb-piece.

Champfleury quotes from the Baron von Gleichen, a German diplomatist of the last century, a story which shows the feline powers of observation and reasoning. The baron had noticed that his cat was much interested in the mystery of mirrors, looking at her own reflection in them, withdrawing, approaching, and scratching at the frames. His mirrors being all set in pieces of furniture, and an obstacle being thereby put to the animal's investigations, he bought for her especial use a toilette glass and placed it in the middle of a room. Pussy discovered it, walked up to it, butted against it, and thus assured herself that it resembled the others. Next she rushed behind it repeatedly, each time running faster than before. Not catching a cat in this manner, she went to the edge of the mirror, and looked first along the rear and then along the front. Her conclusion evidently was, that, as

this strange creature which she had seen was neither before the glass, nor behind it, it must be inside. Sitting up on her hind legs, she stretched out her fore paws and carefully felt the thickness of the plate until she had satisfied herself that it was too thin to contain anything of the bigness of a cat. This fact established in her mind, she seemed to come to the decision that here was a phenomenon which was beyond the circle of her ideas and which it was therefore useless for her to investigate; and, giving it up with a common-sense promptness worthy of the imitation of many human philosophers who have got beyond their depth, she walked away from the mirror and never afterwards was seen to look into one.

As for feline language, there is not a doubt of its existence, nor of its easy comprehensibility to those who are born to it. When one of my cats comes in hungry from a fruitless expedition, he smells of his comrade's nose to see if the latter has had dinner, and, if the mute response is a fragrant one, he "yowps" for his share. From this simple means of communication up to the mew of distress, the mew of inquiry for the whereabouts of the family, the *krr* of joy at finding some one, the purr of calm satisfaction, the caterwauling of rage, the spitting of fright, and the vastly various notes of love-making, there is an extensive gamut. Much of it is comprehensible to us, and all of it is perfectly comprehensible to cats. Have they not orators and songsters among them who are reckoned superior to other orators and songsters? I doubt it not. When two furry rivals or lovers squall at each other by the hour together under the light of the moon, do you suppose that they are not saying a great deal and that it is not all understood? The supposition that so much noise is made without a meaning is preposterous. A vast store would be added to man's knowledge, if he could fully comprehend the speech of animals. He might learn that what he now calls instinct is reason, and that on some points it is a reason as acute as his own.

Let us turn to cat morality. Here we must make the same distinction as if we were studying human nature; we must divide morality into the natural and the social, the innate and the acquired. Can it be absolutely proved that natural morality includes anything more than the proper play of the affections? Supposing this to constitute the whole of it, the cats certainly possess it; at least they possess all of it that is necessary or even possible to an animal in their conditions. A mother who has three or four children at a birth, and perhaps two or three births a year, cannot follow each and every one of her offspring with affection and care during all her life. But while the kittens may be under their parent's charge, what a beautiful spectacle of love she exhibits! The paws open and shut softly; the whole face expresses gratitude, joy, and affection. No other quadruped is so morally and physically beautiful in the act of nursing its young.

The cat brings her kittens to her master to have them admired and to secure their adoption into the family. If he takes one up and caresses it, she rubs against his legs with maternal pride and thankfulness, while at the same time she cannot always repress a little mew of anxiety. What if he should drop it? You can see a shudder in her eyes as she thinks of that, and if it is dropped, she seizes it hastily and bears it away indignantly. After the nursing comes the education: the mother renewing her youth to join in the sports of her infant; now and then a velvety pat to signify, "Enough! don't be silly;" the largest share of the milk as soon as it can lap, and presents of mice as soon as it can devour; a wise and yet tender initiation into the maturities of feline existence. It is true that tabbies are sometimes jealous of the superior favor granted to their playful babies. But I have actually seen a human mother who sought to be the rival of her own daughter.

When to maternal affection we have added the affection of gratitude which the cat bears to her master or mistress, we have reached the end of the natural

morality of the species. As for its social ethics, they depend, like the social ethics of man, on education. You can teach a cat that it is wrong to steal; if he won't stop it, he will at least show a guilty conscience; he will squat to receive his punishment, or he will run away to avoid it. Even his strong instincts of the chase can be overcome by tuition. Multitudes of us have seen "happy families," in which cats lived peaceably with mice and birds. I have been amused in Barnum's Museum to observe two diminutive monkeys quarreling for a bed on the large, furry flank of a monstrous Thomas of Angora. What struck me, however, as humiliating to my human vanity, was the fact that this cat purred on being stroked by a monkey, precisely as if he had received the same compliment from myself. Vigneul-Marville tells us of a lady at Paris who taught a dog, a cat, a sparrow, and a mouse to live together like brothers and sisters, sleeping in the same bed and eating out of the same plate. The dog was the most selfish, probably as being the biggest; but although he helped himself first and heartily, he allowed certain morsels to the cat; and both these larger animals surrendered the little bits to the sparrow and the mouse. The dog licked the cat, and the cat licked the dog; the mouse played unhurt between the feline paws; the sparrow pecked one and another without losing a feather. The life of this family of brutes was never disturbed by a quarrel.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, the cat has a high moral standing. Considering his limited means for washing himself, he certainly performs that duty with praiseworthy zeal. He is temperate also, not only as to strong liquors, but in the matter of eating. Such a thing as a gluttonous, corpulent, unwieldy feline is almost unknown. I did, however, have one gourmand of a cat, who was so lazy and luxurious that he would eat lying down, and so fat that he was no good at hunting. I remember his having a half-hour's fight with a chipmunk, which ended in no

greater victory than that the squirrel beat a retreat. Both creatures were out of breath; the cat lay down and panted; the savage foe squatted. Then at it again, pussy cuffing and spitting, the squirrel standing on his hind legs, snapping and squeaking. As I have already said, my corpulent friend remained master of the field of battle, but so tired that he slept all the rest of the day.

Have cats religion? Let us not hastily decide to the contrary. My two cats are aware of no one who has more goodness or puiſſance than I; and it is quite possible that their veneration for me is religious, or at least superstitious. Of course, they see other mighty men and some mighty women (for instance, the cook); but it does not necessarily follow in their minds that, because I have rivals, therefore I am commonplace. I am strongly inclined to believe that the purrings with which they greet me as soon as possible after daybreak constitute a species of morning devotion. It is true that I am a sham deity, but so were Moloch, Baal, Lucifer, and Ash-taroſh false gods, and yet they were honestly and zealously bowed down to.

I have so often alluded to my cats that I feel bound to interpolate a history of them. Nearly two years ago I adopted a couple of twins, a brother and a sister, Patrick and Bridget. They were born on St. Patrick's Day, amid the rejoicings of our Hibernian fellow-citizens. Both had dappled-gray coats, but Patrick was distinguished by his coarser hair and larger frame, while Bridget's glossy fur and elegant outlines were the admiration of all beholders. Different *morale* also: the brother grew up mild, sociable, and affable; you could see it in his countenance. The sister remained wild; she was suspicious of your intentions; she was always on the lookout for her safety; she was caught with difficulty, and was unwilling to be held; she had the expression of a beast of the forest. Amazing was their agility in play, and quite equal their activity after victuals. It took two persons to feed them; one to set down the dish and another to hold the

animals, and even then they often broke away and upset the mess. To see them standing on their hind legs, pawing at the plate of meat or saucer of milk, was as appetizing as mustard. The dinner-bell they soon learned to comprehend, rushing for the dining-room at the sound of it in a style which reminded one of old times in our hotels and steamboats, and once there, soliciting food with great energy in their several fashions. Bridget's habit was to mount a chair, stick out her head, glare like a hungry "poor white" of the South, and mew perseveringly. Patrick, a gentleman by instinct, tried what singing and rubbing could do. Both were excessively polite in the matter of receiving caresses. A single touch on the spine would make them rise to their feet and arch their backs, meanwhile pouring out a stream of purr. Tigers in hunting, they were sure shots on any mouse who came within range, and they effected among birds a perfect massacre of the innocents. I was obliged to compose myself by reflecting that, if the Maker of all things taught his cats to catch his robins, I had no right to be miserable over it.

After a time we were tempted by the beauty of a kitten, a pure Maltese without speck of white, to add him to our family. Fierce jealousy on the part of Patrick and Bridget, who lost their appetites and kept out of the house; or, if set to eat with the new-comer, spit venomously and ran away. After a while, however, this bitterness disappeared under the pressure of hunger and of daily habituation. The Maltese was as different from Patrick and Bridget as they were from each other. The most sociable of creatures, he yelled to be taken up, sang like a music-box in response to a touch, was willing to sleep under bedclothes, would endure anything for human companionship. Having commenced life in a fish shop, he had a remarkable taste for New Haven oysters, a delicacy which was rather disdained by his two comrades. Like other pet cats, he was exceedingly fond of warmth, and would lie imprudently near the fire. The result was that he had a fit, and

became for a time sickly and absurdly stolid. On one occasion, as he snoozed on a rug before a Franklin stove, a bit of red-hot anthracite rolled down from the grate and lodged on his stomach. Kitty looked at it and refused to stir; seemed to declare that nothing should get him up; only started from his bed when a large hole had been burnt in his waistcoat. This adventure, coupled with his previous dullness, infuriated us into giving him the name of *Stupid*, a sarcasm which still clings to him, although he no longer deserves it. There is one elevated taste, however, which he has never shared with his companions. As is proper in the friends of a literary man, Patrick and Bridget have developed a great fondness for manuscripts, always selecting them to sit or lie upon when attainable.

When Bridget died (was she indeed poisoned while foraging in a neighbor's yard?) Patrick became thoroughly reconciled with *Stupid*. But even the solace of this friendship did not cause the Maltese's life to run smoothly. He was a cat of misfortunes; he had a disease which a young medical friend pronounced to be typhoid fever; his ears were hot, his strength gone, and three circular bald spots disfigured his beautiful pelisse. The spots were rubbed with an ointment of lard and zinc, which he licked off; and he was bathed in a decoction of oak bark, which puckered up his tongue so that he could n't lick it off; and the result of the dual treatment was that he survived. Next came a swelling in his left ear. Another young medical friend declared it an external symptom of an abscess in the head. Tied up in a towel, he was laid on a table, and the swelling was lanced. I shall never forget his mew of surprise and pain as he raised his agonized eyes and stared at the surgeon when the knife pierced the flesh. But he did not struggle; he seemed to realize at once that this thing was for his good; and, after a glare of inquiry, he submitted in perfect quiet to the *suites* of the operation. Now came a treatment of lint; then a second lancing, a third, and

many; at last he would sit up without compulsion to have his ear treated; in fact, I am ready to risk a Quaker's oath that he held his head on one side, so that it might be got at the easier. The recovery was a long business.

At the suggestion and expense of the human infant of the family, the two cats celebrated Patrick's last birthday, in conjunction with the Hibernian population. While masses were said in the churches and processions trampled after music through the streets, the cats feasted within on lumps of raw meat and slaked their thirst from a pint of milk set out for them in a quiet closet. They ate and slept well all day. Next morning they went to the closet, and stared in amazement to see no milk there. I should like to know what they thought of that day's dispensation, and of the comparatively dry time which followed it.

Every morning they come up to the bedrooms to worship their false gods (ourselves) and to get a nap. Every afternoon *Stupid* is seized by a certain lady, who insists upon his taking another nap with her, a beneficence against which he sometimes rebels, seeking refuge in alien gardens and other wildernesses. He is a favorite because of his singularly thick, soft, and glossy fur, and because in his youth he was so affectionate and pettable. But he is pettable no longer; he does not often deign to sing when he is stroked; he is a spoiled baby. Meanwhile coarse-haired Patrick purrs most gratefully under caresses; moreover he bows and scrapes and humps his back like a gentleman of the old school; there never was a more courteous and affable grimalkin.

Every week or two I observe some new eccentricity in these animals. One whim is to select a particular spot for repose, sleep there regularly for a while, and afterwards never go near it. Now you will always find one in the hall; next week he takes his nap on a particular chair; then on a special bed or sofa; then up garret. It seems probable that in course of time they will become

as notional as two old bachelors. This need of variety, this disgust taken to old things without any assignable reason, is only one of the many points in which cats resemble human creatures.

But I must return to Champfleury. He has one interesting chapter on the love of distinguished characters for cats. Here, by the way, one is tempted to look through the other end of the telescope and ask, Why not "the love of cats for distinguished characters"?

Tasso addressed the finest of his sonnets to his cat; Petrarch had his favorite cat embalmed in the Egyptian style; Cardinal Wolsey gave audience with his cat seated beside him. There is or was a statue in a niche of the ancient prison of Newgate, representing the famous Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, with his right hand resting on a cat. Mahomet on one occasion cut off the skirt of his robe, so that he might rise without disturbing his cat, which was sleeping on it. Cardinal Richelieu, the great prime minister of France, always kept a number of kittens in his cabinet to amuse him with their pranks. Chateaubriand loved cats all his life, and his passion for them was so notorious, that when he was ambassador at Rome, the Pope made him a present of one. Michelet, the historian and the essayist on Love and Woman, is so fond of these animals that he will even pet a deformed one, and will not allow it to be molested. Moncrief, a clever French writer and member of the

Academy, was another cat lover, and wrote *Les Lettres sur les Chats*. Then come the German story-writer, Hoffmann, the French poets Baudelaire, Gautier, and Victor Hugo, the historian Mérimée, and our own Edgar Poe, besides a well-known list of English writers. On the whole, the cats have no reason to be ashamed of their intimates.

There have been artists who have loved this creature well enough to do much good work in drawing and painting him. Champfleury's book is illustrated by eighty excellent wood-cuts, which give us at least a hint of what has been done in this line by the Egyptians, the Romans, the Japanese; by the German Gottfried Mind, "the Raphael of cats;" by the Dutch Cornelius Wischer; by the Frenchmen, Grandville, Rouvière, and Delacroix; by the English Burbank, and several others. It is remarkable that one of the very best of these limners of the feline race is the Japanese Hok'sai, or Fo-Koa-Say, an artist of really distinguished merit, who died some fifty years since, leaving a prodigious number of sketches, many of which have reached Paris. The cats of Hok'sai are so plump and smooth and gracious, that you feel a desire to catch and fondle them. They are even more like nature than the best work of Delacroix, and they are hardly surpassed by the highly finished pieces of Mind and Wischer and Burbank.

J. W. DeForest.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

No American story-teller has of late years had greater success, of a good kind, than Mr. Eggleston, who in four years has given us consecutively, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, *The End of the World*, *The Mystery of Metropolisville*, and now *The Circuit Rider*. His books have been read by the hundred thousands; they have been respectfully considered by the most difficult criticism amongst us, they have been translated, we believe, and misunderstood in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, they have enjoyed the immortality of English republication. They merited as much. They were exceedingly well theorized. Mr. Eggleston considered the vast fields of fiction lying untouched in the region of his birth and the home of his early manhood, and for his plots, scenes, and characters, he acted on Mr. Greeley's famous advice, and went West. It must have been that he truthfully painted the conditions and people whom he aimed to portray, for it was in the West that his popularity began, and it is there doubtless that it is now the greatest. He does not deal with the contemporary West, but with the West of forty or fifty years ago; and except in *The Mystery of Metropolisville* he does not leave the familiar ground of the Ohio Valley. The scene of his first two stories is in Southern Indiana, that of the last is in Southern Ohio. On this ground he was at home, yet he was able to view all the people and situations from the outside, and in the light of subsequent life in the East. Some disadvantages came from this advantage. He was too conscious of the

oddity of his material, and he placed an inartistic stress upon unimportant details of dialect, customs, and character. Even in *The Circuit Rider*, he stops from time to time, in the description of some rude or grotesque scene, to make the reader an ironical or defiant apology for treating of such unrefined matters; or, if he has some wild incident or trait to handle, pauses to expatiate upon it and caress its singularity. This is bad art, as Mr. Eggleston must himself feel, and he ought not to indulge it. The novelist's business is to paint such facts of character and custom as he finds so strongly that their relative value in his picture will be at once apparent to the reader without a word of comment: otherwise his historical picture falls to the level of the panorama with a showman lecturing upon the striking points and picking them out for observance with a long stick. It is not in this way that the masters of the art which Mr. Eggleston reveres accomplish their results. Björnson does not add a word to impress on our imaginations the Norwegian incidents and characters he sets before us in *Arne*; and Turgénieff, in such a Russian tale as *The Lear of the Steppes*, leaves all comment to the reader. Everything necessary to the reader's intelligence should be quietly and artfully supplied, and nothing else should be added.

We speak the more frankly of this blemish in Mr. Eggleston's last work because we find *The Circuit Rider* such a vast advance upon his former stories. *The Mystery of Metropolisville* was disappointing; for

¹ *The Circuit Rider: A Tale of the Heroic Age.* By EDWARD EGGLESTON. Illustrated. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1874.

Thorpe Regis. A Novel. By the author of *The Rose-Garden and Unaware*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

A Sketch Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. A Compendious Itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria, and Italy. With Maps. Edition for 1874. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

Baddeck and that Sort of Thing. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

French Home Life. Reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Life under Glass. Containing Suggestions towards the Formation of Artificial Climates. By GEORGE A. SHOVE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

The International Scientific Series. The Conservation of Energy. By BALFOUR STEWART, LL. D., F. R. S., Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Owen's College, Manchester. With an Appendix treating of the Vital and Mental Applications of the Doctrine. New York: Appleton. 1874.

On Missions. A Lecture delivered in Westminster Abbey, on December 8, 1873, by F. Max Müller, M. A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford; with an Introductory Sermon by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

Laocöus. An Essay upon the Limits of Painting and Poetry. With Remarks illustrative of various Points in the History of Ancient Art. By GOTTFRIED EPHEMUS LESSING. Translated by ELLEN PROTHINGHAM. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

The Sources of Standard English. By T. L. KINGTON OLIPHANT, M. A., of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

though it showed a good sense of character and the story was interesting, it was not so fresh as *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, and it had not such poetic elements as *The End of the World*. It was not an advance; it was something of a retrogression. But in our pleasure with *The Circuit Rider* we have been willing to forget this, and we are glad to recognize the author in his most fortunate effort. The story is of backwoods life in Ohio at the time when the Methodists began to establish the foundations of their church in the new land, among the children of the Indian-fighters and pioneers, and the hero of the story is one of those ardent young preachers who throughout the Southwest were known as circuit riders. They were each given a certain field of labor by the Conference, and they traveled on horse-back from point to point in this field, preaching, praying, and turning sinners to repentance, and at due seasons assembling their forces in mighty camp-meetings, and gathering whole neighborhoods into the capacious bosom of their church at once. No history is more picturesque or dramatic than theirs, and Mr. Eggleston has well called their time the heroic age.

The tale is a very simple love-story, in which Morton Goodwin, amidst the lawless impulses of his first youth, is converted to Methodism, and becomes the Circuit Rider, and Patty Lumsden, the prettiest and richest and proudest girl of the region, who, preserving in the backwoods the tradition of the Old Virginia Anglicanism of her mother's family, resents his conversion, and ends by becoming herself a Methodist, and in due course the Circuit Rider's wife. Abundant incident of many sorts promotes and delays this conclusion, and all the persons of an early Western neighborhood figure before us. The civilizing forces of Methodism in conflict with the native tendencies to horse-stealing, counterfeiting, bloodshed, drunkenness, gaming, and dancing are very well and very distinctly studied. The coarseness, touched here and there with inborn delicacy and fineness; the sordid rapacity of some and the barbaric generosity of most; the despotism of public opinion; the elevation and purifying of popular feeling by the strong religious fervors of Methodism, are facts of the time and place very forcibly seized. The heroine is a real girl, as Mr. Eggleston's heroines are apt to be, and the hero is a heartily conceived ideal of young manhood submitting itself to duty, and turning its wild tendencies to account in battling

with sin and in personal encounter with unrepentant sinners; for Morton Goodwin's spiritual progress is from the point where he helps to break up a Methodist meeting, to the point where he leads the sheriff's posse in thrashing and dispersing the interlopers at a camp-meeting in which he is himself an exhorter. Yet we confess that the glimpse we have of the fair, the wily, and (as it is hinted) the many-experienced Sister Meachem, provokes a greater interest in us than Miss Patty's fortunes awaken and we fancy that in the adventurous career of the former the social life of the time could have been more vividly painted. We forgive ourselves for liking this sinner because we have so high an estimate of the most sublime character of the book, Kike Lumsden, who is also, to our thinking, the most powerfully presented. He is the cousin of Patty, and her father is about to cheat him out of his property when the story begins. He is "sixteen; one of those sallow-skinned boys with straight black hair, that one often sees in southern latitudes," and he is of the homicidal southwestern temperament. He defies his uncle and it is in his heart to kill him, when suddenly the circuit rider Magruder appears in the neighborhood, and preaches of each man's sins, as well as of the common wickedness, to him.

"When at last he came to speak of revenge, Kike, who had listened intently from the first, found himself breathing hard. The preacher showed how the revengeful man was 'as much a murderer as if he had already killed his enemy, and hid his mangled body in the woods, where none but the wolf could ever find him.' At these words, he turned to the part of the room where Kike sat, white with feeling. Magruder, looking always for the effect of his arrows, noted Kike's emotion, and paused. The house was utterly still, save now and then a sob from some anguish-smitten soul. The people were sitting as if waiting their doom. Kike already saw the mutilated form of his uncle Enoch hidden in the leaves, and scented by the hungry wolves. He waited to hear his own sentence. Hitherto the preacher had spoken with vehemence. Now he stopped, and began again with tears and a voice broken with emotion, looking in a general way toward where Kike sat: 'O young man, there are stains of blood on your hands! How dare you hold them up before the Judge of all? You are another Cain, and God sends his messenger to you to-day to inquire after him

whom you have already killed in your heart. You are a murderer! Nothing but God's mercy can snatch you from hell!" . . . Kike's . . . frail form shook with fear and penitence, as it had before shaken with wrath. "O God, what a wretch I am!" cried he, hiding his face in his hands." Kike becomes himself a preacher at once. He meets his uncle shortly afterwards, the old man taunts him with his conversion, and strikes him in the face; the young apostle, in heroic obedience to Scripture, has the force literally to "offer him the other cheek also."

He is a sickly, slender boy, and under the hardships of his vocation he breaks down at a camp-meeting, and is carried to the house of the nearest doctor, whose young daughter nurses him through his sickness. They love, and a great struggle takes place in Kike's heart between this passion and his sense of responsibility in his calling; if he marries he must cease to be a circuit rider, the vineyard must lose a laborer. He leaves his love unspoken, and, rising from his bed, goes forth again upon his mission. In a few years he wears out; he is brought back to the good doctor's house to die, and on his death-bed he weds with his love. It is a noble tragedy, finely set forth. It is worthy to have formed in itself the substance of a romance. Of all the figures in Mr. Eggleston's book, Kike stands first in our imagination.

—Thorpe Regis is a novel with a tolerably ingenious plot, carefully drawn characters, and many interesting situations; it shows no lack of observation on the part of the writer, who, moreover, adds a great many amusing remarks of her own in the pauses of telling her story; but, notwithstanding these merits, which might seem all that was needed to make a novel successful, it must be confessed that the interest is very languid, and that the novel is in this way inferior to the other two from the same lady's pen. The story suffers from a general dilution of the material which would have made a better short story, but which is made to do duty in the rather bulky form of the present volume, with the aid of some very pleasing descriptions, and some characters, like David Stephens, who have a very disproportionate importance to the story, in spite of the clearing up of Anthony's character when David is finally made away with. The smoothness with which the filling in is done half hides the fault, but it tells in making the whole novel dull.

Perhaps the best thing in the story is the very pleasing description of the heroine, Winifred. She is very well set before us as a young girl with her disappointment, a sorrow which comes to her not, as is so often the case in novels, because she had thrust her love upon a man who rejected it, but because she has shown a reasonable joy at the promise of what she would have gladly received had it not been denied her. That part of the novel is very well done. Almost as good is Marion's selfishness; and the silliness of Ada, the girl whose character "was just one which the dullest woman would have fathomed, and scarcely a man have read rightly," is not made the vehicle of heavy satire. In fact, the novel is remarkably free from striking faults; it has, however, the taint of dullness. Objection might be made to the improbability of the plot with so much depending on the loss of the letter, but the fault seems to us to lie deeper than that. One can allow almost any vagaries in the construction of a plot, if only, when it is chosen, the characters are kept in the proper relation to it and to one another. Thorpe Regis is, in short, a dull novel with a great many good points. It is like certain amiable people who inspire more respect than love.

—To the third annual edition of Hurd and Houghton's Satchel Guide to Europe have been added three new maps and a calendar of church and popular festivals, pilgrimages, fairs, etc. The Appendix, in which the latest information is embodied, has been rewritten; and the volume may now be safely praised as one of the best of its kind. We have been unable to convict it of frivolity or bad taste, which is saying much for a sort of literature that is apt in its American phase to be trivial and vulgar; and its instructions to travelers on the ground most familiar to us strike us as always sensible, comprehensive, and well-directed. In the small space at his command, the author is, of course, not able to mention more than a hundredth or a thousandth part of the things worthy to be seen in the famous places of Europe, and no doubt the traveler who has had time thoroughly to explore them would find this Satchel Guide's array of objects of interest surprisingly meagre. But this is not the point from which to judge such a book. One must put one's self in the place of the hurried tourist for whom it is prepared, and who wishes to see the things most worthy to be seen. For him it is a safe guide, and

if it has a fault it is likely to be that of superabundance rather than poverty. The amount and the variety of information given is really the occasion for surprise. The chapter of Introductory Hints is very good; and throughout the book the *utile* of statistics about fares, fees, hotel rates, etc., is artfully combined with the *dulce* of opinions upon art and local spirit and character from recent American travelers. Herein, too, the author's limitations have stayed his scissors, and these quotations are apt rather than profuse. And as to Byron, the tutelary deity of the guide-book makers, we believe there is but a solitary passage from him even in the chapters upon Italy.

—By critics who like their humor thick, it has been objected that Mr. Warner's humor is "thin." We do not well understand this sort of criticism, and we have sometimes suspected it of cheapness. It appears to us that it is better to ask of a man's humor whether it is funny or not, and not whether it is thick or thin; and it is by no means certain that the dullness is all in the humorist if one does not enjoy his joke. In his *Baddeck*, Mr. Warner offers us a pleasure less like that given in *My Summer in a Garden*, or in *Backlog Studies*, than that one takes in his *Saunterings*. There is little interest in the places visited, however, and you must look for your entertainment entirely to the author's mood. The little book is the history of two weeks' sojourn in the down-east British Provinces, chiefly at the hitherto unheard-of *Baddeck*; and its humor is that of the American vacationist dropping a grotesque comment about this or that which he sees, standing the heat, cold, hunger, and vigils of American and Provincial travel with the comical amiability of our race, and taking his revenge of all discomfort in a laugh — amused at his own inability to grumble seriously at anything, and rejoiced at the smallest opportunity to enjoy anything. The character sketched is mostly that of casually seen fellow-sufferers, and this is always lightly done, from the porter who wakes up the wrong Smith, to the paternal bully catechizing his daughter in Greek history in the railroad car. Droll bits abound, as the bragging Irish gentleman who confides his pugnacity to his friend on the steamer, the various people who did not know the how or when of the way to *Baddeck*, the drivers and horses of all the Provincial localities, the sleepy fiddler who bumped his head on the back of the seat in front of him, the

solitary prisoner of the *Baddeck* jail, the balking horse of that strange place, the family on the steamer home whose members kept everybody awake by bidding each other good night. The account of the Gaelic neighborhoods of *Baddeck*, with their old Scotch Sabbaths and their awful religious solemnities, is both novel and entertaining, and there is a very pleasant foreignness in the scenes and faces in this part of the book, which is altogether a very charming addition to the gentler sort of humorous literature. It does not thrust you in the ribs, nor seek to keep you upon the broad grin, but it can hardly fail to amuse you, unless you are one of those austere spirits who require to have their amusement logically accounted for. In this case, *Baddeck* will not amuse you, for the author nowhere attempts to defend the manifest impropriety of being simply a good comrade, a shrewd and amiable satirist, a humorous observer of matters which many good people would never have thought droll; in short, of not being a thick humorist. His easy and graceful style will add to his offense, which you will feel that he ought not to carry off so jauntily.

—Reserve is not commonly taken to be a French characteristic, but yet in many ways it is one that may be fairly ascribed to that people. There is hardly a country in Europe that receives yearly so large a stream of travelers, who all visit Paris, dine at half a dozen different *cafés*, indulge in the amusements of that city, and perhaps there or in the provinces get a faint insight into the life of some one family, but who in general have to form their opinion of domestic life in France from the novels which avowedly represent but one side of the society of a great country. It is the fashion in this country to bewail the utter lack of home life among the French. The men we imagine to be faithless, and the women too; the corruption of French society is an old story. On the other hand, the French people who see anything of those Americans figuring in Parisian society wonder at the empty lives of the men, and at the heartlessness of the women towards their children, and their wild love of pleasure. We can easily convict them of ignorance; and that we do not see all sides of the question becomes plain enough in the light of so excellent a book as *French Home Life*, which is evidently written by one who knows well what he writes about. In the chapter on servants, he speaks of the

peculiarities of the English serving-man, and into comparison with him he brings the French servant, showing very well the differences between the systems of the two countries. In France are to be found cheery, active, and generally useful servants, on good terms with their masters and mistresses, and free from the aversion to one another's work which is so often caricatured in the pages of Punch. The reasons of the superiority of the French method the author states to be the feeling of equality which exists in that country, and the kindness generally shown by masters to their servants, who are treated like fellow-beings. Then, too, the adaptability of the French, especially in their personal relations, aids them in getting along well together. Their easy politeness is more useful than the stiff manners of an Englishman.

Perhaps the chapter that will create the greatest interest is that on the children. The French mother devotes herself to her daughters, who, "as a whole, are singularly docile; most of them obey for the best of all possible reasons—because they love. They live in such unceasing intimacy with their father and mother, that the tie between them indisputably grows stronger than in other lands where there is less constant community of heart and thought. In evidence of this, it is sufficient to point out the numerous examples which are to be found in France of three generations lodging together: the old people, their children, and their grandchildren, all united and harmonious. The fact is—and it is a fact, however prodigious it may appear to people who have always believed the contrary—that the family bond is extraordinarily powerful in France." While the effect of their method is most salutary on the girls in making them affectionate and domestic, it tends unfortunately towards making the boys girlish, and very often what in English we call sneaks. The notion of manliness among boys is wanting.

—The reader cannot have forgotten that Atlantic paper of Mr. Shove's, on *Life under Glass*, which he has now reprinted with some amplifications. There was nothing more taking in this dream of whole communities of invalids and luxurious idlers housed against the vicissitudes of climate, in vast palaces of glass, than the author's firm belief in its practicality; and this we shall be far from questioning. Too many fantastic visions of the past are now the commonplace facts of the present, to suffer us to sit

down among the scornful, when any reverie proposes to become a serious project. In fact, we see no good reason why Mr. Shove's plan should not be tried by the same generation which puts an electric "girdle round the earth in forty minutes" whenever it likes. It would be a grim piece of humor, instead of abandoning this abominable climate of ours, to fence it out, drive it into the ocean and let the Gulf Stream swallow it up, or carry it over and Americanize England with it. At least, ordinary enterprise might act upon our author's suggestion to roof and inclose city sidewalks with glass, which could be heated by registers in the pavement, so that people from the country, who are now in the habit of trying to warm their feet over the coal-hole gratings, need no longer be disappointed. In the mean time, Mr. Shove's little book merits perusal.

—The chief infelicity of the very timely and promising enterprise of *The International Scientific Series* is that it is an attempt to construct a royal road to knowledge, and that this effort must in the nature of the case be something of a failure even when made by royal engineers. The *Conservation of Energy and the Correlation of Forces* is a topic too intricate, comprehensive, and new to be summarized without vagueness in a treatise of two hundred pages, addressed to readers supposed to be previously uninformed on the theme. We have no hesitation in commending even to popular use Professor Tyndall's more detailed discussions of Heat as a Form of Motion, or the collection of essays by Grove, Helmholtz, Meyer, Faraday, Liebig, and Carpenter, published in this country by Professor Youmans in a volume on the *Correlation and Conservation of Forces*, as likely to prove more remunerative reading than this essay by Professor Balfour Stewart. But the style of the latter has great merit, and the enrichment of his treatise in the American edition by essays by Professor Le Conte on the correlation of vital with chemical and physical forces, and by Professor Bain on that of the nervous and mental forces, make the American copy of this number of *The International Scientific Series* an encouraging if not brilliant addition to the list.

Heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and mechanical force are transmutable into each other, back and forth; and, amid all these changes, the amount of force remains unchanged; but, if vital force

and mental action are to be explained by this law of the mutual convertibility and persistence of forces, evidently the phenomenon of a free will and our consciousness that we originate force must appear to the new philosophy insoluble mysteries. This greatest of the standing objections to the theory of the convertibility of physical, vital, and mental forces is here (on page 194 in Professor Le Conte's essay) simply skipped.

—Dean Stanley and Professor Müller, speaking on the same day in Westminster Abbey on Christian Missions, treat Keshub Chunder Sen's famous lecture on Christ and Christianity and the moral theology of the Brahmo Somaj, much as Paul is said, in the ancient Latin hymn, to have treated the tomb of Virgil when he landed at Puteoli and turned aside to the hill of Posilippo to shed a tear over the grave, and thought how much he might have made of that noble soul if he had found him still on earth:

Ad Maronis mausoleum
Doctus, fudit super eum
Pæcorum lacrymæ—
Quantum, dixit, te fecissem,
Si te vivum invenissem,
Poetarum maxime.

The two lectures are a plea for a broad toleration of variety of means in the prosecution of missions; and they have much local significance as addressed to the church establishment of England from Westminster Abbey, by a dean of the cathedral, and by that professor who is perhaps the best living authority on the history of heathen religions. Müller's rather hastily written Lectures on the Science of Religion have been accused with some justice of exhibiting the moral theology of paganism with so many omissions of historical facts as to its adulterate elements, that the whole picture is of a partisan tinge. But the shallow error of treating Christian morals patronizingly is not committed in this address in Westminster Abbey; and, although the production has no great literary merit, it is a valuable appendix to Professor Müller's previous discussions of Comparative Theology, a theme the literature of which is growing rapidly.

—An English translation of Lessing's *Laocoön* has long been needed, and Miss Frothingham is deserving of all praise for filling the gap in our book-shelves. In execution her book is all that could be desired, and it is made of greater practical convenience by the rendering into English of all

the quotations from other languages, with the exception of some few unimportant ones. The value of the book has been long since determined. It is a masterly exposition of the boundaries of the different arts, as divided into plastic and descriptive. The influence of the *Laocoön* was very great at the time of its publication, a little more than a century ago, and although it has served the specific purpose for which it was written, in refuting some errors made by Winckelmann, the liveliness of its style, and the clearness with which the author's views are expressed, make it a book that is always fresh. Moreover, errors die hard, and need to be overthrown more than once. The printing of the book is also deserving of commendation; it is in every way creditable to the publishers.

—In his little volume Mr. Oliphant has furnished some valuable material toward the history of our language. He traces the growth of English from the earliest times, showing the way in which successive alterations made their appearance, to what influences the changes were due, and what traces of older forms are still to be found in dialectic use. The greater weight of authority he gives to the northern shires of England. He has prepared a very readable book, which will be found of value by the rapidly increasing class of persons who, inspired by the attractiveness of the subject as it is presented in the many new philological books, are giving their attention to their own language. Like many of his fellow-workers, Mr. Oliphant is full of whims; words from the Latin fill his soul with hot wrath, and the reporter's English is an object of his bitterest scorn. Besides these reasonable antipathies he shows great zeal in using Teutonic words; for example, "The first token of the change in English is the ever-waxing distaste for words compounded with prepositions." Another instance is his use of "even as" for "just as," which seems to savor of affectation, but every page bears the mark of this peculiarity.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *Philosophers and Fools. A Study.* By Julia Duhring. — *Plato.* By Clifton M. Collins, M. A. (*Ancient Classics for English Readers.*) — *History of the Conquest of Peru, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas.* By William H.

Prescott. New and revised Edition, with the Author's latest Corrections and Additions. By John Foster Kirke. — *The Heir of Malreward; or, Restored.* By the Author of *Son and Heir*, etc. — *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*, comprising portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. I.

Harper and Brothers, New York: *Armada.* A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. — *Through Fire and Water.* A Tale of City Life. By Frederick Talbot. — *Colonel Dacre.* A Novel. By the Author of *Caste*, etc. — *The Doctrine of Evolution; its Data, its Principles, and its Theistic Bearings.* By Alex. Winchell, LL. D. — *The Office and Duty of a Christian Pastor.* By Stephen H. Tyng, D. D.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: "Good Luck!" Translated by Francis A. Shaw from the German of Ernest Werder. — *The Rhine from Rotterdam to Constance.* Handbook for Travelers. By K. Baedeker. Fifth Edition, revised and augmented.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: *The Seven Gray Pilgrims.* A Personal Romance. By a Subaltern of Artillery.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: *First Steps in General History.* A Suggestive Outline. By Arthur Gilman, M. A.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: *Responsibility in Mental Disease.* By Henry Maudesley, M. D. — *A Daughter of Bohemia.* A Novel. By Christian Reid.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: *Chapters on Animals.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With 20 Illustrations by J. Veyrassat and Karl Bodmer.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *A History of American Currency*, with Chapters on English Bank Restrictions and Austrian Paper Money. By William G. Sumner. To which is appended "The Bullion Report."

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: *Religion and the State. Protection or Alliance? Taxation or Exemption?* By Alvah Hovey, D. D. — *Guizot's Popular History of France.* Parts VIII., IX., X. — *Elena, an Italian Tale.* By L. N. Comyn.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: *Essays on Educational Reformers.* By Robert Herbert Quick.

Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago: *Truths for To-Day.* Spoken in the Past Winter. By Rev. David Swing.

1 All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: *The Italian Girl.* By Katharine Sedgwick Washburn.

James Miller, New York: *Christ the Spirit: Being an Attempt to state the Primitive View of Christianity.* By the Author of *Swedenborg an Hermetic Philosopher*, etc.

Sheldon & Co., New York: *The Wetherel Affair.* By J. W. DeForest.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: *Heroes of the Seven Hills.* By Mrs. C. H. B. Laing, Author of *The Seven Kings of the Seven Hills.*

Dodd and Mead, New York: *Our Fred; or, Seminary Life at Thurston.* A Sequel to *The Old-Fashioned Boy.* By Martha Farquharson.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

At length, after the interruption caused by the war and the succeeding troubles of France, there appears one sign of tranquillity which has for a long time been absent, in the shape of the new books, which now almost rival their former profusion. For this month there is nothing so important to record as Mérimée's *Lettres à une Inconnue* or Victor Hugo's latest novel, but in Théophile Gautier's *Histoire du Romantisme* we have a book which, as its title indicates, is closely connected with Victor Hugo's earlier work, and, so little has he changed, so constant has he been to his old idols, with what he does now.

The literary revival of 1830 has always rivaled in the minds of Frenchmen the greater revolution which has since been immortalized by Hugo's last novel; and foreigners have been of different minds about it, varying between that veiled contempt which calls itself impartiality, and lavish adulation. As is well known, the culmination of the great struggle was over Hugo's *Hernani*, a play which flew in the face of all the rigid conventionalities that had previously governed poetry and the stage. It broke all the laws of verse-making, and neglected all the theatrical etiquette of formality; there was no web of resounding Alexandrine verse to cover every remark; a line like

"'Est-il minuit?' 'Minuit bientôt!'"

excited a tumult, and a three days' struggle

Histoire du Romantisme. Par THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris. 1874.

Théophile Gautier. Souvenirs Intimes. Par EMMET FETTER. Paris. 1874.

gle. As Gautier says, it is impossible for us nowadays to understand the bitterness of the dissension. The line quoted above he says "was considered trivial, familiar, unsuitable; a king asks what o'clock it is like any ordinary man, and he is told, as if he were a country boor, *midnight*." While in this way it did good, any amount of opposition to it seems intelligent when we look at it simply with regard to its own merits, and without considering how much deep and more genuine feeling lay behind it in the minds of those who were loudest in their applause of its unrealities. It belongs to that branch of literature of which an exact description sounds like defamatory criticism. If it is said on the one hand that the lash of novelty has to be very cutting to pierce through so many prejudices, it may be answered that a reformation which begins with principles so awry is unlikely to bring forth good fruit. And, in fact, the issue of it all is extremely disappointing. Victor Hugo remains the greatest of all, and almost unchanged. Théophile Gautier, with all his varying merit, nowhere appears so charming as in this little volume with his tender recollections of his hot youth, when at the bringing out of Hernani he was conspicuous for his red waistcoat and his violent applause. He explains, with all the tolerance and wisdom of a kind-hearted man who has outlived the fanaticism of his youth, and can afford to be amused at it, all that the young reformers of that time meant. He draws a picture of the school of worshipers of Victor Hugo, of these youths with their ardent love of Shakespeare, and their intense hatred of the respectability of their own poets, with a great deal of warmth and affection for his old friends. It was one of those rare times when very young men were promoted from their proper obscurity to unusual prominence. He says, "In the Romantic army, as in that of Italy, every one was young. Most of the soldiers had not attained their majority, and the oldest of the band was the commander-in-chief, aged twenty-eight. This was the age of Bonaparte and of Victor Hugo at that date."

Not unamusing is his description of his introduction to Victor Hugo in those days. He had earned the right by hard work, applauding at thirty representations of Hernani, and he plucked up courage enough to pay a visit to the object of his adoration. At the door his courage failed him, and in extreme terror he sat down upon the stairs, "and suddenly Victor Hugo ap-

peared in all his glory. Like Esther before Ahasuerus, we nearly fainted. Hugo was not able to hold out the golden sceptre, as did Ahasuerus, to encourage us, because there was no golden sceptre in his hand, which astonished us. He smiled, but he did not seem surprised, for he was in the habit of meeting every day, upon his staircase, terrified young poets, blushing crimson or pale as death, and even grown men, confused and stammering. He received us with the most gracious politeness, and invited us into his parlor."

With the same half-amused air, sometimes accompanied by a gentle pathos, he gives an account of all the companions of his youth. In no one of his books is there a pleasanter personal flavor than in this. His books of travel are cleverer and more brilliant in every way; his *Capitaine Fracasse*, of course, is not nearly rivaled, but the amiability and kindness of heart which fill this volume are extremely pleasant. He seems absolutely devoid of jealousy, to have been warmly devoted to his friends, and ready to ignore their faults and pick out their virtues, after a fashion which must have made him very dear to them.

—A less agreeable impression is given by Feydeau's *Théophile Gautier*, a book which has every fault that a biography can have. It is three quarters Feydeau and the rest very much diluted Gautier. It is to be remembered that it is the last work of a man never conspicuous for intellectual vigor, after he had been seized by a mortal disease, and written when he was more inclined to make than to write books. All of Feydeau's recent books show the lamentable weakness of a man who was puffed up with every sort of vanity and self-importance, and these qualities sadly disfigure this slight sketch. Underneath all the verbiage we get the same impression of Gautier's kindness. In him, and much more in Feydeau, his disciple, we also detect the extreme unsatisfactoriness of that well-worn battle-cry of a certain school of writers of art for art's sake. Perhaps a rallying shout like that phrase is not to be examined too critically by those who are anxious to find out its meaning, but still, since it is brought forward as a trite argument, such an examination may not be out of place. If there were no other feeling in the mind of men than one for art, it would be only natural and proper that all creative work of the brain should have no other aim than that of gratifying this feeling; but in that case, of course, it could not fail to do it,

and the maxim would become a platitude. Since, however, man is a notoriously complex being, it is impossible and so unadvisable for him to try to silence every other demand of his nature, and especially the instinctive utterances of his conscience, for the titillation which the enjoyment of things he cannot approve gives him. Feydeau and Gautier felt themselves sorely pressed by those critics who brought the test of what was decorous to the judgment of literary work. Not that they ignored every sense of propriety, but that their rules were very lax. They fought, or at least Gautier did, for Feydeau need not be counted, against the Philistinism of the every-day world. Yet, while it would be a gloomy world in which all the books were tracts, it is also not hard to imagine a state of things in which men who followed out the most conspicuous tendency of those who advocate "art for art's sake," might make reading a less improving exercise of the mind than it is now customary to regard it.

The most conclusive argument against the fallacy is the decay, the gradual dry-rot, which has infested so much modern French literature. "Art for art's sake" was taken as meaning freedom to use any sort of villainess to lash the jaded appetite which is insatiably demanding more and more highly-spiced food, without the existence of a right

to examine the soundness of the enjoyment that may be derived from it. What is the impression made by Victor Hugo? Is it not that of a man who with many and rare talents has spent his life in following chimeras, in continuing as a grown man what was only endurable when part of the aggressive excess of youth? Like a certain number of musicians he wins our attention by perpetually striking discords. Gautier, while he leaves a melancholy sense of incompleteness, was a master of good writing, and generally of good taste, but as a whole the failure of the school is most noticeable.

At the end of Gautier's volume is an account of the progress of French poetry since 1848, which is in fact a history of it since 1830. This is a barren subject even for his easy pen. His criticism, or rather, his narration, belongs to the "genial" style of which he was so accomplished a master. Praise is distributed with a lavish hand. Even when he does his best, the showing is but a poor one. On the whole, the volume is deserving of praise for the light it throws upon the character of the writer, and the information it gives us about the most interesting period in the French literature of this century. In fact, to form an adequate idea of it, it will be absolutely necessary to read this entertaining volume.

ART.

DURING the months of April and May, society in New York enjoyed a new experience. It found itself taking pleasure in one of the yearly exhibitions of the National Academy of Design. A long time had elapsed since it had cared to know even so much as that the exhibition was opened; as for wasting its precious time in visiting it, and giving up to pot-boilers and experiments what was meant for shopping and the matinees—that was a thing that had long ceased to occur to it. And certainly no one could blame society for its indifference. The artists themselves had so long neglected the interests of their own institution, that it was on the very verge of bankruptcy; they had wasted, in bickerings, the time that should have been used in hard work, and they had tried every scheme to

mend the fortunes of the academy, and to put money in its purse, but the one scheme of painting the best pictures they knew how to paint, and making of them an exhibition that would at least deserve the respect that is due to well-meant endeavor. This being the state of things, who could wonder that the academy declined?

There was a time when no one who knew the condition of affairs would have been much surprised to hear that the academy no longer existed; that it was hopelessly bankrupt, and that the building was to be sold. Yet, though the public was prepared to hear this, it is not to be doubted that it would have been unwelcome news. For, strange as it may seem to say of a great city like New York, yet it is true that the academy is almost the only historic link

that connects the culture of to-day with the culture of half a century ago, when the city was just emerging from boyhood into manhood. As soon as the new academy was fairly established, it proved a centre about which whatever was educated, cultured, and refined in the city had naturally gathered; and the best society had honored, in the persons of the artists, the art which they served with all the ability they were possessed of. It is easy to speak slightly of our elder artists, and to compare their work disparagingly with the pictures that are painted to-day, but it is only just to them to declare our conviction that in proportion to their powers they did more for the general culture than those that have followed them are doing to-day. There was not only a heartier and wider sympathy among the artists themselves, but they held by closer ties to the cultivated society of their time. That things are different to-day is neither the fault of the artists nor of society. It is one of the inevitable results of the great change that has come over the country at large, in the last twenty-five years, and which, perhaps, has produced no more striking change anywhere than in the city of New York.

All that we have felt a right to complain of has been that the artists themselves did not do what might fairly be expected of them. There was a general inertness in the whole body of artists; there were very few of them who accomplished in any given year either all the work they could have done, or work of as good quality as they were able to produce. We heard a great deal about "receptions" and "private views" and "Saturdays," and there was a get-up about the cards and invitations to these exclusive gatherings that was suggestive of heavy stationer's bills, if of nothing else. But when one came to see the pictures to which all this satin paper, and double envelope, and gold printing, invited us, one too often perceived a sad discrepancy. There were elegantly furnished rooms, filled with ladies and gentlemen, the artist's personal friends; there were flowers, and sometimes music, and sometimes refreshments and general enjoyment; but there was as little art as possible, while an uncomfortable suspicion that the whole affair was "shop," made itself felt. The truth is, the artists had a great deal to contend against in the indifference of the society in which they lived to culture and the arts, and, what was perhaps as serious an obsta-

cle, in the influx of a great number of the more skillful, more showy, and more interesting productions of European painters. There can be no denying that these works, the product of a school accomplished by long years of training, not only satisfied, more fully than the productions of our own men, the demands of educated and cultivated Americans, but that they did an immense deal to elevate the standard in art of the whole community, at least so far as technics are concerned; and while this process of teaching was going on, our artists were suffering in their pockets, and were greatly discouraged. They could not please the people who buy pictures, and they could not stand up against the critics, and so it came about that they saw no other resource but to put out as attractive a bait as they could for society and the newspaper men, and try if it were only possible to make artists and art the fashionable thing.

Of late, matters have been sensibly mending. For one thing, the character of the foreign pictures imported into this country has greatly fallen off. The competition not only among our dealers at home, but also between these and the dealers in England and France, has been so great that for the last two or three years it has been difficult for the artists abroad to supply the demand for their pictures, and they themselves have in too many cases fallen into evil ways. But a more affirmative and more encouraging reason for the better state of things that has begun to exist among us is to be found in the fact that the artists themselves are showing more earnestness, and are beginning to take hold of things by the handle. There are enough of them who never bent the knee to Baal, and who, when "receptions" were hottest, stuck to their craft, and loved the silence and the privacy of their studios, to come to the rescue now that the old order is changing, giving place to new. And we feel that with only a few men born artists, living in their vocation, and trained by serious study, a complete revival can be accomplished; is, indeed, actually being accomplished.

There has, however, been danger this year, that in the general pleasure at the improved character of the exhibition, the proverbial good-nature of our public might work some mischief. We are still too much like children, easily depressed, easily pleased, and the artists have been making it so uncomfortable of late with their yearly exhibitions, that a show even a little better than

usual seems a great improvement, and we talk and write about the exhibition of the present year as if it left very little to be desired. But, after all, when we come to look at it with coolness, we find that the excellence of the collection is reflected over the whole from a few really good pictures, and from a few whose authors tried hard to make them good; while there is the negative recommendation that there are very few of those pictures that in former years made the exhibitions of the academy a mortification to its friends, and a laughing-stock to its enemies. Mr. Rossiter and Mr. Leutze are dead, Mr. Lang has returned to Europe and paints no longer, and Mr. Bierstadt has gone West and finds, let us hope, among Pikes and Diggers more congenial and unsuspecting spectators of his wonderful works than he could hope for in the sophisticated East. Lest we should forget him utterly, however, he has sent one picture to the present exhibition, of which we refrain from saying anything, since his friends deprecatingly assure us that "it is a long time, you know, since Bierstadt saw any good pictures, and he could not tell how this one would look, and, beside, it was not fair to hang it in so conspicuous a situation."

There are, however, signs enough that people are still ready to welcome any one who can make "a sensation," and the most popular pictures in the present exhibition have been Vaini's Veronica gazing upon the Head of her Dead Rival, S. J. Grey's *Going to the Opera*, and Schenck's *Lost: A Souvenir of the Auvergnés*. Schenck is a well-known contributor to the Paris Salon, and his pictures of sheep — sheep are his *spécialité* — have been often photographed and engraved. He is not an American, but a native of Holstein, and he has long been a resident of Ecouen, where he is one of the favorite members of the artist society of the little village Édouard Frère has made famous, and whence he often comes to Paris and seeks the society of Americans, for which he has a particular liking. It is worth remarking, by the way, that the group of American artists associated with Ecouen, and, indeed, the French-American artists in general, are but little known among their own countrymen, while deserving better than to be wholly unknown. Yet how many of us have ever heard of Bacon, or Meyer, or Helmuth, or Bridgman — names not famous, we admit, but every one of them a name that was once at least rich in promise;

nor is it easy to understand why we have not from some one of them received a work or works that might have justified the early hopes they excited. Schenck's picture (the French pronounce the artist's name, Shenk) is a striking and spirited representation of a group of sheep overtaken by a whirlwind of snow in the mountains of Auvergne. It has, in one sense, no right in the exhibition, which ought to be made up of pictures by American artists exclusively, but it is well to have smuggled in so strong a work under any pretense. There is thoroughly good drawing and effective composition in this picture; in color it is nothing, being indeed not much more than a drawing in black and white. Its size and the vigor with which it is painted have secured for it the place of honor, in the middle of the long wall of the large south room.

Mr. Vaini's pictures are the first appearance among us of an Italian artist who has lately settled in New York, and technically speaking his pictures have no more right in the exhibition than that of Mr. Schenck. And it is really a pity that so convenient excuse had not been accepted for rejecting such morbid and disagreeable performances. The Veronica represents an Italian lady, of whom one of Guerrazzi's romances tells us that she had the head of her rival cut off and sent to her faithless husband done up in his week's wash. The picture is meant for horrible, but it comes only so near it that our gorge rises at it. Veronica is a weak little woman, who is scowling in make-believe passion of some kind, she does not exactly know what. She clutches the arm of her chair with a hand out of drawing; the head of the other lady lies on the table in a garnish of ruffles, and a bloody cloth with some bloody straw, in which the head has been wrapped, lies on the floor. At the opening of the exhibition this picture made considerable talk, but after a while the public reasoned itself into a better state of mind, and came to the sensible conclusion that such pictures could not be pleasing to the gods and ought not to be pleasing to men.

Mr. Grey's *Going to the Opera* disappointed all the friends of this really clever and skillful artist, who for his part must have felt also disappointed at the reception a work on which he had spent so much time, and on which he had built so many hopes, met with from the whole body of responsible writers for the press — a body, we may say, with whom Mr. Grey has been a

particular favorite. The picture contains at least fifteen figures, all portraits, and they are grouped in a composition intended to show us a family gathering on an ordinary evening when some of the party were to go to the opera. The grouping is forced and unreal, every face stares, and every figure has the ease of attitude communicated by the head-nipper of the photographer to his sitter, while as if to impress us with the fact that the photographer's part had been no small one, the head of the family is shown sitting apart in the foreground, timing the whole group with his watch as if he were bathing a negative. The time of day is represented by a lighted chandelier of the most hideous design, painted with make-believe realism, and looking, as too many of these monsters do, like a locomotive after a collision.

These, if we except Mr. Page's unfortunate William Shakespeare, were the chief attractions of the exhibition to the great body of the public, but even the crowd came to take pleasure in Mr. W. T. Richards' noble sea-piece, in Mr. Whittredge's fine landscape, *A Home by the Sea*, in Huntington's fine portrait of Mrs. Tibbits, — the best portrait in the exhibition, — in C. C. Coleman's *Street in Rome*, and the *Chapel of the Cambio* at Perugia, in Mr. S. R. Gifford's *Sunset on the Sweetwater*, and not a few others, that did yeomen's service in redeeming the year from the fate of its predecessors. The attendance was unusually large from the opening of the exhibition to its close, and, what is of importance to the artists, more pictures were sold, and at good prices, than were ever sold before, certainly at any one exhibition, and more we suspect than were sold in at least the five preceding years put together. This is encouraging, but we earnestly hope it may not prove too encouraging. Our artists are too easily satisfied, and the public is not exacting enough. The exhibition contained less than a dozen first-rate works, and not one work of high imagination or even of masterly technical skill. The finest works were Mr. W. T. Richards' *Sea-piece* and Mr. C. C. Coleman's *Chapel of the Cambio*; but, beautiful as both these were, they showed only in Mr. Coleman great manual patience and dexterity, and a highly refined taste, and in Mr. Richards an equal patience devoted to a grander subject, and a strong sympathy with nature. But these things cannot satisfy our craving for some one who shall carry out for us the promise made so long ago, in the days when our

world was young, by Allston, whose wand seems buried fifty fathom deep. Is it a mere chance or is some fault in us at home, that we have no one among us who can be to us what our strayed children might have been to us, and what they have been to the land they preferred to ours? We have given England our Stuart Newton, our Leslies, — father and son, — our Boughton, and our Whistler.

— The necessities of magazine publishing have prevented our referring earlier, as we should have been glad to do, to a service rendered early in March by the *New York Tribune*, in printing a letter from Mr. Bayard Taylor giving an account of Dr. Schliemann and his recent discoveries in the Troad. A few days after the publication of Mr. Taylor's letter, we received from B. Westermann & Co., New York, a copy of Dr. Schliemann's book with the accompanying atlas of 218 photographic plates, illustrating not only the objects discovered in the diggings at Hissarlik, but the localities themselves. The atlas, so long looked for with lively expectations of a renewal of the pleasure received from the *Di Cesnola Collection* of Cypriote Antiquities, is certainly disappointing at first sight. The photographs themselves are rude, in many cases nearly impossible to make out, and what is worse, they are in great part taken, not from the objects themselves, but from (Dr. Schliemann's?) drawings of the objects. Let us say at once, however, that these drawings are not open to the suspicion of being dressed up to make them attractive. They rather give the notion that they do injustice to their originals, by showing them less shapely and less highly finished than they are. On closer examination, however, and on comparing the photographs from drawings with those from the real objects, it is plain that the drawings sufficiently represent the reality, the articles found by Dr. Schliemann betraying a very rude state of civilization, akin to that of the lake-dwellers, or of the people who made the rudest of the objects in the *Di Cesnola Collection*. So far as beauty of form or a feeling for design are concerned, we are in no way gainers by Dr. Schliemann's find. The jewelry is savage, recalling the wampum of our own Indians, there is no glass, and among all the specimens of pottery there is hardly one graceful shape. The most interesting objects are the so-called disks, which must to many persons recall the sea-urchin, and the arrangement of the lines (scratched?)

upon them, in astonishing variety, is evidently based upon the figures so delicately, and with such beautiful and symmetrical design, pricked upon the flattened side of the sea-urchin. The interest of Dr. Schlie-mann's discovery is almost purely archaeological, but in this field it is one of the most important and widely interesting finds that has been made in modern times.

— One of those slanders of American artists abroad, which appear from time to time, has just been extinguished, perhaps more effectually than any former falsehood of the kind. A Mr. Stephen Weston Healy, studying sculpture at Florence, wrote to a New York paper charging that Mr. Story, of Rome, and Messrs. Gould, Mead, Connolly, Park, Turner, and others, of Florence,

were in the habit of having great part of their modeling done for them by a Florentine named Mazzuoli, and declaring that certain other sculptors would substantiate this charge. The friends of each of the artists accused have appeared in his defense, and satisfactorily vindicated his good fame. The sculptors to whom Mr. Healy permitted himself to refer for confirmation have denied all complicity in his charges. Finally, Signor Mazzuoli has made oath that he never did the work imputed to him, but simply cut draperies designed by the sculptors. Such is the fate of Mr. Healy's slander, which, we take pleasure in assuring the American sculptors in Rome and Florence, was never entertained in America except by prejudiced or ignorant people.

MUSIC.

THE most readable, and in several ways the most repaying book on general musical topics, among the host of similar works that are constantly appearing in Germany, is A. W. Ambros' second series of *Bunte Blätter*.¹ The author treats whatever subject he is handling with a graceful lightness of touch that has all the easy fascination of the best French *feuilleton* style, while the sound knowledge, the perfect grasp of his subject that inevitably makes itself felt through all his pleasant chit-chat, gives the reader a comfortable sense of not wasting his time on the mere amenities of graceful diction. Neither are special Teutonic characteristics wanting; his thirst for generalization is immense, and he seems always eager to attack his subject *in toto*, in its widest possible signification. He delights in intellectual genealogy, and cannot rest until he has traced every fact that comes under his notice back to its aboriginal prototype. Like most chatty writers, when once launched in debate, he wants plenty of sea-room. Time and space are nothing to him, and if he thinks that he can give the reader a clearer, and above all a more comprehensive view of the subject by transporting him suddenly to the Feejee Islands, or taking a flight back over two or three centuries, he is perfectly

ready to do it. Of persistent argument we find little in his writings; he seems to take for granted that the reader is of his opinion, and it never occurs to him to take up the didactic vein. His book is full of valuable suggestions rather than of fixed doctrines. He takes a view of his subject from so many different positions that we are not seldom at a loss to know what special conclusion he has at last arrived at. Perhaps he very often comes to no distinct and final conclusion himself. In working up his subject, all the exact information he gives us is merely incidental; the variety of ideas he suggests is immense, but when the ideas are once suggested, he leaves them to take their own course unassisted, and immediately hurries on to some other as yet untried point of view. After reading the *Bunte Blätter* it would be impossible to say what particular school of music he pins his faith to. His object in writing seems to be rather to learn than to instruct; the public are let into his intellectual laboratory, and are there allowed to pick up what bits of knowledge they can.

Many chapters in the book are well worth translating into English, especially the one entitled, *Die musikalische Wasserpast*, in which he treats of Offenbach et C. Leuckart (Constantin Sander). 1874. (To be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street Boston.)

¹ *Bunte Blätter, Skizzen und Studien für Freunde der Musik und der Bildenden Kunst.* Von A. W. AMBROS. Neue Folge. Leipzig: Verlag von F. E.

hoc genus omne, and which is, perhaps, everything considered, the best in the book. It is one of the very few justly appreciative criticisms of Opéra Bouffé that we have yet seen. Taking Hamlet's "He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps," for his motto, the author begins quite an elaborate notice of humorous opera in general from the time of Monteverde down to the present day. It were difficult to find more instructive matter, compressed into so small a space, than he gives us in the first twenty and odd pages, in which he passes in review the principal composers of comic opera in Europe from Alessandro Scarlatti down to Auber. Among other excellent things, we must particularly praise his masterly notice of Cherubini's *Les deux Journées*. When he has dwelt sufficiently upon Auber, Adam, Hérold, and the French composers of that stamp, he goes on:—

"While the sun of old Auber was setting, and he nevertheless continued composing, there sprang up in Paris a German, *i. e.*, a composer accidentally born in Germany, of the same race as Meyerbeer, an inverted Antonio Montecitorio of Goethe, around whose cradle the Graces assembled, but on the other hand all the other gods stayed away—a composer who perhaps did not in the beginning suspect that he was appointed to become a musical world-power: Jacques Offenbach. When his *Orphée aux Enfers* came across the Rhine, we could all laugh heartily, and without any scruples, at his topsy-turvy Olympus. Who has not been amused when Orpheus, who in reality thanks all the gods that he is rid of his Eurydice, is forced by an allegorically embodied Public Opinion to fetch her up again out of the lower world? (Offenbach hardly dreamed that in Monteverde's *Orfeo* the hero is in like manner escorted down to Orcus by Hope—*La Speme*!) The *Marriage aux Lanternes* showed, on the other hand, that Offenbach was trying to walk in Auber's footsteps, a path which he was destined to leave soon enough. The abysmal corruption of the second empire was not to be served by wit and humor alone; it demanded a moral game-flavor—the stronger the better! Offenbach's comic muse (or whatever the capricious being who inspires him may be called) began to show more and more plainly her faun's smile, and at last in *La belle Hélène* struck the key-note, which has since then been the prevailing one in Offenbach and the *servum pecus imitatorum* who have composed after him."

Ambros goes on to notice more particularly the Offenbach operas that were produced in Vienna in 1872, *Fantasio*, *La Boule de Neige*, and *Le Corsair Noir*. He says, quoting from the *Augsburger allgemeine Zeitung*: "The Egyptian plague of the century has been Sardou's and Offenbach's muse; the sensuous destruction of taste through a vulgarity of the stage that is fast becoming classic." He speaks at some length of Offenbach's power of caricature, ending with,—

"The French are masters in this sort of comic production (think, for instance, of Grandville's drawings and the well-known busts of Dantan, among a host of others!), and Offenbach has caught their idea and applied it to music. This decided, and certainly by no means despicable talent which Offenbach was endowed with, and has cultivated in the fittest place in the world, namely, in Paris, has led him, even in the choice of his subjects, to enter upon a path in which this talent of his can exercise itself in the most brilliant manner. Rossini's Doctor Bartolo is really a second Cato when brought into comparison with the mad figures that go rollicking about in *Barbe-Bleue*, *La Grande Duchesse de Gêrolstein*, or *La Princesse de Trébizonde*. We may shake our heads ever so suspiciously in the midst of this madcap world of grimaces, in this antic carnival of the mind, but we cannot help feeling cheerfully stimulated, and the accusation we are about to make is stifled in the unquenchable laughter into which we break out in spite of ourselves. These musical farces have, after all, their own significance as works of art, in the history of music; by which I do not mean to say that they are classic music of permanent value. Offenbach is an original, and if not exactly praiseworthy, or in any way a model worthy of general imitation, he is yet a remarkable phenomenon of his kind. But Heaven preserve us from his imitators, who are already beginning to spring up here and there."

How much real artistic harm is or can be done by these *bouffes* farces is a question that it is difficult to make up one's mind on. We cannot think but that Ambros overrates the evil in this respect. We think that a much more pregnant source of anxiety to the art-lover is hinted at in the author's next chapter, on Ambroise Thomas' *Hamlet*. He says: "Hamlet as an opera!—as a modern French opera in the grand style! . . . If matters continue in the path they are now traveling at racing speed,

we shall soon have the entire German and English classical tragic literature worked up into opera libretti. We have already a *Don Carlos* by Verdi, a *Luiza Miller* by Verdi, a *Giovanna d'Arco* by Verdi, *Masnadieri* by Mercadante, *Guillaume Tell* by Rossini, *Faust* by Gounod, *Roméo et Juliette* by Gounod, *Otello* by Rossini, *Macbeth* by Chelard and the same by Verdi — and now also *Hamlet* by Ambroise Thomas. The worst of the business is, that the originals of Schiller, Goethe, Shakespeare, are pretty well knocked on the head for the general public by the respective opera scores. Are they supposed to have such a preponderance of merit or of real effective power? Oh no; but a tragedy is most serious enjoyment; it demands the participation of the spectator, mental absorption, and even somewhat of intellectual work: in the form of an opera, on the other hand, this intellectual work has become once for all pure, sensual enjoyment; the spectator's ear is tickled with melodies, is set a-quiver by masses of sound, his eye is dazzled by ballets, processions, and splendid decorations — and instead of having to rivet his attention upon whether a fine histrionic talent conceives aright the dramatic character of an *Othello*, a *Hamlet*, a *Desdemona*, or an *Ophelia*, and carries out this conception with corresponding power, he is only disposed to listen to the favorite songster or songstress; and a successful *roulade*, a brilliant trill, accompanied with the traditional opera gesticulation, richly compensates him for the want of good declamation and true acting."

We must insist that true art is in far greater danger of suffering from the widespread popularity of these operatized classic tragedies, which come before the world with all the pomp and assurance of serious works, and which can for the most part only be listened to as fashionable after-dinner keep-awakes, than from the most outrageous parodies of the *Opéra Bouffe*. The moral injury which these French bouffes may inflict upon a community is a very different thing. The recent visit to Boston of Mademoiselle Aimée's company has called out almost a torrent of virtuous indignation from the daily press. Yet, of all the forms of tainted literature and art, *Opéra Bouffe* is the least injurious. Compared with a large class of French fiction, not of the universally ta-

boosed sort like that infamous, turbid cloaca of *not* transcendental sensuality that shut the doors of the Académie on Théophile Gautier, but of the recognized and more mentionable sort, of which Balzac's otherwise insignificant *Les Secrets de la Princesse Cadignan* is a fair example — compared with these even Herré's *Petit Faust* and Offenbach's *Geneviève de Brabant* are as innocent sugar-plums, fit for the nourishment of babes and sucklings. *Opéra Bouffe* at most offends the sense of decency. It is in itself a lively parody, if a coarse one, upon those very vices it is intended to pamper. Frivolous at best it is and must be. It sets before us a number of impossible, but nevertheless excruciatingly life-like caricatures, whose primary essence is vice, and makes them amusing simply through their enormous viciousness. But it only makes them amusing. That the taste is not offended by the way in which it is done bespeaks a certain degree of preëxisting depravity in the spectator. But what mortal was ever excited to sympathy with their vicious caracoling? Many of the more serious dramas with which the French stage is infested, and which come thence, as from the world's dramatic reservoir, upon all other stages, seem to be written with the sole intent to make vice attractive and to excite our sympathy. "Vice cured of its deformity" ought to be their motto. In them we see beautiful, fascinating, and persecuted vice in passionate death-grips with log-headed, utterly uninteresting virtue, and when in the fifth act virtue has her traditional triumph and beams upon the audience in stupid felicity, while poor vice is writhing under her heel, it must be the spontaneous impulse of a large part of the audience chivalrously to lift poor vice on their gallant shoulders and rush headlong down to perdition as a mark of their sympathy with her sufferings. Little space remains for us to notice the many other excellent things in Ambros' book. A chapter on J. R. Zumsteeg, the ballad composer, is extremely interesting, and ought to help in making Zumsteeg more generally known than he is. The chapter on "Musical Restoring and Retouching" is a vigorous discussion of a much-vexed question.

— A curious little bit of piano-forte music entitled *A Relic*,¹ and purporting to have been composed by Mozart, is published by

¹ *A Relic*. Fantasia impromptu. By MOZART. Edited by ADOLPHE MAAS. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

Wolfram's Invocation. Romance from Richard Wagner's opera *Tannhäuser*, arranged for the piano-forte by FRANK LESTZ. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

George Willig & Co., Baltimore. The story runs that Mozart improvised the piece while stopping at a lady's house in the country, and that his hostess, being of a tenacious memory, remembered the music, although it was never written down. The little air was handed down as a sort of heirloom from generation to generation in the family, until an English-woman of equally tenacious memory learned it by heart and afterwards imparted it to the present editor. There is just enough of Mozart in the innocent little undulating theme to give those who feel themselves disposed an excuse for believing that it has not lost quite all its identity by friction against two or three generations of amateurs. The same publishers send us a reprint of Liszt's transcription of the Evening Star Song from *Tannhäuser*. The transcription is masterly, but we are sorry to see any editions of piano-forte music with the old "English" fingering, which ought by this time to be wholly abandoned.

H. Lichner's *Devotion* is a simple, smoothly enough written bit of harmony, rather above the general average of such things, and far superior to an *Album Leaf* by Zeckwer, which, though more pretentiously written and, indeed, quite sonorously put upon the instrument, is sadly wanting in coherence. A *Nocturne* in A flat by the same composer is well written for the piano-forte, and is open to no graver charge than that of sentimental vapidty.

Stars the Night Adorning, a serenade written by J. B. Wekerlin to the words beginning,—

"À quel bon entendre
Les oiseaux des bois ?
L'oiseau le plus tendre
Chante dans ta voix,"

from Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, is one of the very smoothest and most singable things of its kind that we have seen for some time. It would only take some competent singer, high in the good graces of the public, to make this song quite as popular as Paldilhe's *Mandolinata*.

EDUCATION.

It would be a boon to society if facts and statistics could be presented on the subject of the higher education of women, instead of the mass of theoretical assumptions now showered upon the reading public in regard to this question. There are, however, no data sufficiently comprehensive from which conclusions can be drawn. The local examinations in England appear at first sight a probable source of information in regard to the capabilities of women for pursuing, profitably, courses of scientific study. We learn from these examinations that women appear to be less competent in the sciences than in the languages. Yet when we consider that good teaching in elementary science is as rare in England as in our own country, we are forced to doubt any conclusions that may be drawn at present from these examinations. The summer courses of instruction in Harvard College in 1873 were attended by women, sixteen in all, of which number thirteen took the course

in botany, three that in chemistry, and none that of physics. We learn from the second annual report of the Woman's Education Association of Boston, 1873-1874, that their aid was asked by Dr. Samuel Eliot to forward a plan for the advanced instruction in chemistry of a class of young women. "The money was subscribed by members of the association, and the class was formed in February, 1873, under the supervision of Professor Crafts, of the School of Technology. It consisted of sixteen young women, who, with perhaps two exceptions, were rather over than under twenty-two years of age.

"Fully half of them were actually engaged in teaching at the same time; but, nevertheless, two afternoons a week were regularly given to the study of qualitative analysis for about five months."

The instructors reported very gratifying results at the final examinations.

Here our facts desert us, and only theories

Devotion. By H. LICHNER. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

Album Leaf and Nocturns for piano-forte. By RICHARD ZECKWER. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

Stars the Night Adorning. Serenade from Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*. English words by MRS. N. MACFARREN. Music by J. B. WEKERLIN. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

for and against a higher education in science remain. There is no doubt that questions relating to the higher education of women will not sleep, and the agitation of the subject will doubtless result in a certain reform. The views of those who have had a scientific training, the estimation of its effects from their standpoint, and of the means best qualified to improve the elementary education in science, have more or less value in the absence of statistics.

There is, at the present moment, an increasing enthusiasm for science in America. Leading publishers have large orders for science primers, science series, and popular expositions of scientific truths. The scientific branches of learning in our colleges are daily receiving more and more attention. The principal instrument makers abroad receive large orders from Americans. Browning, the optician in London, told the writer that his American orders exceeded those from any other nation. The brilliant achievements of science have much to do with this enthusiasm. The instantaneous communication opened between the Old and New World by cables beneath the ocean; the improvements in mechanical science; tunnels driven speedily beneath miles of mountains; railroads laid across continents; new engines that, fed with iron, produce, automatically, refined products; multiform electro-magnetic engines that change motion into light and bid fair to light steamships on their dark and perilous way across the ocean; the discoveries in regard to the phenomena daily taking place on the sun's surface; the facts in regard to the correlation and conservation of forces: all appeal to the utilitarian imagination of a new people. That much of this popular enthusiasm is the result of a prevailing fashion is undoubtedly true. This fashion in due time will recognize the well-established claims of the old curriculum of study; and the advocates of a purely linguistic training will see much to admire in the new education.

It is very natural that women should desire to know more of the sciences which are attracting such universal attention by the brilliancy of their applications. At the lectures delivered by Tyndall in our great cities during the winter of 1872, ladies young and old could be seen with notebooks in their hands, industriously jotting down facts in regard to the polarization of light. The more learned of the male sex could not but smile, for the subject-matter of the brilliant lecturer, after the

flash of splendid experiments had disappeared, was often enveloped in mathematical gloom even to them. There was strong evidence of a desire for knowledge, however, which could not be smiled down. This desire is further exemplified by the full attendance of women at free courses of laboratory instruction wherever they are opened. In a family of boys and girls there is generally one sister who looks with envy on the course open to her brothers at college. She listens with eagerness to their stories; she is infected by their enthusiasm, and sets resolutely and blindly at work to pursue a plan of study comprehensive enough for a life-time. A fixed number of pages must be read every day in Tytler's Universal History, Buckle's History of Civilization, Tyndall's Heat as a Mode of Motion, Roscoe's Elements of Chemistry. And a paper mark is moved forward, conscientiously, by the same amount each day, with a feeling of exultation. Such desires grow by repression, and nothing short of a wide extension of scientific studies will enable the doctrine of natural selection to add its facts to corroborate or refute the opponents of a severe scientific training for women.

Every thinking American, as he grows older, is conscious in a dim way that his education at home was defective; he is brought in contact, it may be, with an intelligent German, who tells him of the early training given him by parents in scientific and artistic studies. He looks back and recalls nothing of the kind in his own education. The bustling life of American men will not allow them to direct, except in rare cases, the home education of their children. If a son manifests a taste for catching butterflies, it is true, the father will generally be indulgent and allow him to follow his bent; if the child is fond of engines or of electrical machines, he is allowed to sacrifice valuable time to the detriment of a solid foundation. The mother who does not know the value of scientific training, or the requirements for the successful prosecution of scientific studies, cannot influence the son, who frequently finds that his early desire to become a naturalist, an artist, or a chemist, has led him to a wrong choice of a profession, in which he cannot compete with men who have been properly trained, and cannot recede from because he is too old to begin a new course of study for another profession. There is no doubt that intelligent home instruction and home direction, so to speak, of the

mind of a child, is of more value than all that is learned in the lower grade of public schools. The mother, then, can exercise a great influence if she knows the value of economical and scientific processes of education.

To the question, "What were the various mistakes of my life due to?" most men and women will answer, if they have considered the subject, "To deficiency in judgment; to a want of concentration of effort; to an ignorance of the economy of nature and of the doctrine of the conservation of force." Most men, as well as women, are perplexed by the question, "How much weight shall I give to this or that consideration, or in mathematical language, what will be the probable error of my results?"

Having lately had charge of a physical laboratory, the writer has been struck by the effect of scientific methods of work upon certain types of students. A young man with an undue excess of imagination, and with an extensive acquaintance with books, enters the laboratory and takes his place at the laboratory table with apparatus before him. He has read about the subject of physics all his school life, it may be; and he is now told to perform an experiment. Face to face with the thing itself, he stands aghast. He realizes in a dim way that life and the actual duties of a profession will confront him as this battery or that spectroscope now does. He finds that all his knowledge on the subject before him is of no practical value, simply because it is not definite. In that moment he learns, or is firmly impressed with, the value of definite ideas; and a feeling arises that perhaps his knowledge of other things, out of the domain of physics, may fail him when he comes to the point of applying it.

He can readily be pardoned, however, for a want of technical knowledge—how this screw or that slide may affect his instrument. He goes more confidently to work, and at last brings forth a result which he characterizes as "about right." He is very much dejected when he is informed that no margin is allowable, and that results which are not exact are useless. He goes away much dispirited by his day's experience; his observations are useless because they have been taken at random, without method; and he relapses with a sigh of relief into studies which allow his imagination free play, and in which he is not bound by rigid, inexorable limits. His next essay may be more successful; but it will require weeks and

months of patient labor to overcome slovenly habits of thought. Let us stand at his table after experience has had its more or less perfect work. He is told to perform a certain experiment which will test the truth or falsity of a law. His questions are to the point; he sees what is necessary to accomplish his object, and his manner of handling his instruments shows that, having grasped the salient points of the idea, he has the power of working it out. He has got an insight into a new manner of using his mind, substantially different from that which he has used in the study of the languages.

Waiving the question of physical disabilities, which have been perhaps too strongly insisted upon as a bar to improvement, the education of women is more defective in the cultivation of definite ideas, and in the training of the judgment, than that of men. They have studied chemistry and physics at school, and perhaps remember one or two experiments with Leyden jars and with philosophers' wool, and do not know whether the furnace at home is a Fahrenheit or a Centigrade. Their romantic sensibilities have been cultivated by a purely literary training to almost a morbid pitch. Yet in the administration of the household, questions involving a certain amount of scientific knowledge and a scientific habit of judgment are of constant occurrence—questions of ventilation, of humidity and temperature, of the proper distribution of light and of color; and of economic processes. The ever-increasing attention paid by women to drawing and painting suggests strongly the need of scientific judgment. At the very outset they often receive instruction which is radically unscientific. Hours are spent in fine work, in stippling, without any exercise of the judgment to determine what should be the proper method of work. Instruction in art is supposed by many to be radically different from that in other subjects. A certain reliance is placed upon indefinite and mystical feelings. Yet the same methods which are of value in scientific investigation are here also especially applicable. In no pursuit can there be found a more blind obedience to wrong methods than in the study of drawing. Judgment seems to be thrown aside. Contrast the darkness of mind prevailing in the mind of a feminine art student at the end even of a long course of instruction, in regard to the economy of processes, with the clearness of aim of a student in science.

"At one time we have to study the errors of our instruments, with a view to their diminution, or, where they cannot be removed, to compass their detrimental influence; while at other times we have to watch for the moment when an organism presents itself under circumstances most favorable for research. Again, in the course of our investigation we learn for the first time of possible errors which vitiate the result, or perhaps merely raise a suspicion that it may be vitiated, and we find ourselves compelled to begin the work anew, till every shadow of doubt is removed. And it is only when the observer takes such a grip of the subject, so fixes all his thoughts and all his interests upon it, that he cannot separate himself from it for weeks, for months, even for years, cannot force himself away from it, in short, till he has mastered every detail, and feels assured of all those results which must come in time, that a perfect and valuable piece of work is done."¹

It will perhaps be readily granted that a knowledge of botany, zoölogy, and physiology is greatly to be desired in young ladies; nor do they need to be incited to a study of the first two sciences. A natural love for flowers is implanted in their nature. A visit to the sea-shore easily excites in their minds curiosity in regard to star-fishes, sea-anemones, and other inhabitants of the sea-floor. In most cases the love for the thing itself is greater than the desire to know its species. The curious appearance of the sea-urchin excites more interest than the homology between it and the star-fish. The love of nature for its own sake is greatly to be desired; the ability to refer a plant at sight to its order and genus does not increase, necessarily, our love for flowers; but a more intimate acquaintance with the relationship between plants must increase our interest in them. The fact that most women, if they study botany or zoölogy, rarely advance to the point of observing homologies, and of using their powers of analysis and judgment, speaks volumes in favor of a more intelligent scientific training. The fruit of their education in these sciences has been mainly a stock of names. That the powers of observation have been quickened even by collecting specimens is not to be denied. A woman in whom this taste is implanted will the more readily direct the attention of her children to natural objects, and thus give them the means of passing

many a fascinating and profitable hour in the fields and at the sea-shore. Education of the judgment does not result from the study of natural history as it is now pursued in young ladies' schools. It may be because the teachers themselves have not been brought face to face with the things concerning which they teach.

The science of chemistry in its earlier steps is also attractive to many women. Their powers of observation are quickened, and certain instincts and fondness for delicate processes are gratified to a greater or less extent by their study of this science. In the short time during which the majority of women receive their preliminary education, the study of the natural sciences and chemistry can be said to exercise the powers of observation more than literary studies. If a severe training of the reflective powers of the mind is to be sought in the minimum amount of time, — and it is not yet proved that this concentrated rigid training would be desirable, — the subjects of natural history and chemistry, in so far as they are and can be pursued by young ladies, do not afford it. The subject of physics, embracing light, heat, electricity, and the conservation of force, certainly calls into play the maximum amount of reflection in the minimum of time. This is shown by the greater need of mathematical knowledge at the outset. Theoretically it would appear that the study of physics, except in a descriptive way, in which respect it possesses no advantage over chemistry in the power of training the reflective faculties, would be undesirable, if "*Delectando pariterque monendo*" is the spirit, alone, of our scientific education of women. Does our scientific education as it is now opened, and as it is now pursued by women, do more than cultivate the powers of observation, — powers with which women are liberally endowed by nature? The establishment of local examinations for women by Harvard University makes it obligatory, to a certain extent, upon those establishing the tests, to decide upon a proper course of study in the preparatory schools. The teachers of the high and normal schools assert that their courses of instruction cannot bear any increase in the direction of a particular study. The time allotted is already too short for the proper prosecution of the studies pursued in it. Natural philosophy has an equal chance with chemistry, and both receive a fair amount of attention. In many of the high schools there are recitations in these subjects every day. In some

¹ Helmholtz, *Opening address at the Naturforscher Versammlung in Innsbruck in 1869.*

schools there are even practical exercises in small chemical laboratories. How can more be required? One is tempted to criticise, at first, the text-books in science and the manner of using them. Most treatises on physics are filled with description of pieces of apparatus which the student never sees or has the opportunity of using. The recitations are conducted on the principle of cramming with uncorrelated facts. The result of the use of such text-books, illustrated by such teaching, is to create a disgust in the minds of the pupils. Their time might have been better employed upon history, political economy, or sociology; for in these subjects the mind is certainly led to reflect and to notice a logical order of events. Must we then wait for a new text-book? The truth is, no text-book in physics can ever be written which shall cover the ground. Competent instructors are needed. The aim of scientific teaching in schools should be to simplify, to interest, and to present in a logical order, not a multitude of isolated facts, but a few from which broad deductions result. The student should be led to rediscover, by well-directed habits of thought, facts already known to exist in the literature of the subject. Experimental lectures should be given; and, above all, opportunities should be presented to earnest students, of handling the instruments and repeating the experiments themselves. The elective system should be introduced even in high schools, so far as to offer an advanced course to those young ladies who are fitted to receive higher instruction in science. Even in such higher instruction, technical instruction and the mere accumulation of facts should be avoided. In chemistry Eliot and Storer's manual leaves little to be desired. In physics the most available books are Faraday's *Lectures to Children*, Balfour Stewart's *Elementary Physics*, Tyndall's *Heat as a Mode of Motion*, Helmholtz' *Popular Lectures*, Pickering's *Physical Manipulations*.

In regard to the practical use of instruments, it will be urged that this is impossible in large schools, where the numbers of pupils form an insuperable bar. We can only answer that one experiment thoroughly

performed by a student would teach him more than weeks of instruction in the class room; and the apparatus needed may be of the simplest character. In view of this great good, thus obtainable, the time certainly could be set apart some time during the week for a practical exercise by each capable young lady. In order to obtain the best results, teachers who have a living interest in the science which they teach are needed. It is probable that the examinations offered by Harvard University will be attended by two classes of women: one class comprising those who intend to become teachers or are teachers; and the other including those young ladies who have a strong desire for a university education. For these applicants, in our opinion, there should be experimental lectures, — lectures on methods of study in science and laboratory practice. The ways and means for affording instruction to women in laboratories are not yet apparent; yet the obstacles are not insuperable. Scientific education for women would therefore seem to be brought about most speedily by the higher education, in true scientific methods, of those women who have a strong desire to elevate the standard of education of their own sex.

Sanguine spirits can hope to see women occupied in original investigations, when a proper scientific training shall have been added to their alleged superior quickness of mind. Long-continued observations are much needed at the present time on many phenomena, such as periodical changes of temperature, of humidity, observations on atmospheric electricity, on the growth and behavior of plants. Many of the observations can be conducted as easily by women as by men. Men occupied with original work in science are comparatively rare in our community. There are very few who are willing to devote their lives to an idea, and live as workers do in Germany in comparative poverty and seclusion, occupied in investigations. Cannot the vacuity of many feminine lives be filled by the prosecution of some scientific work, to the advantage of science and society?

